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Feb. 11, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

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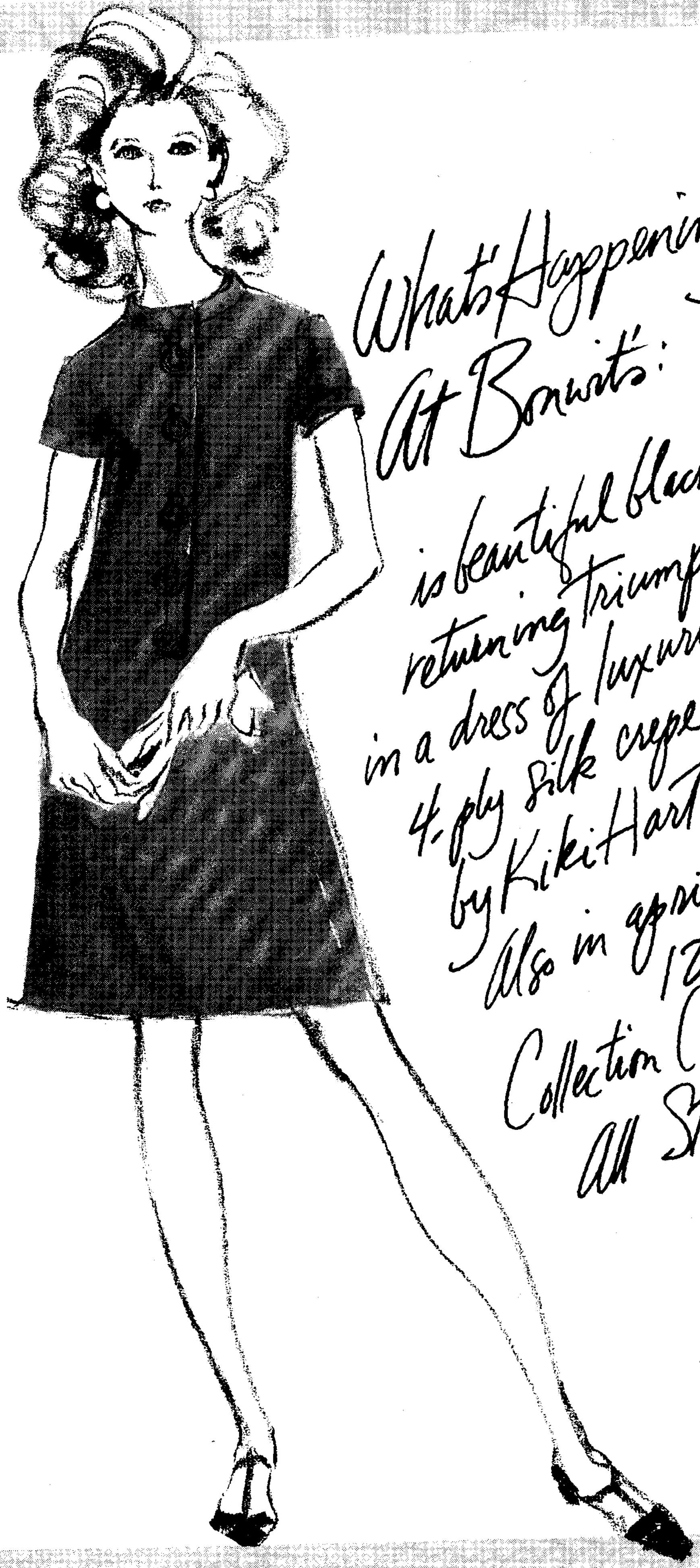

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA-Phoenix—Sheridan's THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL: Thursday, Feb. 9, and Thursday and Friday, Feb. 16-17, all at 8:30. . . . ¶ Kaufman and Hart's YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU: Returns Friday, Feb. 10, at 8:30. Other performances Saturday, Feb. 11, at 2:30 and 8:30, and Monday, Feb. 13, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Ibsen's THE WILD DUCK: Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 8:30; Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 2 and 8:30; and Saturday, Feb. 18, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

Don't Drink the Water—Fun and games in an American embassy behind the Iron Curtain that is unexpectedly invaded by a Jewish family from Newark. A fairly droll business, put together by Woody Allen and featuring, most pleasantly, Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Kay Medford, and Dick Libertini. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter casting a cold eye at some odd doings in a North London slum. Although the play hasn't much coherence, the Royal Shakespeare Company, which enacts it, is worth watching. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

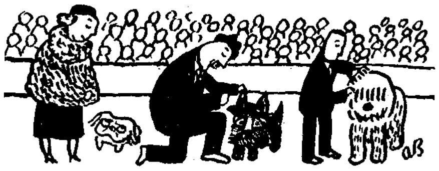
The Killing of Sister George—Hard lines on a hardboiled Lesbian who plays a kindly district nurse on a B.B.C. soap opera that is being revamped to eliminate the character. Not particularly amusing, but Beryl Reid is convincing as the tough customer. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Marat/Sade—The National Players Company in a limited engagement of Peter Weiss's play, directed by Donald Driver. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 18.)

The Star-Spangled Girl—Neil Simon is not at the top of his game in this account of a triangle made up of a young publisher, a writer, and a girl from Arkansas, who live in an apartment house in San Francisco. The writer loves the girl, the girl has a yen for the publisher, and the publisher just wants to get out his magazine. This is a hard plot to thicken. Anthony Perkins, Richard Benjamin, and Connie Stevens make up the cast, and they are quite ebullient. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—BAREFOOT IN THE PARK: Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . CACTUS FLOWER: A divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS: Sam Levene in a comedy about a psychiatrist and some adolescents. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. 245-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.) . . . THE ODD COUPLE: Another Neil Simon comedy, concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

Black Comedy—Geraldine Page, Michael Crawford, Lynn Redgrave, and Donald Madden in Peter Shaffer's London play. "The White Lies," also by Mr. Shaffer, serves as a curtain-raiser. The director is John Dexter. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Apple Tree—A musical, composed of three playlets, that is always bouncy and frequently funny. Directed by Mike Nichols, with book, music, and lyrics by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the episodes are based on short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer, the most effective being a reworking of Twain's "The Diary of Adam and Eve." Barbara Harris is wonderfully versatile in all three, and Alan Alda and Larry Blyden give her fine support. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

At the Drop of Another Hat—Michael Flanders and Donald Swann proving once again that civilized comedy is not extinct. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Cabaret—A large, lush musical version of John van Druten's "I Am a Camera," showing us how things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Not the most amusing theme for a musical, but one in which Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey do what they can to make matters entertaining. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Mary Martin and Robert Preston are the entire cast of this adaptation by Tom Jones of Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter," and they do well by the enterprise, which is a highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage. Harvey Schmidt and Mr. Jones wrote the music and lyrics for this one, Oliver Smith provided the lively settings, and Gower Champion gave it ingenious direction. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Mame—Angela Lansbury and a good cast make this musical (book by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and music and lyrics by Jerry Herman) an amiable affair. It is an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel, and if it isn't long on originality, it does have a professional gloss and some highly comical moments. Starting Monday, Feb. 13, Sheila Smith will replace Miss Lansbury for two weeks. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Walking Happy—A labored effort to make something melodious of an old-hat item called "Hobson's Choice," which has to do with a band of English characters resident in the by-gum Midlands. The play, which has nonmemorable music and lyrics by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn, is fortunate in its performers, among them Norman Wisdom, George Rose, and Louise Troy. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . FUNNY GIRL: Fanny Brice as portrayed by Mimi Hines. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . HELLO, DOLLY!: Ginger Rogers now has the role of Nora Bayes. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . SWEET CHARITY: A musical about a wistful dance-hall hostess (Gwen Verdon) who wants to be honestly loved. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . WAIT A MINIM!: A musical entertainment from South Africa, enlivened by an octet of young performers. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 15, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 13, at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Paisley Convertible—A comedy by Harry Cauley, with Marsha Hunt, Bill Bixby, and Betsy von Furstenberg. Directed by James Hammerstein. Previews through Saturday matinée, Feb. 11. Opens officially on Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Love in E-Flat—This comedy by Norman Krasna stars Kathleen Nolan and Hal Buckley, and was staged by George Seaton. Previews through Saturday, Feb. 11. Opens officially on Monday, Feb. 13. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Of Love Remembered—Ingrid Thulin in a play written by Arnold Sundgaard and directed by Burgess Meredith. Previews through Monday, Feb. 13. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 14. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30;

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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12	13	14	15	16	17	18

opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—Opening performances of a three-week Shakespeare repertory by the BRISTOL OLD VIC that will continue through Sunday, March 5. MEASURE FOR MEASURE: Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 7; Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8:15; and Saturday, Feb. 18, at 2:30 and 8:15. . . . HAMLET: Thursday, Feb. 16, at 7, and Friday, Feb. 17, at 8:15. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Philip Bosco, Michael Gorrin, Michael Granger, Marketa Kimbrell, Aline MacMahon, Estelle Parsons, and George Voskovec in THE EAST WIND, a comedy by Leo Lehman. The third in this season's series of four plays. Opens Thursday, Feb. 9, and will run through Saturday, April 1. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, Feb. 11: RIGOLETTO. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Feb. 17: THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO, in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

By Jupiter—A bright and sprightly revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical about a skirmish in the war between the sexes, when Hippolyta commanded the Amazons and Theseus commanded the Greeks. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 765-5580. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Deer Park—Norman Mailer's long-winded rundown on the sexual mores of a Hollywood that is now obsolete gets awfully tiresome after a while, but it has its funny moments. Most of these occur in scenes that involve Will Lee, as the head of a studio, and Mickey Knox, as his bumptious son-in-law. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Eh?—Monkeyshines, verbal and visual, in the boiler room of a British factory. This loony comedy was written by Henry Livings and directed by Alan Arkin; its cast includes Dustin Hoffman, Dana Elcar, and Elizabeth Wilson, among other splendid actors. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Les Femmes Savantes—A two-week engagement of Molière's play, performed in French by Le Tréteau de Paris. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. AG 9-3265. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 18.)

The Golden Screw—This folk-rock musical is actually a revue—the autobiography, in a series of brief sketches, of Tom Sankey, its solo singer, writer, and composer. Somewhat synthetic and egotistical, but much of the comedy and satire hit the mark. More important, Mr. Sankey sings well, and he is backed by a young, energetic rock-'n'-roll quartet called the Inner Sanctum. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Joan Diener, Ray Middleton, and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. John Cullum substitutes for Mr. Kiley at the Wednesday and Saturday *matinée* performances. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Man with a Load of Mischief—A musical based on Ashley Dukes' 1924 London play of the same name. John Clifton wrote the music and Ben Tarver the book. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Ox Cart—A play by a Puerto Rican author, René Marques, translated by Charles R. Pilditch and directed by Lloyd Richards. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 9, at 2.)

BALLET

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Pas de Deux for Four," "Cantabile," "Allegro Largo," and "Northern Lights." (Theatre 80 St. Marks Place, which is where it is. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

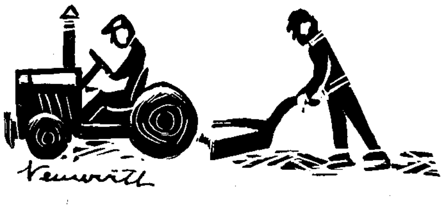
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—On deck in the Royal Box during dinner and supper there is Corbett Monica, who has a great deal to say for himself, some of which we have all heard before. His companion is the soprano June Valli. There is likewise a largesse of dance tunes, the best of them, naturally, by the orchestra of Lee Evans. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—An informing look at New York, N.Y., at prandial and postprandial play. Some of the play is the small band of Sonny Kendis, which has a nine-until-two tour of duty (until three on Saturdays). No music Sundays.



Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Peaceful pursuits are the sole objective of the couples who inhabit the floor of the restaurant. The music comes from George Anaya's cluster of Latins, who are there from seven to one Mondays through Fridays and from eight to two Saturdays. No music Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—How to get into the public domain. The appropriate entrance music is produced by two non-stop bands. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Social gathering and not woolgathering is the basic tenet of the brisk Café Pierre, where Ben Cutler's Yale boys are on the bandstand seven nights a week. Lest Homer and the other old-school metropolitans nod between sets, an Iberian guitar waxes and waxes, never wanes.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Thing of beauty and quite often a joy—that is Diahann Carroll, singing away for (and about) dear life. She is on the dinner and supper menu in the Persian Room; the stately flotilla of Burt Farber and the eager-beaver squad of Mark Monte are nearly always there, in behalf of dancers. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the weaponry of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, and again from seven to nine (except on Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when, on the stroke of eight, lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. No music Sunday nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—One's heart is in the highlands, and literally, as one surveys from the windows the jewelry spread over the North American continent by Con Ed. Within, there is music for footwork from seven until two every night but Sunday. A lot of it comes from the quartet of Joe Williams, whose blues voice can really cry havoc.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—It's Pipe Night on the promenade deck of the old sidewheeler, for Xavier Cugat is conducting his band, his floor show, and his child bride, Charo, with the wave of his briarwood. Ingenuousness rather than ingenuity is the net result. Dancing is possible, too, between the floor shows, at nine-fifteen and twelve-fifteen. No cavalcade on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette (living, breathing proof that the grand manner can still survive) goes its regal course to the accompaniment of George Cort's up-and-at-them band and Quintero's waltz-and-rumba crew. There are pauses during dinner and supper for the songs of Jean-Paul Vignon, one of those who must spend their lives on the beach at Cap d'Antibes and not under the umbrellas of Cherbourg. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, two early settlers—Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the violin—are at play from six to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Bolger, who can be anything from Scarecrow to Charley's Aunt, has the floor in the Empire Room—at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays, at dinner other days. His, and the Room's, night off is Monday. Charles Turecamo's band does dance music for hours on end. . . . ¶ The sagest Peacock Alley cat is Ray Hartley, whose complexly constructed piano is chamber-music and yet romantic. His schedule is Monday through Friday, from cocktails through late dinner. A trio plays for dancing from eight or so to one or so from Wednesday through Saturday every week, and from six to eleven Sundays.

Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—As far as the eye can reach, and carefully planned not to hurt it, for the dancers on the limitless sward are under pledge to take only the steps that were good enough for our forefathers. Two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, tee off at about

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. *For insatiables, there is a floor* show at eleven every Tuesday. The menu is slight indeed. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Sam Hamilton, whose piano has improved the shining hours of night these many years, has rejoined the Messrs. Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins, the keepers of the keys during his absence. All three take a hand (two hands, rather) in the proceedings of this old-friends-are-the-best auditorium. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A snug, shipshape West Indie, visited every night from dinnertime until after the theatre by a troubadour who sings in the very best broken-Jamaica dialect. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The night shift for the junior grades of show business and the kindred arts. Sort of cookout are the *aura and the diet, and the spirit of the good* life is enhanced by Cecil Young's three-man exposition of new-school glee in music. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Hubble-bubble happens in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): One of the few coigns in the Second Avenue Casbah that will bear inspection. From ten until three every night but Sunday, Charles De Forest plays piano and sings songs that possess the life and literacy that all late-at-night big-city music should have. . . . **JANSSEN'S,** 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): The happy bullfrog in this pond is Aldo Bruschi, singer, oboist, pianist, concertina player, and impresario of an opera company of two. Their unassuming but chortling pastime takes them from Wednesday through Saturday every week, from eight-thirty on, and there is dance music, too, on the same schedule. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Beneath the garb of office of every waiter, busboy, and chef beats the heart of a Caruso, a Gigli. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Imaginary deviltry in an *imaginary Paris—that's the attitude of Rita* Dimitri, whose offhand songs occur during dinner through the week and during dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Slow-and-easy dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The way it was in Budapest ever so long ago, with quantities of that ambivalent Hungarian music (is it grave or is it gay?) to go with dinner and supper. Tibor Rakossy's tenor counts the world well lost for love; Béla Babai's band makes the dance music. Closed Mondays.

NOTE—The earth is scarcely big enough for both civilization and the discothèque, but before you vote upon which one of them must go, you might inspect the following establishments: **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. The blare is both mechanical and human (the Wild Ones) and rarely humane. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Men must walk before they dance, but it's the other way around for the young people who live not once but twice and thrice here. The Theatre is *often represented on the floor, and you know* how that is. The music is sometimes a feat of engineering, sometimes the efforts of the Four Wheels and a Spare. The menu comes close to *the vanishing point.* Dead silence Sundays and Mondays. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): 'Mid pleasures and palaces, mostly *Roman* Mod—in both décor and dress. It must be looked for behind an unmarked door underneath the street-level café of the same name. The eclectic music is from the grooves of Academe. It is open every night, from nine-thirty to three-thirty. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, but the music (nine until early morn) is as vibrant as any, though not at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays.

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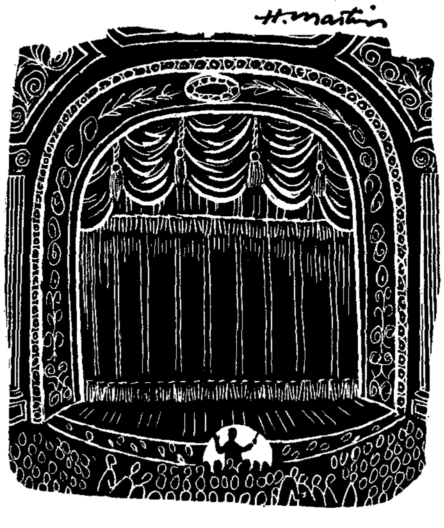
SMALL AND SERENE

(*Dining* but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Shipshape of stateliness. Amidships in its glory *sits the piano of* Cy Walter, *the measuring* cup by which all drawing-room artists are assessed. His cup runneth (often over) during cocktails, dinner, and supper. A new hand, Allan Haig, does the honors every Sunday. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle hath a pleasant seat; the airs (Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists) nimbly and sweetly recommend themselves unto our gentle senses. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another kingly retreat, belonging to the same playful king. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A long-range, considered, but still extremely fond view of an eternal city from a terraced villa in Frascati. Musicians whose curriculum is seven-thirty *until two take part.* Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The guitar of Rogelio Reguera covers in noble fashion the whole range of Iberian *music, from the plains to the palaces,* the mountains to the Moors. The dining room is one of our most splendid antique shops, and the music runs from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Scene: a town house in its pristine incarnation. Enter a company of ladies and gentlemen on their way to dinner, to supper, to a round at the bar, where leisurely piano dwells. No music Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent at UN 1-9494): A Byzantine bazaar, or bizarre, that happens to be a hideaway, up-one-flight restaurant. In one alcove, dinner is intermingled with modest piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar-restaurant, the hot buttered rum is the guitar of Enzio Lembo, who is on the prowl from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday and Wednesday. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): My Lord, My Lady. The undercurrent in this fashionable spa is the piano, done in pastels, of George Feyer, which carries on from eight-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A *Rome that* was built *in* a latter day, but a Rome that is by no means sans-serif. The noblest Roman is Herman Honigsberg, leader of a troupe of peripatetic violinists. Closed *Sundays.* . . . **POLO BAR,** *Madison* Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The piano of Conrad Monjoy wanders calmly o'er the well-cropped lea of the Westbury's restaurant. Nine to one is his range. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The herald angels who start singing as you reach your *fettuccine* are not from another world but from a mythical opera company whose mythical home is often Firenze but sometimes Broadway. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also measured dance music by a trio. On Tuesdays, around midnight, Philip Huston's one-man theatre deals with everything from Casey at the Bat to Gunga creating a din. Closed Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the reasonably grand concourse known as the Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner plays calm but nevertheless top-of-the-evening piano from six-thirty until midnight. Saturdays and Sundays are his holidays.



BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The best, the very best, of Broadway—Tony Bennett, cheerful and unassuming, giving a big boost to the songs of the day; Gene Baylos, whose irritability is but a mask, giving a big boost to the jokes of the day. On Thursday, Feb. 16, Connie Francis and her arias will take over the arena. . . . ¶ In the bar-lounge, music starts whooping and dooping at ten, and is not likely to stop. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The beauty around here is not just in the eye of the beholder; it is actual, and onstage. The name: Susan Clemm. She and her comrades, mostly comely, female, and feral, have a big old romp a couple of times a night. It is interrupted only by a Hungarian ballet that has got out of hand (and mind) and by Frank Fontaine, who—but you've already turned him off on the telly. Dancing, and no nights off. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The Devil finds mischief for the busy feet of boy and girl in the mystic and semi-detached rites of the New Terpsichore. It is done at the insistence of two or three maddened drafts of musicians. Eight until three is the usual schedule, but Sundays commence at three in the afternoon. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The plush-lined pavilion of which Julius Monk is founder and moderator becomes a haunted house when Ronny Graham, piano in tow, quietly sets about disassembling not only the English language but all normal thought processes. (Laughter.) The team known only as Patchett & Tarses is new at the game of humor. All this is prefaced by the Guild, a quartet of new Bach-and-bop voices of the sort that only Mr. Monk seems able to acquire. The pianos of Otis Clements and Robert Colston give all hands their due. The ceremonies commence at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Six Spanish characters, all of them big, strong girls, in search of a hardwood floor upon which they can lay their unweary feet—this is Rosario Galán and her Ballet Español. Likewise present: Alberto Rochi, wearing the dinner jacket of the year, a matinée-idol profile, and a tenor that would melt carborundum. The cavalcade happens at dinner and supper. The orchestra (Emilio Reyes's) offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Emilio Prados, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): That old French wit Déjà Vu wrote some of the sketches in "Mixed Dou-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bles," but the others were composed by newer, more original authors, Judy Graubart's performance (still waters running deep) is the best; Robert Rovin, Richard Blair, and Larry Moss are her most successful aides. They appear in public at nine-thirty and midnight except on Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Howling in the wilderness of the modern American woman's mind is what Joan Rivers does, and in the requisite clarion voice. Nothing happens (to her, anyway) before ten; the course is nightly except Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is potluck entertainment by the staff of this quite casual bar.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Evenings, Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 9-12, plus a matinée (four-thirty to seven) on the last day: John Handy, a new prophet with honor in his own land, leading a quintet, and Pete La Roca's quartet. Monday, Feb. 13: The usual rumbles by Mel Lewis, Thad Jones, and their big band. *Beginning Thursday, Feb. 16,* the Handys again, and the trio of Bill Evans, whose piano can be surreal and subliminal. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The faculty roster is sometimes subject to rapid change, but these bookings for the lower deck of this operation have an air of probability: Symphony Sid and his Latin-American bandsmen every Monday; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, the Modern Jazz Quartet, that celebrated secret society, and Morgana King, whose lyrics deal with no topic more abstruse than love. . . . ¶ On the upper deck, one should be able to hear Teddy Wilson's trio and Bob Dorough every night but Monday. Go late. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Wings of the dawn, wings of the dove, wings of fire, which is to say that Barbara Carroll is at long last playing piano. Her threesome (including Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan) is interspersed with discothèque dance music, but that's the way life often is now. On Monday, Feb. 13, a change of cast: the quartet of Bobby Hackett, who has put the cornet on the silver standard. A menu of some means accompanies. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Stagecoach is the game here: Thursday, Feb. 9, Clark Terry's quartet; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, Cannonball Adderley's quintet; Sunday, Feb. 12, Clark Terry's quartet; Tuesday, Feb. 14, and thenceforward: Wes Montgomery's foursome. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio, whose dissertations are occasionally couched in the Romance languages, sets to at ten. Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard man, arrives a bit earlier. Mondays, everybody stays home. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The Grand Army of the Original 52nd Street convenes here for vespers with the likes of Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Cliff Jackson, who dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Closed Sundays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Cannon to the left of us, cannon to the right. The noise, which dates back a lot of years, comes from Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, Bob Wilber, the West Indian pianist Sir Charles Thompson, and Mr. Condon, or else (occasionally) exact duplicates of these traditionalists. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): If you do consider Village coffeehouses, which is not a recommended lifework, this is the one. Tim Rose, whose own lifework is folk music, is the ringleader. He takes Tuesdays off. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. Nine until two or three all week long is the program. On Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band gets in its licks (all of them hot) before the regulars report. . . . **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays, the next largest is Ruth Crews, the bombastic singer. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. Nine until very late. Closed Sundays. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): The address is in the center of one of the new youth-for-joy-and-health cantons, and the slacks tide is in full flow among the customers. Tradition is likewise forsworn by the musicians—Jackie McLean's quartet most of the time, and Sun Ra's ten-man squad on Mondays. On Tuesday, Feb. 14, George Benson's foursome replaces the McLeans.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Horst Antes—Paintings and drawings featuring magnified profiles and human limbs combined surrealistically; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Auger—Semi-abstract figure paintings of a mythological nature; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Mary Bauermeister—Lens-box constructions; through March 4. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—Twelve paintings of women by the celebrated German painter who had a retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art in 1964; through March 4. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Birmelin—Acrylic paintings of cityscapes with shadowy figures; through Feb. 23. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harold Bruder—Paintings of photographs taken by the artist; through Feb. 25. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gene Davis—Hard-edge paintings; through Feb. 25. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mark di Suvero and Edwin Ruda—Large sculptures of junk-pile beams, scrap metal, tires, and such by the former, and aluminum wall pieces by the latter; through March 1. (Park Place Gallery, 542 West Broadway, at Bleecker St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 5.)

Robert Duran—Masonite constructions; through March 2. (Bykert, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Oyvind Fahlstrom—Comic strips (of a sort), blocks, paintings with movable parts, and other playthings; through Feb. 25. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Harriet FeBland—Paintings and collages constructed of nails, electric bulbs, and hardware-store items; through Feb. 25. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Perle Fine—Op-type paintings with wooden shapes in relief, enclosed in plastic; through Feb. 25. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucio Fontana—Incised paintings, as well as sculptures, collages, and drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lee Gatch—Paintings and collages featuring stone motifs and using flagstone fragments; through March 4. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Giles—Abstract paintings employing mathematical notations as formal elements; through March 4. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Xavier Gonzalez—Polyester sculpture plaques, symbolic paintings, and abstract watercolors;

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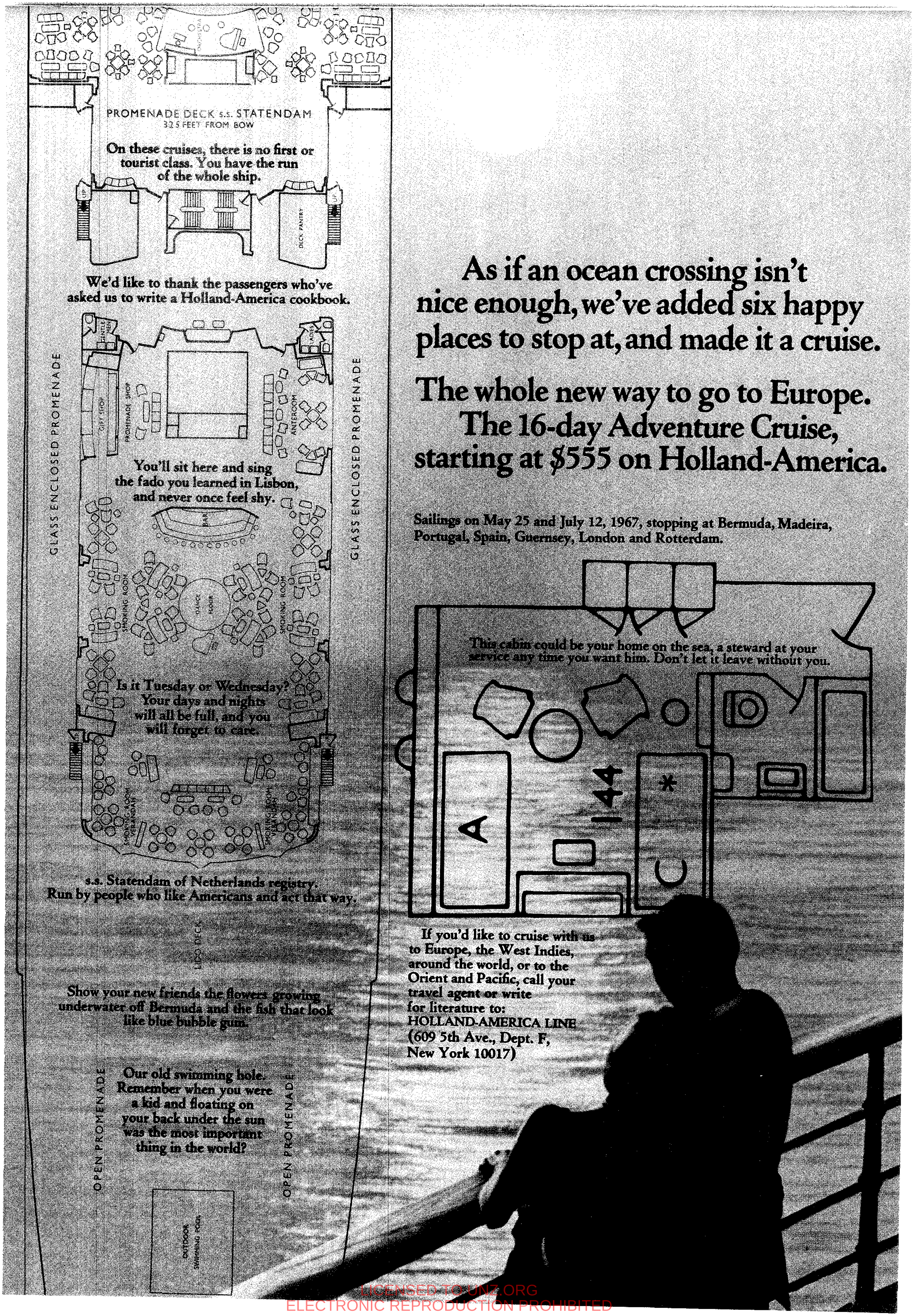

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Grace Hartigan—Paintings consisting of organic shapes in richly contrasting colors; through March 4. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert A. Howard—Painted steel sculptures; through March 1. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Wolf Kahn—Heavily textured paintings with identifiable themes; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Minoru Kawabata—Paintings with soft shapes in strong colors on a solid background, usually white; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Edward Kienholz—A replica of a room in an insane asylum; through March 1. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St.)

William King—Witty figurative bronzes, several of a rather suave, but incongruous, sculptor; through Feb. 25. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Klee—Paintings, drawings, and collages; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.). . . ¶ Drawings (1910-40); through March 25. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gustav Klimt—Fifty drawings by the much-discussed Austrian artist, who died in 1918; through March 4. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Knaths—Semi-abstract oils; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Joseph Konzal—Abstract bronze and wood sculptures, plus drawings for them; through Feb. 25. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Kortlander—Figurative paintings; through Feb. 24. (Sachs, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Les Levine—Plastic forms with lights inside; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Richard Lindner—Fierce females belonging to a mythical police force; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Frank London (1876-1945)—Still-life paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Paul Margin—Optical acrylic paintings; through Feb. 25. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St.)

Clement Meadmore—Black steel sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Edward Molyneux—Landscapes and still-lifes by the well-known dress designer; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Malcolm Morley—Paintings taken from photographs; through Feb. 23. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Mueller—Paintings mixing representational and geometrical elements; through March 4. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lee Mullican—Dream-world imagery; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Elie Nadelman (1882-1946)—Sculptures and drawings; through March 11. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Bert Numme—Sculptures having some resemblance to machine parts; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Dorsky, 888 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Toshio Odate—Big, tightly interlocking sculptures in wood, with inserted disks of colored plastic; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Doug Ohlson—Large paintings in one deep tone containing a square or rectangle of another color; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Philipp—Portraits, still-lifes, and genre paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

George Picken—Landscapes and still-lifes; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Joseph Pollet—Realistic oils painted in Paris; through Feb. 25. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Mary Gardner Preminger—Abstract white lacquered-wood sculptures; through Feb. 23. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Grete Rikko—Appealing pieces of improvisation in a combination of oil and collage; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Kendall Shaw—Abstract paintings in blue, black, or white, on white; through Thursday, Feb. 16. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sarai Sherman—Brooding paintings of faces and figures; through Feb. 25. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Theo Stavropoulos—Oils and collages; through March 1. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Walter Stein—Figure paintings in gray and white; through March 4. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ernest Trova—A continuation of the "Falling Man" series; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St.)

William Zorach—Works done since 1956 by the renowned American sculptor, who died last November; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.)

Sculptures; Group Shows—At the **loeb student center**, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway: One large sculpture each by Ronald Bladen, Robert Grosvenor, and David von Schlegell; through March 5. (Mondays through Thursdays, 8 A.M. to 11:30 P.M.; Fridays and Saturdays, 8 A.M. to 1 A.M.; Sundays, noon to 8.). . . **pietrantonio**, 26 E. 84th St.: Animals and birds in bronze by nineteenth-century French sculptors, including Barye and Rosa Bonheur; through April 15. (Closed Mondays.). . . **white**, 42 E. 57th St.: Louise Nevelson, Costantino Nivola, Henry Moore, and others, in a "Sculpture and the Frame" show; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **carlsson**, 791 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: A benefit exhibit of paintings by Charles DuBack, Walter Gutman, and Al Hansen, plus sculptures by Michelle Stuart; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 5.) . . . **castelli**, 4 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Chamberlain, Rauschenberg, Johns, and others, in celebration of the gallery's tenth anniversary; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ibm gallery**, 16 E. 57th St.: "Portrait of America: 1865-1915," paintings (by, for example, Blakelock, Inness, and Twachtman) given by William T. Evans to the National Collection of Fine Arts, Smithsonian Institution; through Feb. 25. . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Isabel Bishop, William Palmer, and William Thon are three of the participants in a thirty-fifth anniversary show of paintings; through Feb. 25. . . . **visual arts**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Philip Johnson, Paul Rudolph, and Robert Murray are among architects and sculptors showing scale-models, drawings, photographs, and sculptures; starting Friday, Feb. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **capricorn**, 11 W. 56th St.: Paintings, collages, and sculptures by Karel Appel, Peter Agostini, and Ruth Vodicka (to mention a few); through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Closed Mondays.). . . **martin**, 43 E. 80th St.: "Misrepresentations in Graphic Art," a survey of prints dating from the late nineteenth century to the present, exposing misleading practices and explaining what an original print is; through Feb. 25. . . . **odyssia**, 41 E. 57th St.: Drawings and sculptures by such artists as Morris Graves, Giacometti, and Manzù; through Friday, Feb. 10. . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings and drawings (including Renoirs, Gainsboroughs, Homers, and Tiepolos) and silver, from the Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute, in Williamstown, Mass.; through Feb. 25. . . . **wise**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works composed of light in motion by, among others, Bruno Munari, Gerald Oster, and John Goodyear; through March 4. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French painters, among them Soutine, Vuillard, and Courbet; through

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, Feb. 11. . . . **LOEB & KRUGIER**, 12 E. 57th St.: Delacroix, Oskar Schlemmer, and Robert Müller are three of the artists represented in a showing of paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 11. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Braque, Maillol, Picasso, and other painters and sculptors; through Saturday, Feb. 11.

CHINESE; GROUP SHOW—Paintings by five artists from Taiwan; through Feb. 25. (Nordness, 134 E. 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Two new permanent installations: "The Enduring Art of China," consisting of ceramics, sculptures, frescoes, paintings on silk and paper, and furniture; and "A Far Eastern Treasury," consisting of metals (gold, silver, bronze, and iron) inlaid with jade, crystal, pearls, and glass, which have been shaped into buckles, jewelry, cosmetic boxes, and icons. . . . ¶ Architectural drawings and watercolors by Alexander Jackson Davis (1803-92); through Feb. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 13, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A neat thread of drawings, from Pollaiuolo's "Fighting Nudes" to Ben Shahn's "Sacco and Vanzetti," in a show aptly entitled "The Taste of a Connoisseur; The Paul J. Sachs Collection;" through March 5. . . . ¶ Caprices of Alexander Calder, presented to the Museum by the artist: a whale, a snow flurry, a spider, an elephant chair, a cat lamp, some wire portraits, and jewelry; through April 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Wassily Kandinsky: Painting on Glass," marking the hundredth anniversary of his birth, allies the artist's small glass paintings, principally on religious subjects, with Bavarian folk paintings also on glass. Watercolors, drawings, and prints by Kandinsky complete the exhibit. Through Sunday, Feb. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 13, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The permanent collection will be the main show until the Andrew Wyeth retrospective opens on Tuesday, Feb. 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; Monday, Feb. 13, from 11 to 5.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Ancient Art of Latin America," items from the Jay C. Leff collection. There are miniature figurines, large ceramic figures and vessels from Mexico, small stone sculptures and lapidary work from the Gulf Coast, and wood sculptures from Peru. Through March 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 13, from 1 to 5. An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Color photographs by W. Gurnee Dyer of African customs, villages, and wildlife; through June 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 13, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—A capsule of Childe Hassam's work—landscapes, portraits, nudes, and scenes of New York, in a number of mediums; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Daily, except Mondays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Chinese Art from the Collection of H.M. King Gustaf VI Adolf of Sweden" includes rhinoceros horn cups, jade seals, bronze mirrors, a pottery hand-rest, and ceramics and carvings, all dating from the Stone Age to the eighteenth century; through Sunday, Feb. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Twentieth-century Italian paintings, sculptures, and drawings by (for instance) de Chirico, Boccioni, and Mirko; through Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Etchings, paintings, and drawings by Giovanni Castiglione, the seventeenth-century Genoese virtuoso; through March 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—A thoughtful arrangement of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such American and European artists as Marsden Hartley, Andrew Wyeth, Degas, and Picasso, from the collection of Dr. and Mrs. T. Edward Hanley; through March 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—More than a hundred and fifty drawings, paintings, and sculptures by the late French monochromist Yves Klein, best known in New York for his all-blue paintings and sponge sculptures; through March 12. . . . ¶ A six-panel tapestry in memory of the Jewish victims of the Nazis by Anni Albers, wife of Josef Albers; through March 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A loan exhibition of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century needlework pictures; namely, samplers, quilts, and appliqués in many styles and fabrics; through April 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Metalwork from Germany, that includes glinting jewelry, trim kitchenware, and flocks of candlesticks; through March 5. (Weekdays, 12 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Etchings, lithographs, and engravings by Reginald Marsh that span city life from the burlesque houses to the Metropolitan Opera, along with a few by other printmakers of the time; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Phyllis Curtin, Roberta Peters, Kitty Carlisle, Arturo Sergi, John Reardon, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11, at 2: "Peter Grimes," with Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Jon Vickers, and Geraint Evans. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Jean Fenn, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, and Karl Dönch. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, John Alexander, Frank Guarrera, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 8: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Laurel Hurley, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, Gene Boucher, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Peter Grimes," with Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Jon Vickers, and Geraint Evans. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 16, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Phyllis Curtin, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, Otto Edelmann, John Macurdy, and Geraint Evans. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 17, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, Carlo Bergonzi, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 18, at 2: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Biserka Cvejic, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8: "Queen of Spades" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Jean Madeira, Jon Vickers, John Reardon, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 19, at 7:30: A new production of Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte," with Lucia Popp, Pilar Lorengar, Nicolai Gedda, Jerome Hines, and Morley Meredith. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA NATIONAL COMPANY—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, Feb. 9: "La Traviata," in Italian. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 10: "The Rape of Lucretia." . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 11: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 11: "La Bohème," in Italian. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinée at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, March 26—Thursday, Feb. 9, at 7:45: "Don Rodrigo," with Jeannine Crader, Kay Creed, Placido Domingo, David Clatworthy, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 10, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Audrey Schuh, Carol Bayard, Michele Molese, Dominic Cossa, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11, at 2:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English) with Beverly Sills, Anne Elgar, David Smith, Ara Berberian, John McCollum, and John Lankston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Frances Bible, Donna Jeffrey, Spiro Malas, David Clatworthy, Nico Castel, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 12, at 1:15: "Carmen," with Joyce Blackham, Anne Elgar, Salvador Novoa, Norman Treigle, and David Smith. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 12, at 7:15: "Don Rodrigo," with Jeannine Crader, Kay Creed, Placido Domingo, Edward Pierson, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Jeannine Crader, Michele Molese, Chester Ludgin, David Smith, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Charlotte Povia, Kay Creed, Placido Domingo, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 17, at 7:45: A new production of Richard Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Gruemmer, Frances Bible, Anne Elgar, and James Pease. (A benefit performance.) . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 18, at 2:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Frances Bible, Donna Jeffrey, Spiro Malas, Chester Ludgin, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Audrey Schuh, Carol Bayard, Michele Molese, and Dominic Cossa. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

MANNES OPERA PRODUCTION WORKSHOP—Performances of Cimarosa's "The Secret Marriage," staged by James Lucas. Paul Berl is the musical director. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 15-16, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—William Steinberg conducting a Reger-Tchaikovsky program on Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8:30, and Monday, Feb. 13, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30, with Mayor Lindsay as narrator of Copland's "Lincoln Portrait." Also with David Nadien, violin, and Bruce Prince-Joseph, organ. . . . ¶ William Steinberg conducting on Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 17, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 20, at 7:30 (all with Alexis Weissenberg, piano).

MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting a program of Polish and Russian music, with John Ogdon, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

WASHINGTON NATIONAL SYMPHONY—Howard Mitchell conducting the second of two programs of Beethoven piano concertos, with Hans Richter-Haaser as soloist. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 4.)

CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA—George Szell conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 13, at 8:30, an all-Mozart program, with Peter Frankl, piano; and Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8:30, a varied program, with Geza Anda, piano.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Thomas Dunn conducting, with Gerald Tarack, violin, and Gerardo Levy, flute. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

MUNICIPAL CONCERTS ORCHESTRA—Julius Grossman conducting a benefit concert, with Artur Balsam, piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Abbott Lee Ruskin, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

CHAMBER SYMPHONY OF PHILADELPHIA—Anshel Brusilow conducting a program of Russian music, with Yakov Zak, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

MANHATTAN ORCHESTRA—Anton Coppola conducting, with Flavio Varani, piano. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, which must be applied for in writing, call EN 9-2202.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

recting an all-Mozart program, with Eva Likova, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Richard Krause, tenor; and Marvin Hayes, bass. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Bach Aria Group—Nicholas Harsanyi directing the last in a series of concerts. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Utterbach Concert Choir—Clinton Utterbach directing. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing an all-Carissimi program, with Eileen Laurence, soprano; Stafford Wing, tenor; William Fleck and Gerd Nienstedt, bass-baritones; Igor Kipnis, harpsichord; and others. The second in a series of three programs of Italian baroque music. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Music from Marlboro—The second in a series of three chamber-music programs offering soloists from the Marlboro Music Festival, this one with Alexander Schneider, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; John Barrows, horn; and others. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

New York Chamber Soloists—A program of music by Bach and his contemporaries, with Louis-Jacques Rondeleux, bass-baritone. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Jacques Brel—Belgian pop singer. (Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, at 8:40.)

Gene and Francesca—Folk singers. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of music by Flemish masters of the late fifteenth century. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano, in the last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 3.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Trio Italiano d'Archi. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 4:30.)... ¶ Robert Goldsand, piano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.) For information about tickets to both concerts, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.

Boston Symphony Chamber Players—The fourth in a series of six benefit concerts. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. TR 9-8300. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Lili Kraus—The seventh in a series of nine concerts presenting the Mozart cycle of piano concertos, with the Mozart Chamber Orchestra conducted by Stephen Simon. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

Evenings for New Music—The third in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss, this one devoted to the music of Michael Colgrass, Cornelius Cardew, Olivier Messiaen, Charles Dodge, and Henry Brant. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

American Brass Quintet—The first in a series of four programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

The Romeros—A program of guitar music by Celedonio Romero and his sons, Celin, Pepe, and Angel. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

Marilyn Horne—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano, in a Beethoven-Schumann program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Borodin Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Note—Boris Kroyt and Leo Smit will give a viola-and-piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 19, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 13, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Contemporary Music Society—A program of electronic and instrumental music, with Harvey Sollberger, flute, and other soloists, as well as the Alwin Nikolais Dance Company. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8:30. For tickets, call TR 3-1250.)

WNYC American Music Festival—Among the events of interest will be a folk-music concert, with Oscar Brand. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 2:30. Free tickets can be had by writing WNYC, New York 10007, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Jazz Concerts—Pearl Bailey, with Louis Bellson's orchestra and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)... ¶ Erroll Garner, with bass and percussion. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30: Knicks vs. San Francisco.... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 16, at 6:30: Detroit vs. Cincinnati and Knicks vs. St. Louis.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 18, at 6:30: Baltimore vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 13-14.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 12, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 18, at 2: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Daily at 1:05; through Saturday, March 4.

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 10, at 7: United States Track and Field Federation.... ¶ Friday, Feb. 17, at 7: New York Athletic Club.

Trapshooting—New York Athletic Club shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 18-19, at 10.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Friday, March 3.

FOR CHILDREN

Operetta—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **B. Gay Puppets:** "Folk Tales and Legends." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)... **Florsheim Productions:** "Puss in Boots." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. Saturdays at 3. For tickets, call LO 5-8853.)... **Gingerbread Players & Jack:** "The Princess and the Frog." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **Harnick-Adams Productions:** "Young Abe Lincoln." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)... **Rose Lynch Productions:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... **Paper Bag Players:** "For-

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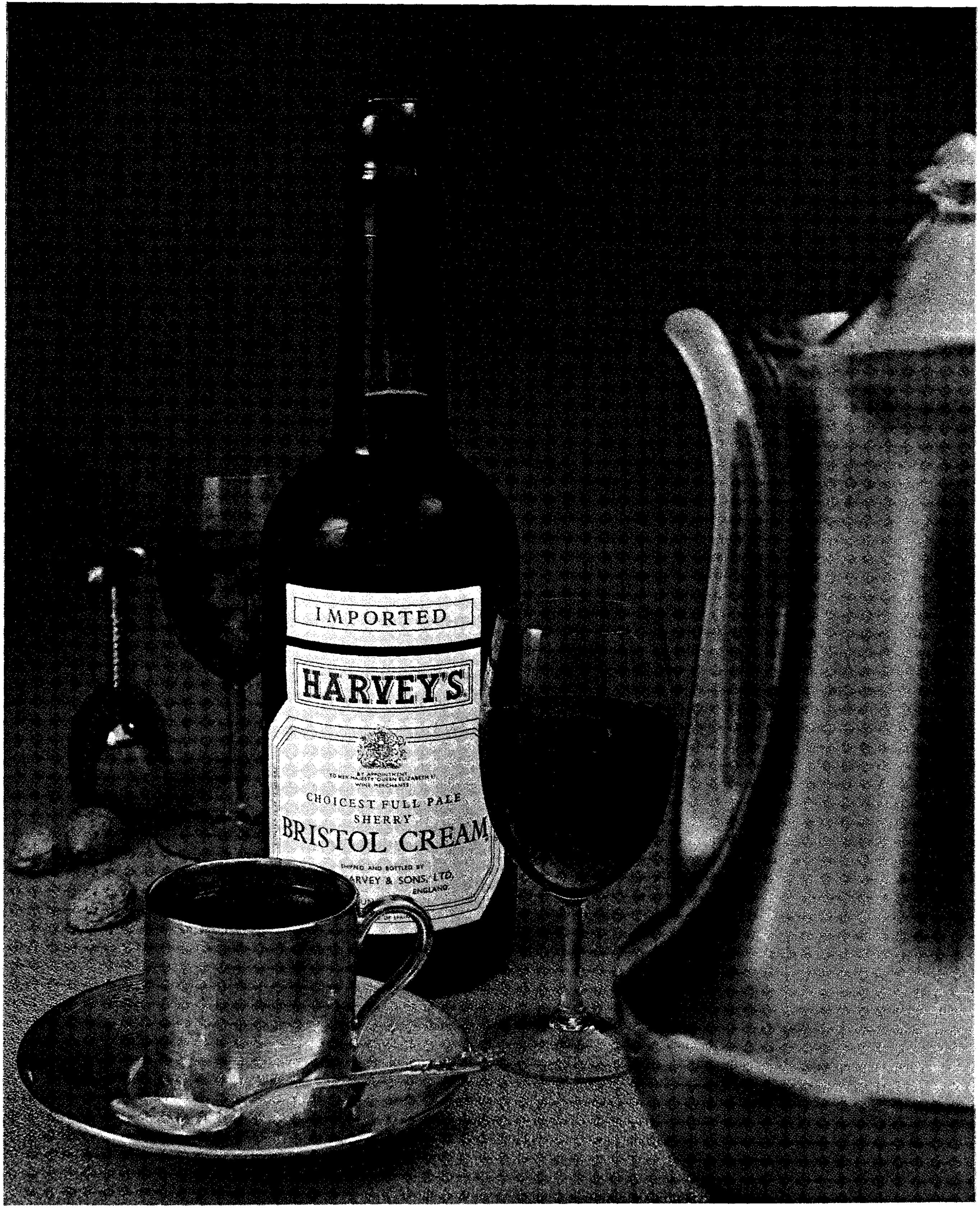
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tunately," Saturday, Feb. 11, at 3.... ¶ "Group Soup," Saturday, Feb. 18, at 3. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350.)... **PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE:** "Tales of the Coyote" and "Rodeo." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Feb. 13, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)... ¶ "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 2:30.)... **ROCKEFELLER PLAYERS:** "Robinson Crusoe." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1. For tickets, call 249-6978.) ... **STORYLAND THEATRE:** "Heidi." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3:30.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Oliver Twist," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30.... ¶ "Adventures of Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 13, from 1 to 5.) ... ¶ "Five Young Artists: A Retrospective Exhibition" consists of drawings that evidence the particular bent of each: Charles Wunderman's city and subway, Ari Mayer's character studies, Howard Goodley's vivid introspections, Susannah Kelly's hipsters, and Alan Ericksen's animals. Through Wednesday, Feb. 15. (Daily, except Saturday, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "Ten Years into the Space Age;" through Feb. 27. (Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Lincoln's Birthday at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 5; and Monday, Feb. 13, at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—A benefit performance of "Lili," with Leslie Caron and Mel Ferrer. (Art Theatre, 36 E. 8th St. GR 3-7014. Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 10.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Monday, Feb. 13, from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

FLOWER SHOW—The Winter Garden Show, presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Feb. 15, from 12:30 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Feb. 10, at 1:45: Sterling and Continental silver, belonging to several collectors, among them the late Helen M. De Kay.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11, at 1:45: English furniture and decorations, from various owners.... ¶ Monday, Feb. 13, at 8: A benefit auction of fifty works by Ad Reinhardt, Chaim Gross, Moses and Raphael Soyer, and others. (Exhibition at 987 Madison Ave. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 9-11, from 10 to 5.)... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 10:30: Rare books from the estate of Arthur A. Chalmers and from other sources.... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 16, at 1:45: Modern paintings, sculptures, and drawings, including works by Jean Dufy, Miró, and Bourdelle. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 10.

You are cordially invited to the inaugural showing of the Treasure of Port Royal. One of the rare discoveries of our age. This treasure of the Pirate Kingdom was buried in depths of mud and water when Port Royal fell into the sea, during the Jamaican earthquake of 1692. This year, under the auspices of the Jamaican Government, this treasure is being salvaged, and we are proud to be chosen to exhibit it in the United States.

In the Gallery, 6th floor,
Abercrombie & Fitch,
courtesy of the
Government of Jamaica.
February 9 to February 17
9:15 to 5:30
No admission charge.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

CINEMA
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE
TODAY

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

The Bible—John Huston directed this great big silly picture book, and he also plays, most agreeably, the role of Noah. He appears to have had more fun with his animals than with his actors. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 13, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Blow-Up—An account of the mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by the poetic eye of Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The Crazy Quilt—The first feature-length movie by an intelligent independent movie-maker named John Korty. A sad comedy, well acted by Tom Rosqui and Ina Mela. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350.)

The Deadly Affair—A welcomely serious spy story, laid in England. Produced and directed by Sidney Lumet, with a cast that includes James Mason, Simone Signoret, Harry Andrews, Harriet Andersson, and many others of equal distinction. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Doctor Zhivago—A beautifully photographed but oddly muted version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166.)

The Endless Summer—A brilliant documentary on surfing. A perfect movie about a search for the perfect wave. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

A Fine Madness—Sean Connery, Patrick O'Neal, and others help to salvage this comedy about an impulsive poet from the director's mistakes. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Feb. 14.)

Funeral in Berlin—Michael Caine is again a Cockney spy in the service of Her Britannic Majesty. An admirable thriller, directed by Guy Hamilton. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; through Feb. 14.)

Galia—A pretty girl from the provinces makes good in Paris and suffers the not always happy consequences. Mireille Darc is the ravishing heroine of this racy, luminous movie, directed by Georges Lautner. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Feb. 12.)

Gambit—Michael Caine and Shirley MacLaine as a pair of droll scamps in a well-written melodrama directed by Ronald Neame. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Georgy Girl—An exceptionally good English tragicomedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling. Directed by Silvio Narizzano. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Goal!—One of the two or three best sports documentaries ever made. The subject is soccer. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Grand Prix—Unless you have an invincible aversion to racing cars, this should strike you as one of the most exciting movies of the year. With Yves Montand, James Garner, and Eva Marie Saint, directed with superb gusto by John Frankenheimer. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 13, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie—Yves Montand is extremely effective as the dogged hero of this strong, sad story about the aftermath of the Spanish Civil War. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Hawaii—A long, foolish account of how Christian missionaries spoiled things for the happy Polynesians. With Max von Sydow and Julie Andrews. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 13, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Is Paris Burning?—A thoroughly unsatisfactory adaptation of the well-known book. A large and celebrated cast stands about uttering bromides and dying. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Feb. 15.)

Loves of a Blonde—A Czechoslovakian director named Milos Forman has made a nice, old-fashioned comedy about a girl and a boy and her desire to fall in love and his desire not to. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

A Man and a Woman—An example of a movie that really moves, directed and photographed by Claude Lelouch, who doesn't make any mistakes in his treatment of a small love story. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant play the lovers. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—The moral tug of war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Monday, Feb. 13, at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Night of the Generals—Peter O'Toole, Omar Sharif, Donald Pleasence, and Charles Gray in a thriller about the tracking down of a murderous Nazi general. Directed by Anatole Litvak. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?—A slapstick commentary on war and peace, brilliantly directed by Blake Edwards and starring Dick Shawn and James Coburn. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Feb. 12-14.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—Under Mike Nichols' direction, the Albee play has retained all its savage vitality in the move from stage to screen, and the reduction of its length from three hours to two is all to the good. Ernest Lehman is responsible for the skillful adaptation. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal appear at their best. Mr. Burton's best is extraordinary. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

REVIVALS

Les Abysses (1964)—A couple of murderous servant girls in the depths of the French countryside. Directed by Nico Papatakis. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

The Devil's Eye (1961)—Ingmar Bergman pokes fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 11.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Feb. 11.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Feb. 10-13.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Feb. 10-13.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Feb. 12-15.)

Lady L (1966)—Sophia Loren, David Niven, and Paul Newman in a comedy written and directed by Peter Ustinov. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Feb. 14.)

Love at Twenty (1963)—A portmanteau picture that looks at young love in France, Italy, Japan, Germany, and Poland. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 15.)

The Love Goddesses (1965)—A documentary displaying some sixty years of movie heroines. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Feb. 14-15.)

The Lower Depths (1962)—An adaptation of the old play by Maxim Gorky. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Feb. 11.)

The Luck of Ginger Coffey (1964)—Married love and muddled life in Montreal, with Robert Shaw and Mary Ure. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Feb. 9.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Feb. 15.)

Scorpio Rising (1966)—An account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, directed and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 14.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—Slapstick in the Mack Sennett manner, with Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, and Marilyn Monroe. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Feb. 14-15.)

Tomorrow Is My Turn (1962)—A picture about the Second World War, starring Charles Aznavour and Georges Rivière. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 10.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs a tale of a minister who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellowmen. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 11.)

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—Through Feb. 11: "Pygmalion" (1938), with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. . . . ¶ Feb. 12: "The Burmese Harp" (1956), in Japanese and Burmese. . . . ¶ Feb. 13: "Fires on the Plain" (1959), in Japanese. . . . ¶ Feb. 14: "Conflagration" (1958), in Japanese. . . . ¶ Feb. 15: "Dawn" (1928), with Sybil Thorndike. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—The last eight programs in a series called "A Tribute to Ginger Rogers." Feb. 9 at 3: "Tom, Dick, and Harry" (1941). . . . Feb. 9 at 5:15: "Follow the Fleet" (1936). . . . Feb. 10 at 3: "Swing Time" (1936). . . . Feb. 10 at 5:15: "Shall We Dance?" (1937). . . . Feb. 11 at 3: "Kitty Foyle" (1940). . . . Feb. 11 at 5:15: "Carefree" (1938). . . . Feb. 12 at 2: "Kitty Foyle" (1940). . . . Feb. 12 at 4: "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle" (1939). . . . ¶ Feb. 14-15 at 3 and 5:30: "Salome" (1922), with Nazimova. . . . **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters; and "What's New Pussycat?," revival, Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
THE NIGHT OF THE GENERALS.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Tobruk," Rock Hudson, George Peppard.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Feb. 14: **FUNERAL IN BERLIN.**
From Feb. 15: "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad," Rosalind Russell, Robert Morse.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Hotel," Rod Taylor, Catherine Spaak.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 13, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
GAMBIT.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
GRAND PRIX.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
GEORGY GIRL.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 14: **IS PARIS BURNING?**
From Feb. 15: "The Blue Max," George Peppard, James Mason.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
GOAL!

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"To Be a Crook" (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Tobruk," Rock Hudson, George Peppard.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Game Is Over," Jane Fonda, Peter McEnery.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Feb. 14: **IS PARIS BURNING?**
From Feb. 15: "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad," Rosalind Russell, Robert Morse.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE DEADLY AFFAIR.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
BLOW-UP.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE NIGHT OF THE GENERALS.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
LOVES OF A BLONDE, a Czechoslovakian film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
GAMBIT.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
FUNERAL IN BERLIN.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 12: **GALIA** (in French).
From Feb. 13: "A Fistful of Dollars," Clint Eastwood.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
GEORGY GIRL.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Feb. 14: **IS PARIS BURNING?**; and "Red Tomahawk," Howard Keel.
From Feb. 15: "A Covenant with Death," George Maharis; and "Secret Agent Super Dragon," Ray Danton.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
"Transport from Paradise," a Czechoslovakian film.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Feb. 9: **THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY**, revival; and "Gervaise" (in French), revival, Maria Schell, François Périer.
Feb. 10-13: **HELP!**, revival; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.
Feb. 14-15: **SOME LIKE IT HOT**, revival; and **THE LOVE GODDESSES**, revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 11: **GIGI**, revival; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman.
Feb. 12-14: **WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY?**; and "After the Fox," Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland.
From Feb. 15: **MAJOR BARBARA**, revival; and "And Quiet Flows the Don" (in Russian), revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 14: "Fahrenheit 451," Julie Christie, Oskar Werner.
From Feb. 15: **IS PARIS BURNING?**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Feb. 11: **THE LOWER DEPTHS** (in Japanese), revival; and "Throne of Blood" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
Feb. 12-15: **IKIRU** (in Japanese), revival; and "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (in Japanese), revival, Denjiro Okochi.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
THE CRAZY QUILT; and "Time Lost and Time Remembered," Sarah Miles.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Feb. 14: **IS PARIS BURNING?**
From Feb. 15: "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad," Rosalind Russell, Robert Morse.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
FUNERAL IN BERLIN.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
GEORGY GIRL.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Sweet Love, Bitter," Dick Gregory, Don Murray.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Feb. 14: **IS PARIS BURNING?**
From Feb. 15: To be announced.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

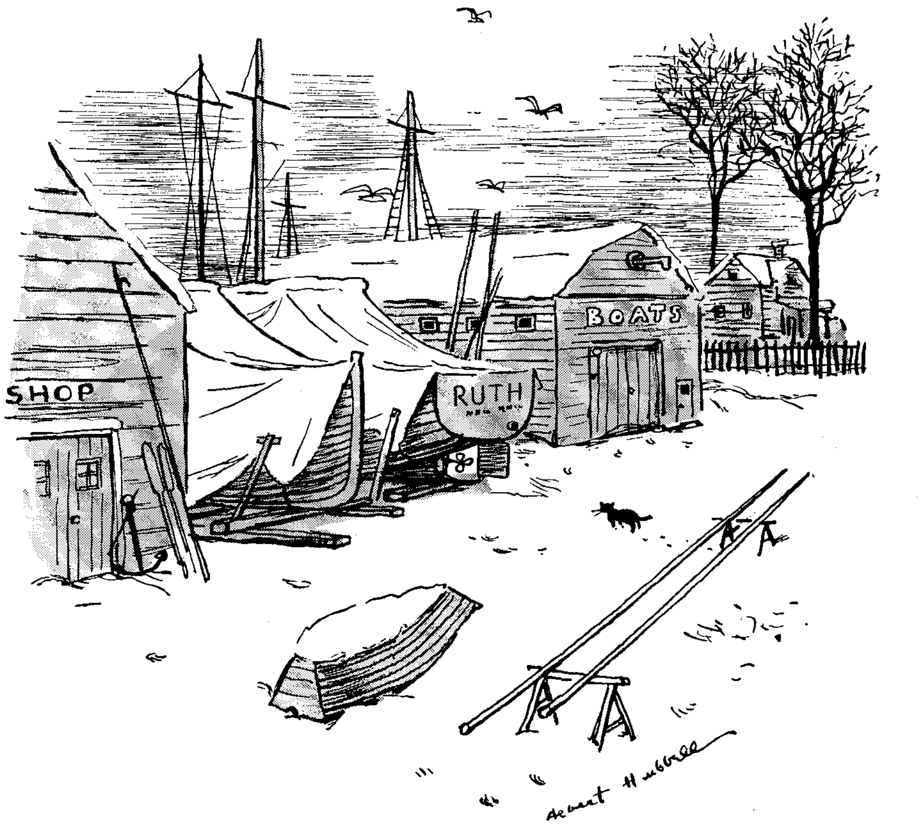
Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"Eric Soya's '17' " (in Danish).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
SCORPIO RISING, revival; and **LES ABYSSES** (in French), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 14: **A FINE MADNESS**; and **LADY L**, revival.
From Feb. 15: "10:30 P.M. Summer," Melina Mercouri, Peter Finch; and "Mademoiselle," Jeanne Moreau.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 9: "Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish), revival; and "The Condemned of Altona," revival, Sophia Loren, Maximilian Schell.
Feb. 10: **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** (in French), revival; and "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Gérard Blain.
Feb. 11: **THE DEVIL'S EYE** and **WINTER LIGHT** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
Feb. 12: "Eclipse" (in Italian), revival, Alain Delon, Monica Vitti; and "Cleo from 5 to 7" (in French), revival, Corinne Marchand.
Feb. 13: "Bay of the Angels" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau; and "Lola" (in French), revival, Anouk Aimée, Marc Michel.
Feb. 14: **THE SOFT SKIN** (in French), revival; and "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), revival, Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Feb. 15: **LOVE AT TWENTY** (five episodes, five languages), revival; and "Frantic" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
GEORGY GIRL.



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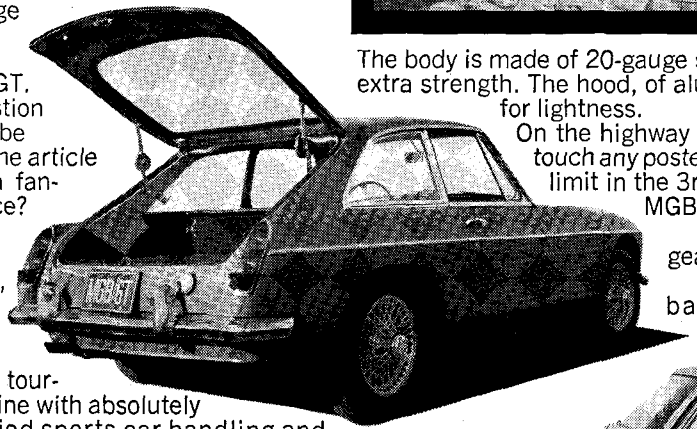

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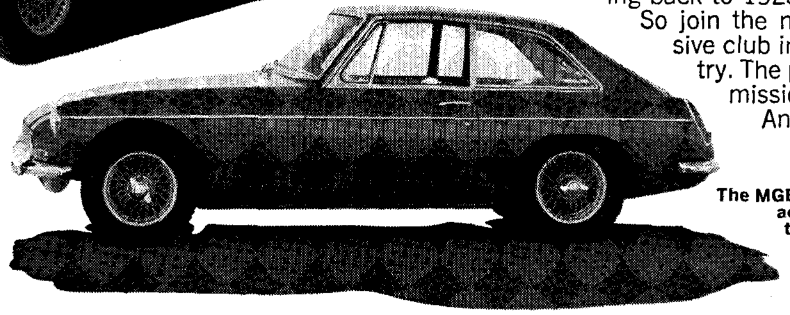

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AUSTIN HEALEY

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Photo by Ardean R. Miller III

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Bahama Islands

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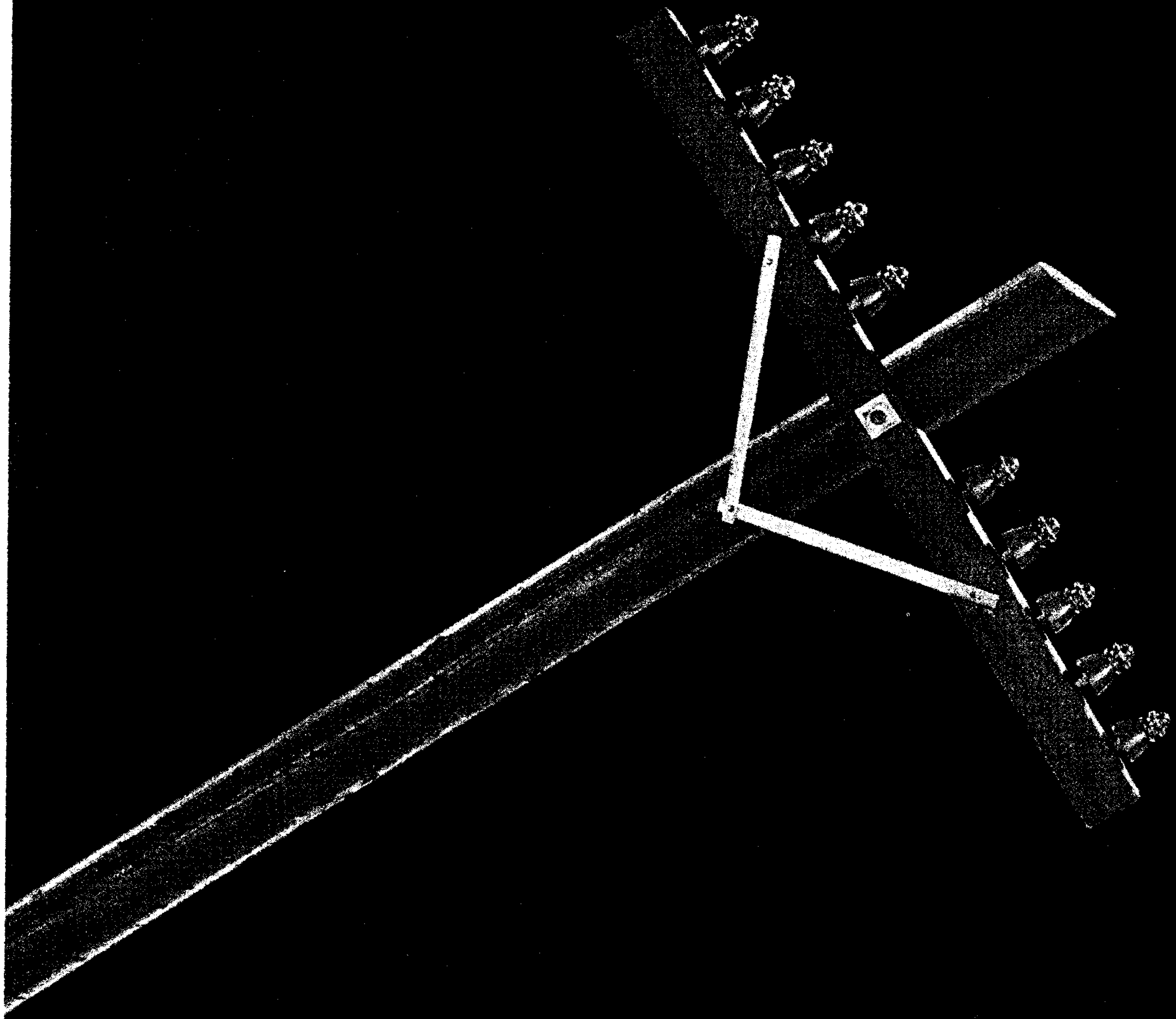

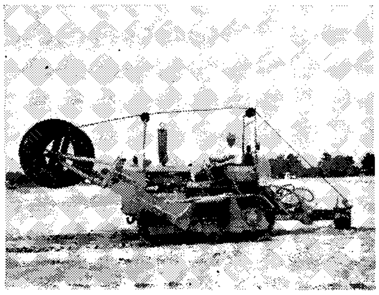

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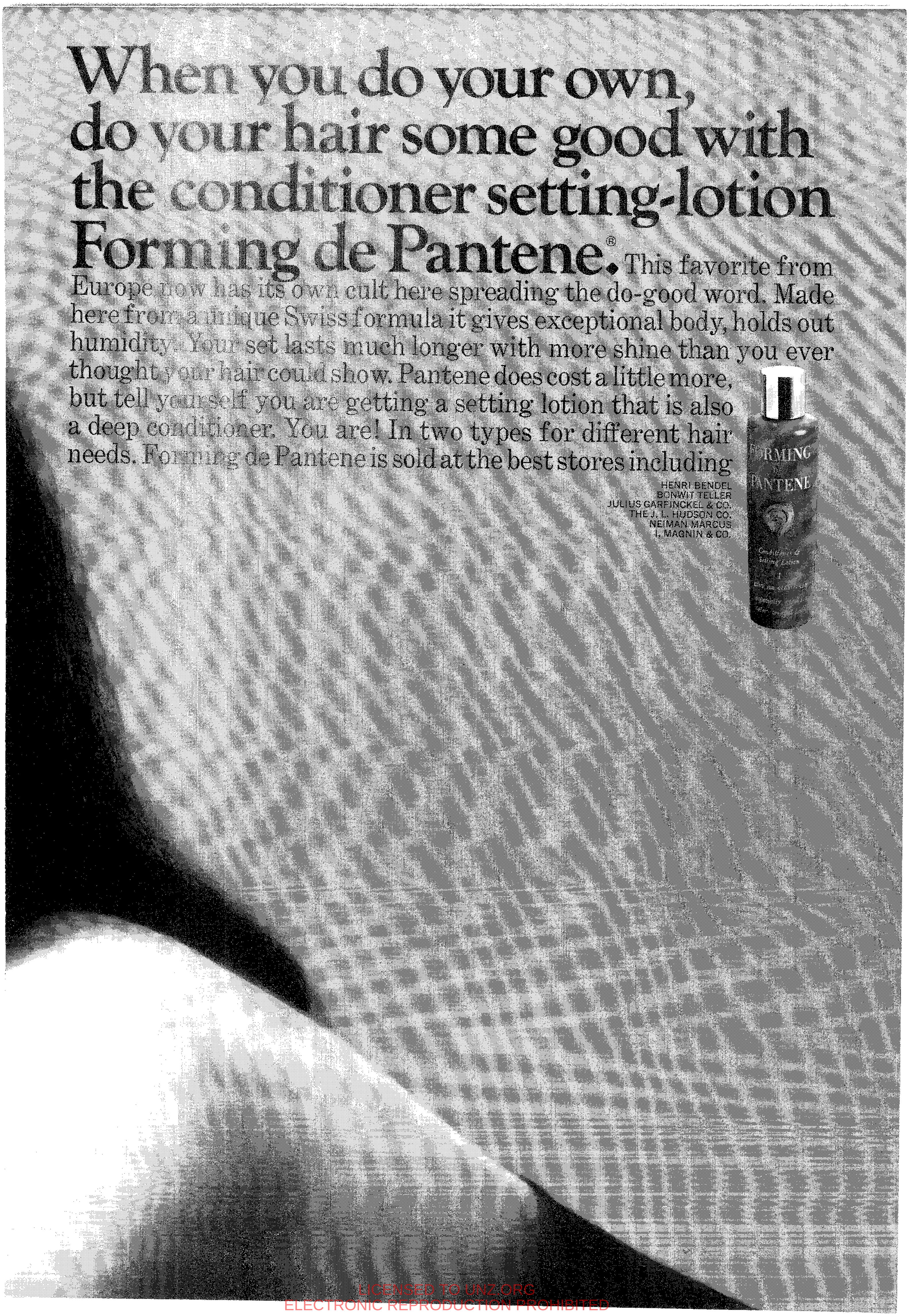

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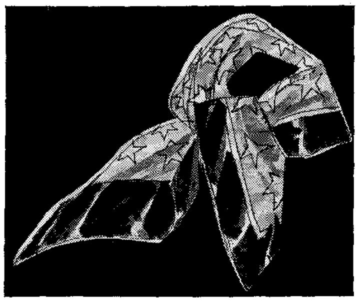

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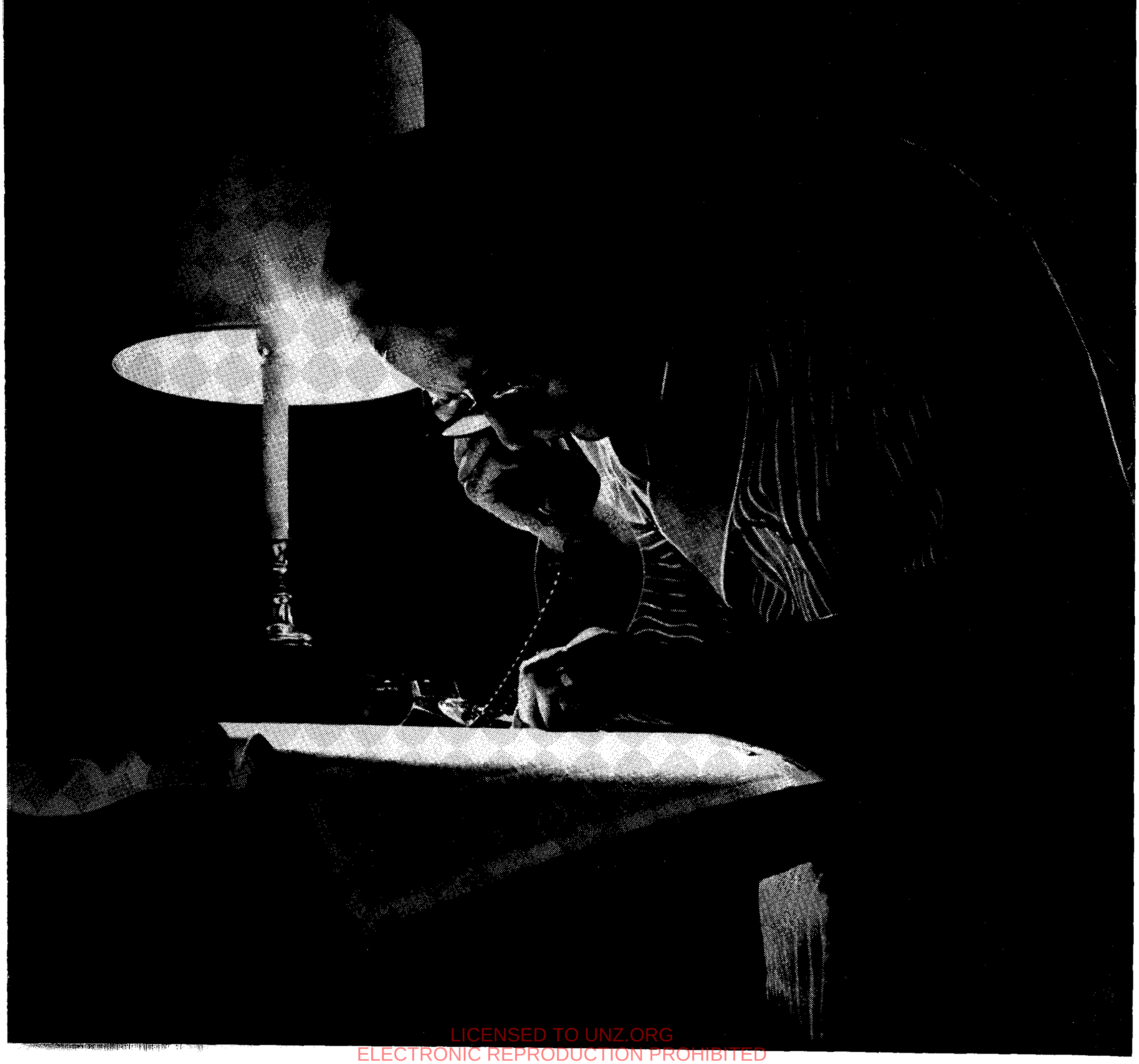

There is a certain kind of woman who can't pass a town house without mentally redecorating every room in it. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

Ours alone, a two-piece casual in pencil-line diagonal plaid.
The sleeves have an easy, caftan look. The soft tie
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have just received a letter from a man we know who walks around in a perpetual state of outrage over the routine brutalities that this city exercises on its citizenry and over the fact that he seems to be the only person outraged by them. "You must know how I feel about the subway system by now," he wrote. "It's an outrage. I can't understand why the people who pay to be tortured by it twice a day *never* complain. I think that when a citizen is trying to escape from that odoriferous city-state the Transit Authority has established under Times Square and he sees a sign saying 'Exit to Street,' he should walk up to the nearest subway employee, grab him firmly by both of his grubby and unpressed lapels, and yell, 'Exit to *which* street?' We all know that there is some gnarled old misanthrope at Transit Authority headquarters cackling with glee every time he thinks of how many people who wanted to emerge at Forty-third and Broadway emerge at Fortieth and Eighth and walk the rest of the way in a driving rain; what bothers me is that nobody *objects*. On the subject of markings, can you tell me why the New York subway system is the only subway system in the world that has almost all its maps *inside* the cars, so that by the time you find out how to get to the Bronx you're at Queens Plaza? It is folly, of course, to pretend that anyone actually *could* find out how to get to the Bronx by consulting one of those misshapen charts. He might succeed in fighting his way to a position close enough to read its tiny script, and, in twenty or thirty minutes, he might manage to unscramble that multicolored *pasta* motif well enough to find out what line he is on (usually the one that goes to Queens Plaza), but anything actually relevant to his search has been carefully censored out. He won't find anything on the map about the RR train, or the GG local, or the D train from six in the evening until three in the morning. Don't get me started on those maps. The reason I brought up this whole sordid business is to tell you about an experience I had recently that indicated to me just how downtrodden all the victims have become. I was riding on the West Side I.R.T., taking the local from Thirty-fourth and Seventh to Fiftieth and Broadway. I was pretty calm; I had survived the same trip a number of times in the past. When we arrived at Forty-second Street—Times Square—they left the doors open a long time, as usual; they hope to lure you out toward the express, so they can close both doors in your face while you're in the middle of the platform. Then an announcement came over the loudspeaker. 'The train on the local track will become an express,' the voice said. 'The next stop will be East One Hundred and Sixteenth Street.' Who but the Transit Authority of New York, New York, could think of something like that? A West Side local becomes an express—and stops at *East* 116th Street! I raced out of the car—I figured that immediately after making an announcement like that they would slam the doors—and when I looked back I saw, to my amazement, that most of the rest of the people in the car were still sitting there. They were reading the *News* or staring straight ahead. It was the most frightening thing I've ever seen: forty people sitting calmly in a subway marked 'West Side Local,' about to be taken to East 116th Street. I wanted to yell, 'Get out! Get out! You can't want to go there!' But finally I decided not to get involved. It's hard enough for a person to manage his *own* survival around this place."

W. Steig

Dissent

"USUALLY, it's not easy to get artists to coöperate on anything," a member of the sponsoring committee said to us just before the Angry Arts Week Against the War in Vietnam got under way. What the committee wanted to achieve—and achieved without the slightest difficulty—was an eight-day festival of the arts based on contributions from hundreds of writers, painters, sculptors, dancers, actors, musicians, and film-makers, all united on one issue: opposition to the present American policy in Vietnam. The form of the contributions varied from a "Collage of Indignation"—twelve hundred square feet of canvas covered with anti-war cartoons, drawings, and cutouts by a hundred painters and sculptors—to a recital by Suzanne Bloch of Renaissance music for lute, recorder, and virginals. Surveying the schedule of events, which included such catchall titles as "Broadway Dissents," "Off-Broadway Dissents," "Avant-Garde Musicians Dissent," and "Folk Rock Dissents," we noticed a program called "An Act of Respect for the Vietnamese People," to be held in the Washington Square Methodist Church, on West Fourth Street. Volunteers from all the arts were invited to a Sunday-afternoon rehearsal to exchange ideas, and we

"I'm writing cards to the children. Say something."

• •

went along, to see what happens when artists coöperate.

At the church, we found some fifty volunteers—loose-limbed dancers, graying lady poets, bushy-bearded directors—milling about in the social hall, a large white basement room that had a stage at one end and a brown linoleum floor scarred by the folding chairs of hundreds of meetings. (Upstairs, in the sanctuary of the church, a congregation of Chinese Americans was holding a nondenominational Christian service.) Robert Nichols, a Greenwich Village architect and poet, who was coördinating this particular program, explained to the volunteers that each artist would have five minutes in which to illustrate some aspect of everyday life in Vietnam, preferably without injecting his own comments. Information, not emotion, was to be the medium. A research library, containing films and slides as well as books, had been made available to anyone who wanted to consult it. Mr. Nichols then asked those artists who had already selected their material to show the others what they had done, and the hubbub in the room subsided.

The first artist was Joel Oppenheimer, a tall man with a beard, who directs the Poetry Project at St. Mark's in-the-Bouwerie. He had prepared a talk on the subject of the difference between conventional warfare and guerrilla warfare. Addressing the members of the audience as if they were Vietnamese villagers gathered for a clandestine briefing, he said that guerrilla forces, unlike conventional armies, value men above weapons. "None of you are to risk loss of life to defend a machine gun, a mortar, an anti-tank gun," he said. "What we capture we will use when we can. If it is lost back to the enemy, we still have gained." He added that the rules of guerrilla warfare held true no matter what political beliefs were at stake—whether the left was rebelling against the right or vice versa.

When Oppenheimer had finished, a young actress read a poem about a South Vietnamese village that had been destroyed in battle; two other actresses, seated behind her, mimed the tragedy. There was a susurrus of unrest among the poets. One of them, a smartly dressed woman with an authoritative air, took the actress aside and suggested a less dramatic reading. "You should hold something back," the poetess said. "That's the whole Oriental bag." Next, six barefoot girls in tights performed an interpretative dance about a bombed-out hamlet. (During this piece, the Chinese-American congregation from upstairs entered the room quietly and stood along the walls watching the dancers go through some arduous calisthenics representing the anguish of Vietnamese peasant women in a rice field.) The dance took nearly half an hour, and was followed by a discussion of how it could be broken down into five-minute segments for the actual performance. After that, the poets and the actors got into a brief argument over who was supposed to go next, and several of the poets walked out.

Then a group called the Free Theatre presented a series of tableaux showing atrocities that its director said were typical of those committed in South Vietnamese prisons. The troupe took up suitable positions on the stage while the director read out the schedule of events: "First, thumb torture; second, water torture; third, beheading." A little girl taking part in the tableaux called out, "No, Saul, we're Number Four!" The director ignored the correction and the show went on, with many bloodcurdling screams and much stamping of boots, pounding of fists, and grunting. The director assured Mr. Nichols that nothing untoward would *actually* occur onstage. "We're simulating everything," he said. (Despite this reassurance, it was later decided to drop the atrocity sequence.)

The center of the room was cleared and the Bread and Puppet Theatre took over. A doctor (played by a real-life New York physician) read a detailed scientific lecture on the treatment of burns to six "students" wearing expressionless masks. The doctor stressed the life-or-death importance of keeping victims as nearly sterile as possible, to reduce the danger of infection. His lecture was interrupted by a banshee wail from an electronically amplified fiddle, and a girl's voice began to read a dispatch from a Manchester *Guardian* correspondent describing the actual conditions in civilian hospitals in South Vietnam, where doctors are often forced to brush flies away from patients' wounds during operations, and old newspapers are used for emergency bandages. On the linoleum floor alongside the students' chairs lay, wrapped in a dirty sheet, a woman wearing outsize hands, made of some shiny plastic, and an outsize plastic head. While the doctor's scientific lecture and the girl's dispassionate voice kept up an antiphonal drone, the figure of the woman writhed in a wordless agony; a long red scarf oozed from underneath her sheet, and mock bandages of shredded newspaper fluttered around her. The banshee wail of the fiddle rose like an air-raid siren and was abruptly cut off, leaving behind it a changed silence.

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AN alert freshman observed the following notice on a Yale University bulletin board:

> SAYBROOK COLLEGE DEAN'S OFFICE
> 16 JANUARY
> MEMORANDUM
>
> In response to a recent inquiry: Bursar's bills may not be paid with American Express cards.

The Cosmologists

THE other day, we paid a brief visit to, of all things, the 1967 Texas Symposium on Relativistic Astrophysics, in the course of which we learned that relativistic astrophysics includes the study of objects like quasars and, more generally, the study of cosmology—the origin and destiny of the universe. We were spared a long trip to Dallas or Austin—the cities where the first two Texas Symposia were held, in 1963 and 1964 (there were no Symposia in 1965 and 1966)—because this year's Symposium took place in the Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, within easy telescopic view of our office. It lasted a week, and involved six hundred and fifty participants, from all over the world. We dropped in on the last day's meeting, having been tipped off by a friendly astrophysicist that this would probably be the most exciting one. Upon arriving at the hotel, we were confronted with the spectacle of several name-tagged astrophysicists playing hooky from the lectures and gossiping in the lobby. There was a registration desk, with some blackboards nearby serving as an improvised message center. At the top of one of the blackboards was a decalcomania proclaiming, in black letters on a bright-red ground, "Ginsberg is a neoclassicist." This, we were informed by one of the truants, was a lighthearted reference to Allen Ginsberg, the poet, and not the highly respected Soviet physicist V. L. Ginzburg, who had come from the Lebedev Physical Institute, in Moscow, to present some of his now classic ideas on the origins of cosmic radiation.

When we reached the Terrace Room, shortly before the start of the afternoon session, it was rapidly filling up with astrophysicists. We found ourself a chair near the front. To our immediate left was the enormous, friendly figure of Dr. George Gamow, a patriarch of modern astrophysical speculation, and just behind us was Professor Ginzburg, a distinguished-looking middle-aged man with an intent expression. Professor A. Trautman, of Warsaw University, called the meeting to order. The first speaker was Robert H. Dicke, the Cyrus Fogg Brackett Professor of Physics at Princeton, and he at once provided the conference with one of its most spectacular moments by announcing a new discovery based on telescopic observations of the sun that were made at Princeton over a period of several months, ending last September. Dicke and his group, it seems, have found that the sun is not spherical but oblate; that is, the distance from its center to its equator is greater than the distance from its center to its north pole. Dicke attributes this to rapid rotation of the core of the sun. He estimates that it rotates about once in two days. The core of the sun is not directly visible from the earth, so his estimate involves complicated theoretical inferences, some of which were challenged in a lively discussion that followed the presentation of his paper.

The reason Dicke's discovery caused such a stir is that it appears to make difficulties for Einstein's General Theory of Relativity, now a half century old, which most physicists had come to accept as the correct theory of universal gravitation. If the sun is flattened, this must be taken into account in calculating the motions of the planets, especially Mercury, which is the planet closest to the sun. It has been recognized that the motion of Mercury is eccentric, but it was widely believed that this was explained by the General Theory of Relativity—and, in fact, provided one of the best quantitative tests of the theory. If Dicke is right about the sun's flattening and the reason for it, then the General Theory of Relativity no longer accounts precisely for the motion of Mercury, and the theory is in trouble. Indeed, Dicke said, "It wouldn't surprise me if general relativity is just plain wrong." ("Where is Einstein?" Gamow asked, in a strong, accented voice, immediately before Dicke announced his result. It turned out that a large photograph of Einstein had been mysteriously removed from the neighborhood of the dais before the session started.)

We gathered from the discussion that some members of the audience doubted whether Dicke's interpretation of his data was the only one possible, and as we were leaving we overheard an astrophysicist saying to a colleague, “I’m willing to bet a dollar that he is wrong.”

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THE lunch-counter menu of a drugstore in Albuquerque lists “Homemade Soup (Campbell’s or Heinz) 35¢.”

Inspector Deppe and the Smoky Boiler

A SMALL car standing at dusk in front of the headquarters of the Department of Air Pollution Control, at 15 Park Row, had attracted a modest crowd. Nearby, waiting, were several members of a two-year-old group called the Citizens for Clean Air—Robert Fox, Mrs. Robert Farrington, Mrs. Michael Fosburg, and State Senator Whitney North Seymour, Jr., and his wife. We were there, too. Ted Schoening, a representative of the Yardney Electric Corporation, on Leonard Street, which developed the car, was explaining its workings. Lifting the hood, he said, “It’s a Renault Dauphine chassis with two silver-zinc batteries up front—you can see they’re not a whole lot bigger than ordinary car batteries—and two in the back, with the motor. It is a completely battery-operated vehicle, which means that it produces no exhaust fumes, and it is therefore highly regarded by anti-pollutionists.” He opened the door. “See that switch on the dashboard? You flip it down for forward, up for reverse. Step on the accelerator and you go. That’s it.” He beamed. “Let’s take a ride!”

Robert Fox, who, in addition to being one of the Citizens, is a member of the city’s Board of Air Pollution Control, had driven the Yardney a couple of weeks earlier during his tour of duty as Night Mayor, so he took the wheel; Mrs. Farrington and Schoening jumped in the back, and we got in front. Fox turned on the headlights and snapped the switch down to forward, and the car slid smoothly, silently out from the curb. “The beauty part, as they say in New York, is you’re silent and you aren’t throwing out any fumes,” Schoening said. “You just plug it into any ordinary outlet for a recharge. An overnight charge would let you go seventy-seven miles the next day.”

“This is terrific!” Mrs. Farrington exclaimed as the car zoomed under the Brooklyn Bridge.

“It will do fifty-five miles an hour,” Schoening said.

Fox drove us past City Hall, turned down Broadway, and came to a stop on Park Row, in front of the Department, again.

A man leaned in at the window. “Where do you get one of these?” he asked.

“You can’t,” Schoening said. “It’s the first one.”

“Geez, I hope they make a lot of them,” the man said.

As we were about to get out of the car, Mrs. Fosburg and the Seymours emerged from the Department’s building. The Citizens were sponsoring a two-week demonstration to help the city spot pollution violations at night; volunteers were answering telephoned complaints at the Department each night until midnight, and relaying them to the Department’s dispatcher, who, in turn, notified an inspector by two-way radio. “We’ve got a violator!” Mrs. Fosburg called. “Incinerator working at night!”

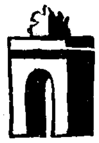
“Where?” Fox called.

“Jane Street!” she replied.

“Let’s go!” Fox yelled.

Schoening got out, Seymour got in, and we were on our way, followed by a traditional air-polluting car containing the other Citizens. As we rode along, Seymour told us he was trying to develop a lot of legislation on air pollution and had been holding open forums around the city so that interested citizens could make suggestions. “We’ve drawn very intelligent crowds,” he said. “They’ve come up with some very good ideas.”

Fox began to cough as we moved across Canal Street. “That’s not a smoker’s cough,” he explained. “I’m what they call a sensitive receptor. I can tell when an inversion is coming, because I wake up all choked up.”



We paused next to a smelly, noisy bus, and Seymour remarked that electric buses had been suggested years ago but nothing had been done about it. “I understand that in London they have about fifty thousand electric vehicles,” he said.

Soon we drew up in front of an old house on Jane Street, in Greenwich Village, and everyone got out. Frederick Deppe, an inspector for the Department, had received a radio message and was waiting for our group. Trotting up the stairs of the building, with us in pursuit, Deppe—a thin, pleasant man wearing glasses—said, “Let’s go up to the roof and see if we can ascertain smoke.” The Citizens remained down on the street. It was about eight o’clock. “No emissions were observed from the street,” he called back as he passed the third floor, “but the lady who phoned in to complain said that smoke was coming out of an incinerator here, and coming right into her window.” At the top of the fifth flight of stairs, Deppe unhooked a latched door, and we stepped out onto the roof. Although an air-pollution alert—the second ever declared in the city—had been in effect since midday, the night was fairly clear, and there was a full moon. A few yards in front of us stood a large chimney. Thick black smoke was pouring out of it, churning and billowing and twisting in the wind, which came from the Hudson. Deppe gazed at the smoke. “Boiler smoke,” he said evenly. “Burner out of adjustment.” He made a note on a clipboard. “I didn’t *think* there was an incinerator in this building,” he added.

We hurried down the stairs. “Unless it’s an incinerator—there’s a law against operating them at night—I can’t issue a summons after dark!” Deppe called up to us. “That’s because there’s no way to measure the density of smoke then. But I’ll put this in my report, and they’ll inspect it tomorrow by daylight.” We reached the foyer of the building. “If I can find the superintendent, I’ll get him to adjust the furnace right now,” Deppe said. “It’ll save him a summons tomorrow.” A plaque over the door informed us that the superintendent lived in a building several blocks to the east.

“Find anything?” Seymour asked as Deppe got to the street.

“Boiler smoke,” Deppe replied. “We’re going to get the superintendent—he lives down the street—and try to bring him back to adjust the furnace.”

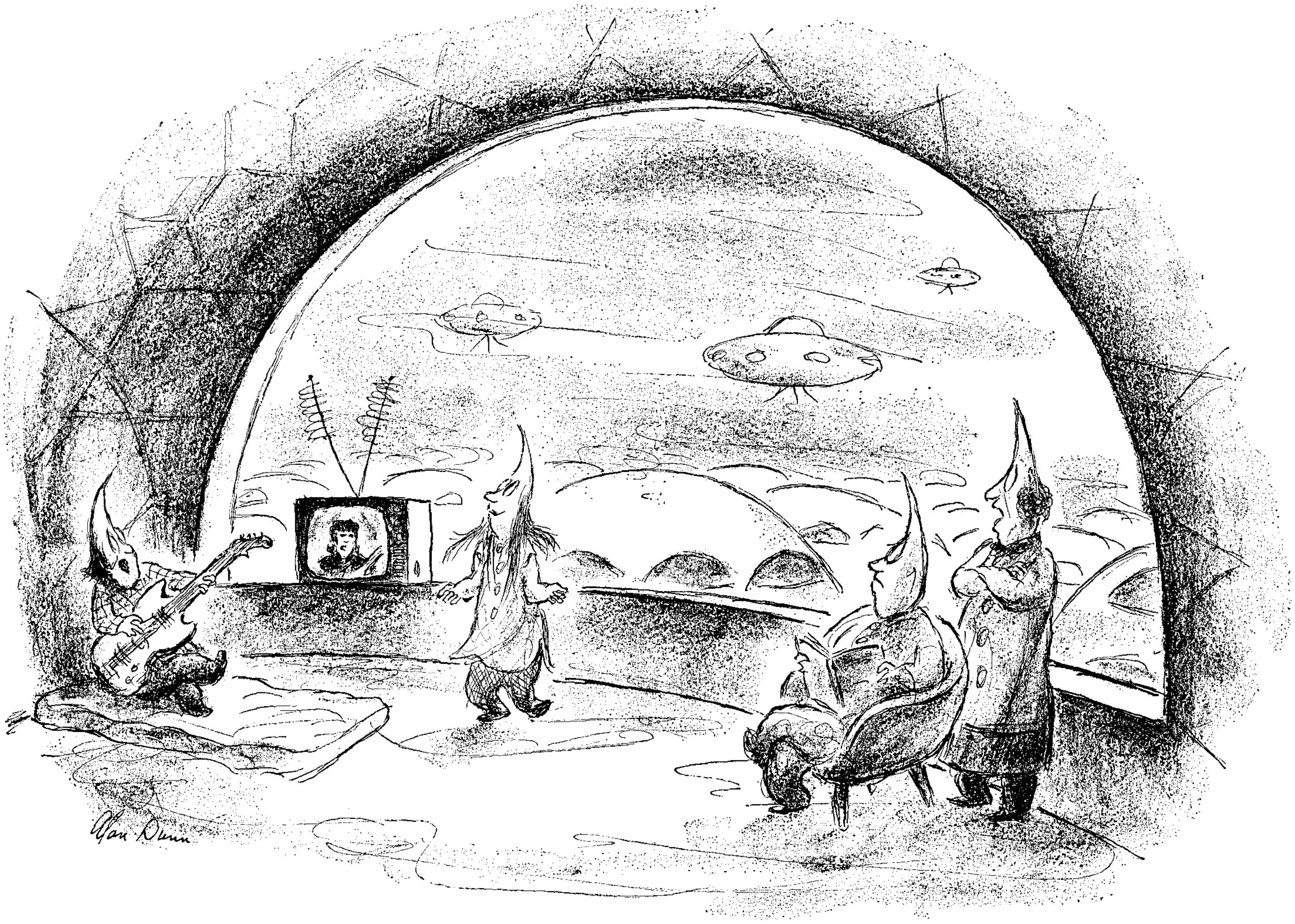
Deppe started off down the street at a good clip, and we followed. Again the Citizens remained behind. We climbed the steps of a building, found the man’s name on one of the mailboxes, and pressed the buzzer. There was a long wait. “People are reluctant to answer their buzzers at night,” Deppe said. He rang several times, and finally the door buzzed and we entered a dim hallway. Deppe peered at a couple of dark doors, looking for numbers. Then he knocked on one.

“Who is it?” a gruff, hostile voice demanded.

Deppe identified himself as an inspector for the Department of Air Pollution Control, and presently the door opened a crack. An angry, unshaven face peered out. “What do you want?”

Deppe showed his badge and mentioned the smoking boiler.

The man stared at him disgustedly.



“It wasn’t my idea to narrow the interplanetary-communications gap.”

• •

“Oh, boy!” he muttered. Then he said, “I was there today and it was all right.”

Deppe said that he would nevertheless have to come and fix it, or else receive a summons in the morning.

The man’s stare became suspicious. “Who made the complaint?” he demanded.

“I can’t tell you that,” Deppe said.

The door slammed, and the man could be heard grumbling inside. A woman’s voice was raised querulously, an object fell to the floor, and the man exclaimed loudly, “Moerdler wants to make a million bucks!” (We took this to be a reference to Charles G. Moerdler, the city’s Commissioner of Buildings.) After a good wait, the man emerged, wearing old Army clothes with a blue wool cap. “I work hard,” he said. “I get up at five in the morning. I tell you one thing—Moerdler couldn’t get elected dogcatcher.”

Deppe explained that Moerdler had nothing to do with his being there, and the three of us went striding down the sidewalk.

“When someone is accused, shouldn’t you have the name of the accuser?” the man suddenly asked.

“I become the accuser,” Deppe said pleasantly.

As we crossed the street, the man announced, “My son’s in the Marines to defend this country, and we pay taxes.” He added, “You don’t need thirty thousand inspectors out each night!” (There was, we knew, one inspector on duty at that moment in each borough.) We reached the Jane Street house, and the man went down the steps to the basement door, fumbled with a bunch of keys, and let us in. “What do you want to look at?” he demanded.

“The boiler,” Deppe said, snapping on his flashlight.

It was nice and warm in the boiler room. Deppe checked the various parts of the furnace while the man stood defiantly watching, hands in his pockets and feet wide apart.

“Number Four oil?” Deppe asked.

The man nodded.

Deppe stepped back. “Open it up, please,” he said.

The man crouched and opened a small door in the furnace. Thick, dark smoke poured out—we could just see flames inside—and it became difficult to breathe.

“Now I want you to adjust it,” Deppe said, and the man made an adjustment. The smoke slowly disappeared, leaving clear flames inside.

The man stood up, suddenly contrite. “I’m sorry,” he said. On the way out, he added, “But if this is the way Lindsay’s running the city, he couldn’t get elected dogcatcher—and you can tell him for me!” He laughed. “I mean, we all have our idiosyncrasies,” he said, “but how far can you *go*?”

Deppe told him to watch the boiler stack regularly, and the man appeared relieved at getting off so easily. “Thank you very much, gentlemen!” he called heartily as he started home.

“Not a bad guy,” Deppe remarked.

We later accompanied Deppe and Fox to the apartment of the lady who had complained about the smoke while they told her that it had been taken care of. She was amazed and delighted.

•

OVERHEARD in Shubert Alley, one cigar-smoking gentleman to another cigar-smoking gentleman: “I wish I could help, Herman, but Chekhov has never given me anything but trouble.”

OUT OF THE WALLS

SOMEONE had brought her along; she sat looking out of the noisy party in the Johannesburg night club like a bush baby between trees. He was one of them—there was no party without him—but under the cross fire of private jokes, the anecdotes, and the drinking he cornered her from the beginning, with the hush of a more private gentleness and tenderness: “The smoke in here will brown those ears like gardenia petals.” She drank anything, as long as it was soft, and once he touched her warm hand on the glass of lemonade. “Pass the water,” he called, and, dipping his folded handkerchief in among the ice cubes, he wrung it out and drew the damp cloth like cool lips across the inside of her wrists. She was not a giggler, despite her extreme youth, and she smiled the small, slow smile that men brought to her face without her knowing why. When one of the others took her to dance, he said seriously, “For God’s sake, don’t breathe your damned brandy on her, Carl, she’ll wilt.” He himself led her to the dark crowded circle in the shelter of his arm, his handsome chin drawn back, so that his eyes looked down on her in reassurance even while the din of the Greek band’s bouzouki and drum stomped out speech, stomped through bones and flesh as if in one beat pumped by a single heart.

He was between marriages then (the second or third had just broken up—nobody really knew which), and this was always a high time for him. They said, “Seago’s back in circulation;” it meant that he was discovering his same old world anew, as good as new. But this time, while he was setting off the parties, the weekend dashes here and there, the pub crawls, he was already saying to her mother as he sat in the garden drinking coffee, “Look at the mother and see what you’re getting in the daughter. Lucky man that I am.”

Marie and her mother couldn’t help laughing and at the same time being made to feel a little excited and worldly. His frail little marmoset—as he called her—was an only child. They were mother-and-daughter, the sort of pair in connection with whom a father couldn’t be imagined, even in the form of a likeness or gesture they didn’t share. Mrs. Flegg, a widow, had earned a living for them both, doing very pale pastels of the children of the horsy set, and very dark pastels of African women for the tourist shops. She was an artist and therefore must not be too conventional; she knew James Seago had been married before, but he was so attractive—so charming, so considerate of her and Marie, and such a contrast to the boys of Marie’s own age, who didn’t even bother to open a car door for a woman. There was something touching about this man, whose place was in a dinner jacket among the smart set, appreciating the delicacy of the girl. “You don’t mind if I take her out with my ruffian friends? You’ll let me look after her?” In the face of this almost wistful candor and understanding, who could find any reality in his “reputation” with women? He came for Marie night after night in his old black Lancia. His ruddy, clear-skinned face and lively eyes blotted out the man her mother heard talked about, the creation of gossip. He was—no, not like a son to her but an equal. When he said something nice, he was not just being kind to an older woman. And his photograph was often on the social page.

In the night clubs and restaurants he liked to go to, he drank bottle after bottle of wine with friends and told his mimicking stories, all the time caressing Marie like a kitten. Sometimes he insisted that she literally sit on his knees. She spoke little, and when she did it was to utter small, slow, sensible things that commanded a few seconds’ polite attention before the voices broke out at one another again. But on his knees she did not speak at all, for while he was gesturing, talking, in response to the whole cave of voices and music and movement, she felt his voice through his chest rather than heard him, and was filled, like a child bottling up tears, with appalling sexual desire. He never knew this and when he made love to her—in his bed, in the afternoons, because he kept the evenings for his friends—she was as timid and rigid as if she had never been warmed by lust. He had to coax her. “My little marmoset, my rabbit nose, little teen-age doll, you will learn to like this, really you will. . . .” And in time, always using the simple words with which some shy pet is persuaded to drink a saucer of milk, he taught her to do all the strange things she would not have guessed were lovemaking at all, and that he seemed to enjoy so much. Afterward, they would go home and have tea with her mother in the garden.

With his usual upper-class candor, he constantly remarked that he hadn’t a bean, but this, like his reputation with women, didn’t match the facts of his life as Marie and her mother knew them. He had enough money for the luxuries of bachelor life, if not for necessities. There was the old but elegant Lancia, and there was always money in the expensive crocodile-skin wallet (an inscription on a silver plate, from a former

PETS
Chon Day

“He talks, but for seventeen dollars and ninety-five cents don’t expect Senator Dirksen.”

Eddie Loves Gloria
Eddie Loves Gloria
Eddie Loves Gloria
W Miller

"Who cares?"

• •

wife, inside) to pay the hotel managers and restaurateurs he was so friendly with, though he lived in a shabby room in an abandoned-looking old house rented by a couple who were his close friends. His English-public-school accent got him a number of vague jobs on the periphery of influential business groups, where the crude-speaking experts felt themselves hampered in public relations by their South African inarticulacy. These jobs never lasted long. Wifeless and jobless after many wives and jobs, he still looked like one of those desirable men who can take anything they want of life if they think it worth the bother.

Marie, gravely fluffing out her dark hair in the ladies' rooms of night clubs, where old attendants watched from their saucers of small change, wondered what she would say when her mother found out about the afternoons in James' room. But one day in the garden, when she was out of earshot, he said to her mother, "You know, I've been making love to her. I know one shouldn't. . . . But we'll be able to get married very soon, perhaps next year."

He was looking at Marie, as she walked into the house, with the rueful, affectionate gaze with which one marks a child growing up. Mrs. Flegg was irresistibly tempted to agree to the assumption that she took sexual freedom for granted; after all, she was an artist, not a bourgeois housewife. She decided again that his frankness was endearingly admirable. He was human, Marie was beautiful—what else could you expect?

THE marriage was put off several times—there was some business of his trying to get back his furniture from his divorced wife, and then there was a job connected with a West African mining company that didn't come off. At last, he simply walked in one morning with the license, and they were married without Marie or her mother going to the hairdresser or any friends being told. That night there was a surprise for her. Apparently, two of his best friends were arriving on a visit from England, and all their old friends were to meet them at the airport and go straight to their favorite night club—the place with the Greek band, where he and Marie had met. The bouzouki player was persuaded to carry on until nearly five in the morning, and then they went to someone's house, where champagne was produced as the sky pinkened and the houseboy came in with dustpan and brush to begin his day's work. Marie did not drink and she repaired her perfect makeup every hour; though pale, she was as fresh and circumspect, at the end of the night, among their now puffy faces and burning eyes, as she had been at the beginning. He slept all the next day and she lay contentedly beside him in the room in the old house, watching the sun behind the curtains try first this window and then that. But no one could get in; he and she were alone together.

They found a flat, not a very pleasant one, but it was only temporary. It was also cheap. He was so amusing about its disadvantages, and it was such fun to bob in and out of each other's way in the high dark cell of the bathroom every morning, that, after the dismay of her first look at the place, she really ceased to see the things she disliked about it so much—the fake marble fireplace and the thick mesh burglarproofing over all the windows. "What are these people afraid of?" Her tiny nostrils stiffened in disdain. "Angel, your world is so pink and white and sweet-smelling. There are stale women with mildew between their breasts who daren't open doors."

She put up white gauzy curtains everywhere, and she went about in short cotton dressing gowns that smelled of the warm iron. She got a part-time job and saved to buy a scrubbed white wood dining table and chairs, and a rose silk sari to make up as a divan cover. "Damned lawyers twiddling their thumbs. When'll I see my furniture from that freckled bitch?" he said. The wife-before-the-last, a Catholic, was referred to as "Bloody-minded Mary, Our Lady of the Plastic Peonies" because, looking back on it, what he really couldn't stand about her was the habit she had of putting artificial flowers on the table among real leaves. He seemed to have parted from these women on the worst of terms and to dismiss his association with them—a large part of his life—as a series of grotesque jokes.

"What do you think you'd call me if we were divorced?" she asked him one day.

"You?" He took Marie's head between his hands and smoothed back the hair from the temples, kissing her as if trying with his lips the feel of a piece of velvet. "What could anyone say about you?" When he released her, she said, going deep pink from the ledges of her small collarbones to her black eyes, "That sugar-tit tart." The vocabulary was his, all right, coming out in her soft, slow voice. He was enchanted, picked her up, carried her round the room. "Teen-age doll! Marmoset-angel! I'll have to wash your mouth out with soap and water!"

They continued to spend a lot of

time at night clubs and drinking places. Sometimes at eleven o'clock on a weekday night, when lights were going out in bedrooms all over the suburb, he would take the old Lancia scrunching over the dark drive of someone's house and, while Marie waited in the car, throw gravel at a window until his friends appeared and could be persuaded to get dressed and come out. He and his friends were well known in the places they went to, and they stayed until they were swept out. Manolis or Giovanni, the Greek or Italian proprietor, would sit deep in the shadows, his gaze far back in fatigue that ringed his eyes like a natural marking, and watch these people who were good business and would not go to bed, these South Africans who did not know any better. He and Marie, both sober, were often the only spectators left. James, her husband, did not appear drunk during these sessions, but next day he would remember nothing of what he had said or done the night before. She realized that she, too, who had sat on his lap while he murmured loving things into her ear under the talk, was blacked out along with the rest. But she had seen envy behind the expressions of other women that suggested they wouldn't care for such an exhibition of affection.

There were people who seemed to know him whom he didn't remember at all, either. A man came up to them as they were getting out of the car in town one day, and laid a hand on his shoulder. "James!"

He had looked round at the man, casual, edgy, with the patient smile of someone accosted by a stranger.

"James— What's the matter? Colin."

"Look, old man, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid—"

"Colin. Colin—the Golden Horn Inn, Basutoland."

He continued to look into the man's face as if at an amiable lunatic, while the man's expression slowly changed to a strange, coquettish, yet unpleasant smile. "Oh, I see. Well, that's all right, James. If *you've* forgotten." She supposed they must have been drinking together once.

Sometimes she wondered if perhaps he had been as crazy about those other women, his wives, as he was about her, and did not remember. Had he forgotten other wild nights in the wine that washed them all out? But that was not possible; she enjoyed the slight twinge of jealousy she induced in herself with the thought. And she was going to have a baby; he had never had a child with anyone else. She said, "You haven't a child somewhere?"

"Breed from those gorgons? Are you mad?"

But coarse words were never used when he spoke of her. He said to her mother, "Do you think I should have given her a child? She's a little girl herself." He kissed and petted her more than ever. The signs of her pregnancy saddened and delighted him, like precocity. She did not talk to him about what would happen after the baby was born, about a bigger flat—a little house, perhaps, with a garden?—and where to dry napkins in a flat, and not being able to leave a baby at night. Meanwhile, they had a good time, just as before.

AND then one night—or, rather, early one morning—something awful happened that made it suddenly possible for her to speak up for a move, napkins, the baby as a creature of independent needs, soon to be born, rather than as the present miraculous function of her body. They had been at Giovanni's until the small hours; as usual, there had been some occasion for celebration. She drove home and they had gone to bed and into a sleep like a death—his from drink, hers from exhaustion. Pregnancy made her hungry, and she woke at eight o'clock to the church bells of Sunday morning, and slid out of bed to go to the kitchen. She bumped into a chair askew in the passage, but in her sleepy state it was nothing more significant than an obstacle, and when she reached the kitchen she stood there deeply puzzled, as if she had arrived somewhere in sleep and would wake in the presence of familiar order in a moment.

The kitchen was wrecked. Flour had been strewn; syrup had been thrown at the walls; soap powder, milk, cocoa, salad oil were upset over everything. The white muslin curtains were ripped to shreds. She began to shake, and suddenly ran stumbling back to the bedroom.

He lay fast asleep, as she had lain, as they both had lain while this—Thing—happened. While Someone. Something. In the flat with them.

"James!" she screamed, hoarsely whispering, and flung herself on him. His head came up from under his arm, the blond beard strong-textured in the pink firm skin. He frowned at her a moment, and then he was holding her in a kind of terror of tenderness. "Marmoset. Rabbit." She buried her head in the sleep-heat between his shoulder and neck, and gestured fiercely back at the door.

"Christ almighty! What's wrong?"

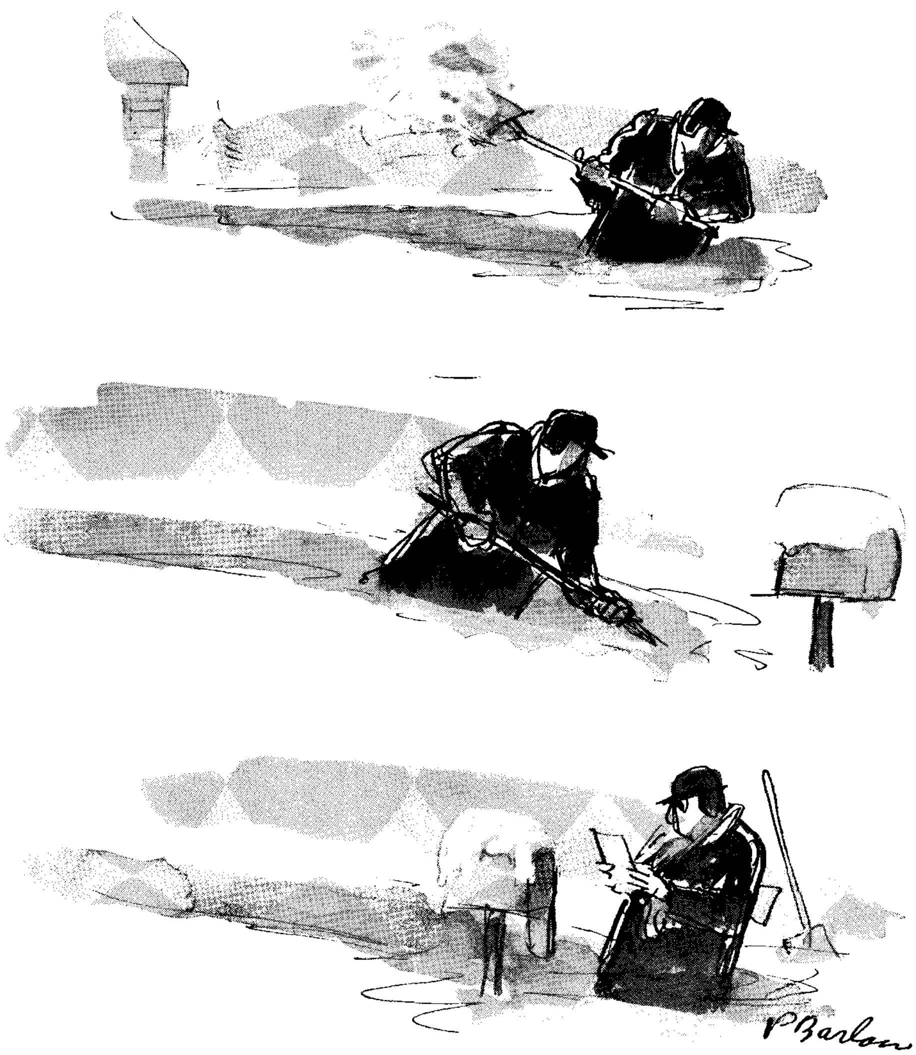
"The kitchen! The kitchen!"

He struggled to get up.

"Don't go there."

"Sweetling, tell me, what happened?"

She wouldn't let him leave her. He put his two hands round her stone-hard belly while she controlled shuddering breaths. Then they went together down the passage to the kitchen. "Just look at it." They stood in the doorway. "The other rooms?" he said. She shook her head against the pressure of tears; she had not looked. But when he took her hand and they went to the living room and opened the door, she stared and then said, "*What is it?*" Neither of them spoke. On each of the three sofa cushions there was a little pile, an offering. One was hair-combings—hers—that must have been taken from the wastepaper basket in the bedroom; the second was toothpaste and



"To the parents of our students:
Any decision to increase fees is one of the most painful that a college trustee can make. But trustees must face realities. The cost of supplies and services . . ."

• •

razor blades; the third was a slimy mucus of half-rotted vegetable matter—peelings, tea leaves, dregs, the intestines of the dustbin.

In the bathroom there were more horrors. Cosmetics were spilled, and the underwear she had left there was arranged in an obscene collage with toilet utensils. Two of her pretty cotton gowns lay in the bath with a bottle of liqueur emptied on them. They went again from room to room in silence, her bare feet twitching distastefully at each step. But the mess spoke secretly; in the chaos there was a jeering pattern, a logic outside sense that was at the same time *recognizable*. There was something related only to the two of them in this haphazard arrangement of disrelated objects and substances. These were, after all, the components of their daily existence and its symbols. It was all horrible—horribly, inadmissibly familiar, even while they were aghast.

"This flat!" The words came from her like blood from a burst vein. "The light has to be on in the bathroom all day. There's no balcony for the baby to sleep on. The washing will never dry. I've never been able to get rid of the black beetles in the kitchen, whatever I put down."

"All right, angel, poor angel."

"We can't live here. It's not a place for a baby."

He wanted to phone for the police, but it did not seem to occur to her that there could be a rational explanation for what had happened, for a malicious and wicked intruder who had scrawled contempt on their intimacy, smeared filth on the cozy contemporary nest of the living room, and made rags of the rose silk cover and the white muslin curtains. To her, evil had come out of the walls, as the black beetles did in the kitchen.

It was not until some days had passed and she had calmed down—they found another flat—that the extraordinariness of the whole business began to mean something to her. She and James had gone round the flat together, that morning, and there wasn't a door or window by which anyone could have got in. Not a pane was broken, and there was that ugly burglarproofing, anyway. There was only one outer door to the flat, and she had locked it when they came home and put the key, as usual, on the bedside table. If someone had somehow managed to steal the key, how could they have put it back on the table after leaving the flat, and how could the door have been left bolted on the inside? But more amazing than the question of how, was why? Not a penny or a piece of clothing had been stolen.

They discussed it over and over again. He kept saying, "There must be an explanation—something so simple we've missed it. Poltergeists won't do. Are you sure there couldn't have been someone hiding in the flat when we came home, marmoset-baby? Did either of us go into the living room before we went to bed?" For of course he didn't remember a thing until he woke and found she had flung herself on him.

"No, I told you. I told you, I went into the living room to get the bottle of lime juice, I went into all the rooms," she repeated in her soft, slow, reasonable voice, one day when he was home for lunch and they were drinking their coffee in the new flat. And this time, while she was speaking, she began to know what else he would never remember—an answer so simple that she had almost missed it.

Recognizing him at last, she understood that they had never been alone, never would be, and that if she were to go on living with him he must never find out. She stood there—wan, almost ugly, really like some wretched pet marmoset shivering in a cold climate. Looking at him, she knew she was grown up now, as some people are said to turn white-haired overnight.

—Nadine Gordimer

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Carola and Leon Mandel gave one of their always elegant dinner parties on their 100-foot super luxury yacht, the Carola. Leon, a true gourmet, last year featured onion bread. This year, the "piece de" was gazpacho, the spicy Spanish soup of uncooked vegetables.

Though their yacht is enormous, it is maneuverable.—*Palm Beach dispatch in the Chicago Sun-Times.*

For the quick getaway after the gazpacho?

FALLING

> A 29-year-old stewardess fell . . . to her death tonight when she was swept through an emergency door that suddenly sprang open. . . . The body . . . was found . . . three hours after the accident.—*The Times.*

The states when they black out and lie there rolling   when they turn
To something transcontinental   move by   drawing moonlight out of the great
One-sided stone hung off the starboard wing tip.   Some sleeper next to
An engine is groaning for coffee   and there is faintly coming in
Somewhere the vast beast-whistle of space. In the galley with its racks
Of trays   she rummages for a blanket   and moves in her slim tailored
Uniform to pin it over the cry at the top of the door.   As though she blew

The door down with a silent blast from her lungs   frozen   she is black
Out finding herself   with the plane nowhere and her body taking by the throat
The undying cry of the void   falling   living   beginning to be something
That no one has ever been and lived through   screaming without enough air
Still neat   lipsticked   stockinged   girdled by regulation   her hat
Still on   her arms and legs in no world   and yet spaced also strangely
With utter placid rightness on thin air   taking her time   she holds it
In many places   and now, still thousands of feet from her death   she seems
To slow   she develops interest   she turns in her maneuverable body

To watch it. She is hung high up in the overwhelming middle of things   in her
Self   in low body-whistling wrapped intensely   in all her dark dance-weight
Coming down from a marvellous leap   with the delaying, dumfounding ease
Of a dream of being drawn   like endless moonlight to the harvest soil
Of a central state of one's country   with a great gradual warmth coming
Over her   floating   finding more and more breath in what she has been using
For breath   as the levels become more human   seeing clouds placed honestly
Below her left and right   riding slowly toward them   she clasps it all
To her and can hang her hands and feet in it in peculiar ways   and,
Her eyes opened wide by wind, can open her mouth as wide   wider   and suck
All the heat from the cornfields   can go down on her back with a feeling
Of stupendous pillows stacked under her   and can turn   turn as to someone
In bed   smile, understood in darkness   can go away   slant   slide
Off tumbling   into the emblem of a bird with its wings half-spread
Or whirl madly on herself   in endless gymnastics in the growing warmth
Of wheatfields rising toward the harvest moon. There is time to live
In superhuman health   seeing mortal unreachable lights far down   seeing
An ultimate highway with one late priceless car probing it   arriving
In a square town   and off her starboard arm the glitter of water catches
The moon by its one shaken side   scaled, roaming silver   My God it is good
And evil   lying in one after another of all the positions for love
Making   dancing   sleeping   and now cloud wisps at her   no
Raincoat   no matter   all small towns brokenly brighter from inside
Cloud   she walks over them like rain   bursts out to behold a Greyhound
Bus shooting light through its sides   it is the signal to go straight
Down like a glorious diver   then feet first   her skirt stripped beautifully
Up   her face in fear-scented cloths   her legs deliriously bare   then
Arms out   she slow-rolls over   steadies out   waits for something great
To take control of her   trembles near feathers   planes head-down
The quick movements of bird-necks turning her head   gold eyes   the insight-
eyesight of owls blazing into the hencoops   a taste for chicken overwhelming
Her   the long-range vision of hawks enlarging all human lights   of cars
Freight trains   looped bridges   enlarging the moon racing slowly
Through all the curves of a river   all the darks of the Midwest blazing
From within. A rabbit in a bush turns white   the smothering chickens
Huddle   for over them there is still time for something to live
With the streaming half-idea of a long stoop   a hurtling   a fall
That is controlled   that plummets as it wills   turns gravity
Into a new condition, showing its other side like a moon   shining
New Powers   there is still time to live on a breath made of nothing

But the whole night   time for her to remember to arrange her skirt
Like a diagram of a bat   tightly it guides her   she has this flying-skin
Made of garments   and there are also those sky-divers on TV   sailing
In sunlight   smiling under their goggles   swapping batons back and forth
And He who jumped without a chute and was handed one by a diving
Buddy. She looks for her grinning companion   white teeth   nowhere
She is screaming   singing hymns   her thin human wings spread out
From her neat shoulders   the air beast-crooning to her   warbling
And she can no longer behold the huge partial form of the world   now
She is watching her country lose its evoked master shape   watching it lose
And gain   get back its houses and peoples   watching it bring up
Its local lights   single homes   lamps on barn roofs   if she fell
Into water she might live   like a diver   cleaving   perfect   plunge

Into another   heavy silver   unbreathable   slowing   saving
Element: there is water   there is time to perfect all the fine
Points of diving   feet together   toes pointed   hands shaped right
To insert her into water like a needle   to come out healthily dripping
And be handed a Coca-Cola   there they are   there are the waters
Of life   the moon packed and coiled in a reservoir   *so let me begin*
To plane across the night air of Kansas   *opening my eyes superhumanly*
Bright   *to the dammed moon*   *opening the natural wings of my jacket*
By Don Loper   *moving like a hunting owl toward the glitter of water*
One cannot just *fall*   *just tumble screaming all that time*   *one must* use
It   she is now through with all   through all   clouds   damp   hair
Straightened   the last wisp of fog pulled apart on her face like wool   revealing
New darks   new progressions of headlights along dirt roads   from chaos

And night   a gradual warming   a new-made, inevitable world of one's own
Country   a great stone of light in its waiting waters   hold   hold out
For water: who knows when what correct young woman must take up her body
And fly   and head for the moon-crazed inner eye of Midwest imprisoned
Water   stored up for her for years   the arms of her jacket slipping
Air up her sleeves to go   all over her? What final things can be said
Of one who starts out sheerly in her body in the high middle of night
Air   to track down water like a rabbit where it lies like life itself
Off to the right in Kansas? She goes toward   the blazing-bare lake
Her skirts neat   her hands and face warmed more and more by the air
Rising from pastures of beans   and under her   under chenille bedspreads
The farm girls are feeling the goddess in them struggle and rise   brooding
On the scratch-shining posts of the bed   dreaming of female signs
Of the moon   male blood like iron   of what is really said by the moan
Of airliners passing over them at dead of Midwest midnight   passing
Over brush fires burning out in silence on little hills   and will wake
To see the woman they should be   struggling on the rooftree to become
Stars.   For her the ground is closer   water is nearer   she passes
It   then banks   turns   her sleeves fluttering differently as she rolls
Out to face the east, where the sun shall come up from wheatfields   she must
Do something with water   fly to it   fall in it   drink it   rise
From it   but there is none left upon earth   the clouds have drunk it back
The plants have sucked it down   there are standing toward her only
The common fields of death   she comes back from flying to falling
Returns to a powerful cry   the silent scream with which she blew down
The coupled door of the airliner   nearly   nearly losing hold
Of what she has done   remembers   remembers the shape at the heart
Of cloud   fashionably swirling   remembers she still has time to die
Beyond explanation. Let her now take off her hat in summer air the contour
Of cornfields   and have enough time to kick off her one remaining
Shoe with the toes   of the other foot   to unhook her stockings
With calm fingers, noting how fatally easy it is to undress in midair
Near death   when the body will assume without effort any position
Except the one that will sustain it   enable it to rise   live
Not die   nine farms hover close   widen   eight of them separate, leaving

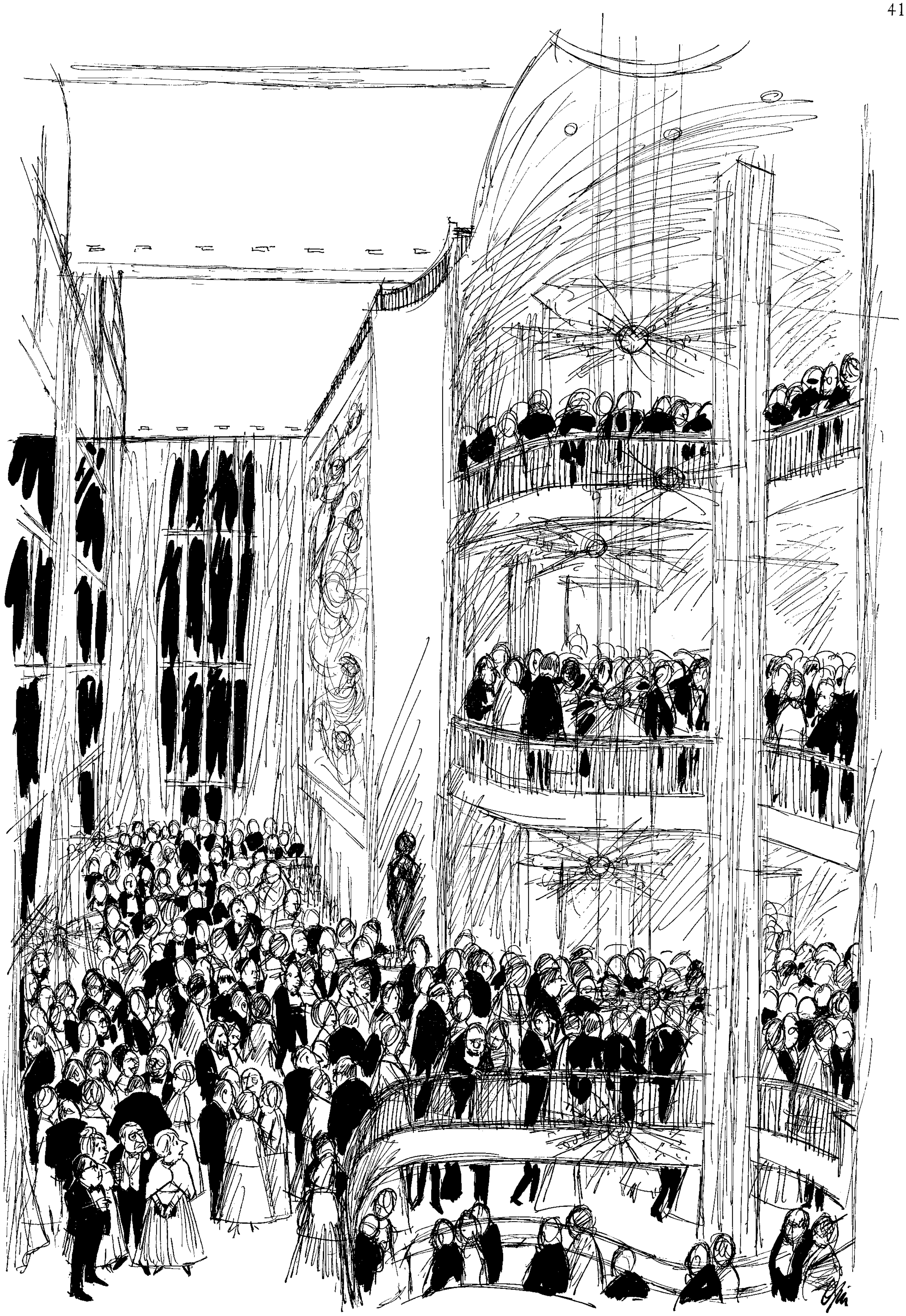
One in the middle   then the fields of that farm do the same   there is no
Way to back off   from her chosen ground   but she sheds the jacket
With its silver sad impotent wings   sheds the bat's guiding tailpiece
Of her skirt   the lightning-charged clinging of her blouse   the intimate
Inner flying-garment of her slip in which she rides like the holy ghost
Of a virgin   sheds the long wind-socks of her stockings   absurd
Brassière   then feels the girdle required by regulations squirming
Off her: no longer monobuttocked   she feels the girdle flutter   shake
In her hand   and float   upward   her clothes rising off her   ascending
Into cloud   and fights away from her head the last sharp dangerous shoe
Like a dumb bird   and now will drop in   SOON   now will drop

In like this   the greatest thing that ever came to Kansas   down from all
Heights   all levels of American breath   layered in the lungs   from the frail
Chill of space to the loam where extinction slumbers in corn tassels   thickly
And breathes like rich farmers counting   will come among them after
Her last superhuman act   the last slow careful passing of her hands
All over her unharmed body   desired by every sleeper in his dream:
Boys finding for the first time their loins filled with heart's blood
Widowed farmers whose hands float under light covers to find themselves
Arisen at sunrise   the splendid position of blood unearthly drawn
Toward clouds   all feel something   pass over them as she passes
Her palms over *her* long legs   *her* small breasts   and deeply between
Her thighs   her hair shot loose from all pins   streaming in the wind
Of her body   let her come openly   trying at the last second to land
On her back   This is it   THIS
All those who find her impressed
In the soft loam   gone down   driven well into the image of her body
The furrows for miles flowing in upon her where she lies very deep
In her mortal outline   in the earth as it is in cloud   can tell nothing
But that she is there   inexplicable   unquestionable   and remember
That something broke in them as well   and began to live and die more
When they walked for no reason into their fields to where the whole earth
Caught her   interrupted her maiden flight   told her how to lie   she cannot
Turn   go away   cannot move   cannot slide off it and assume another
Position   no sky-diver with any grin could save her   hold her in his arms
Plummet with her   unfold above her his wedding silks   she can no longer
Mark the rain with whirling women that take the place of a dead wife
Or the goddess in Norwegian farm girls   or all the backbreaking whores
Of Wichita. All the known air above her is not giving up quite one
Breath   it is all gone   and yet not dead   not anywhere else
Quite   lying still in the field on her back   sensing the smells
Of incessant growth try to lift her   a little sight left in the corner
Of one eye   fading   seeing something wave   lies believing
That she could have made it   at the best part of her brief goddess
State   to water   gone in head first   come out smiling   invulnerable
Girl in a bathing-suit ad   but she is lying like a sunbather at the last
Of moonlight   half-buried in her impact on the earth   not far
From a railroad trestle   a water tank   she could see if she could
Raise her head from her modest hole   with her clothes beginning
To come down all over Kansas   into bushes   on the dewy sixth green
Of a golf course   one shoe   her girdle coming down fantastically
On a clothesline, where it belongs   her blouse on a lightning rod:

Lies in the fields   in *this* field   on her broken back as though on
A cloud she cannot drop through   while farmers sleepwalk without
Their women from houses   a walk like falling toward the far waters
Of life   in moonlight   toward the dreamed eternal meaning of their farms
Toward the flowering of the harvest in their hands   that tragic cost

Feels herself go   go toward   go outward   breathes at last fully
Not   and tries   less   once   tries   tries   AH, GOD—

—JAMES DICKEY



"Oh dear, the bell! We have to go back."

A REUNION

HAM and potato salad, red wine, sliced turkey, plain *pita*, Greek tossed salad and Greek cheese, rice pilaf, cold sliced lamb, French bread, black olives, a cake, *baklavá*, and *courabiédes* cookies were all arranged on the dining-room table, which had been spread with a new white cloth. Tom had even lighted two tall white candles at either side of the bowl of carnations and roses his father had brought home from his flower shop.

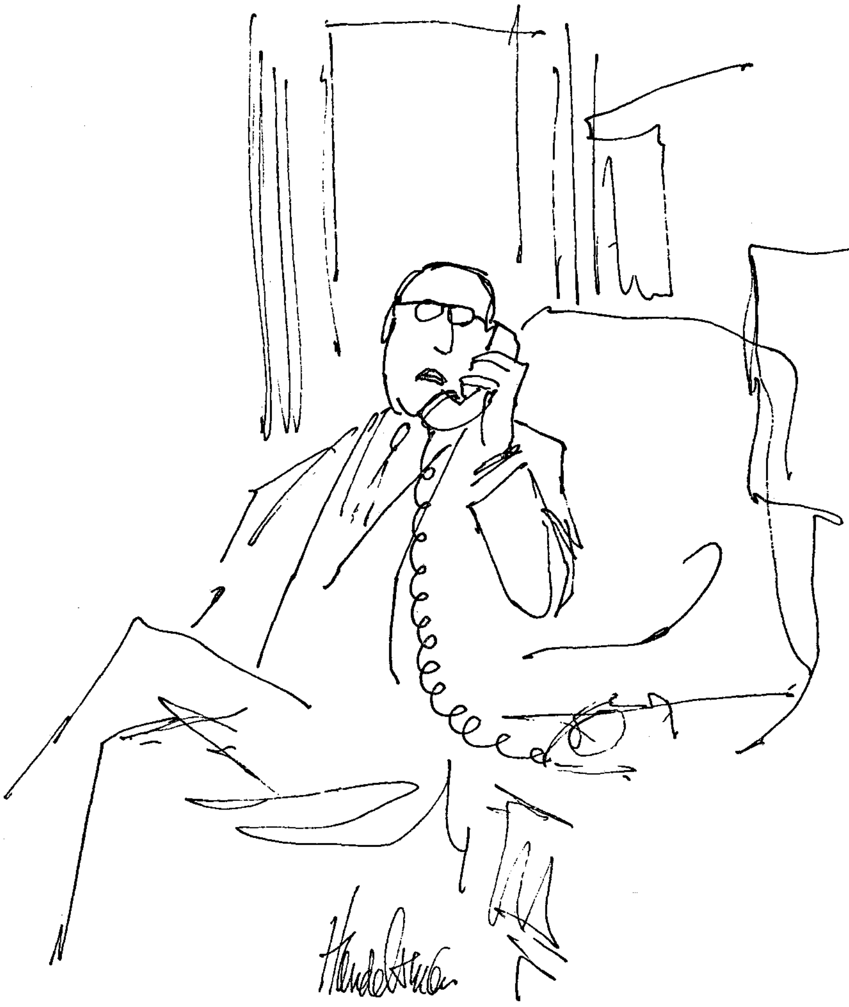
The relatives were all in the living room: Tom's father, his two brothers and their wives, his sister and her husband, a fat dark uncle (his father's brother), and three cousins. Most of the men were smoking. Two small nieces dressed in red jumpers ran around squealing. Tom, who had taken three days off from his senior year at college for this occasion, passed time talking with his oldest brother. But he was not aware of what they were saying; he was aware of tension in the crowded room.

In the center of the couch, as if enthroned, sat his mother, the person who was half—more than half—the reason for the excitement. She was about to be reunited with her only sister, Mary, who had arrived from Greece the night before. She sat calmly. She had been dressed in a new wine-colored dress, pale sheer stockings, her good black shoes. Fat white plastic beads ringed her throat and one of her wrists; a tarnished brass bracelet dangled from her other wrist; a big rhinestone pin dragged down the front of her dress. Tom looked at her folded hands, her loose, soft torso, her completely smooth forehead, her black eyes staring ahead of her at nothing in particular, her small listless mouth, and realized that of all the people in the room she was most her usual self—the least concerned, the least involved. He wondered if the reunion meant anything at all to her.

If it meant nothing, that was understandable. She had not seen her sister for thirty-six years—not since her own marriage. She had been fifteen at the time, and Mary had been seven. Immediately after the wedding, she had left Greece with Tom's father for America. They had come to this seaport town in New England where his uncle had known someone, and they had stayed. Life had not been pleasant for either of the sisters. Tom's mother had had four children in quick succession, and one stillbirth. His father, intent only on making a living, had worked long hours in restaurants and flower shops, leaving her alone a lot, neglected. She had almost at the very start sunk into a private, silent world from which she never fully emerged. She always seemed to know what was happening around her, but she made little response to it. Mary had suffered, too. In Greece, the girls' parents had both died in an epidemic, and Mary had spent her childhood being shuffled among relatives. At seventeen, she had impetuously married a worthless man, who soon deserted her and their small son. He had died just a year before, in the bed of his most recent mistress. The son, Alex, was now twenty-three. When he was twenty-one, he had found a way to come to America. For two years, he had washed dishes in a restaurant, saving his money until he had enough to rent a small apartment and send for his mother.

Now she was here. Tom, with his father and brothers, had met her at the railroad station last night. Under the windy shed, she had looked at Tom's pale face and said his mother's name. Then she had hugged him close to her, and wept, and kissed him all over his face, covering it with wetness. At first he was embarrassed at this public display, but then he found himself weeping, too, and unaccountably kissing her just as hard, again and again.

Everyone agreed it would be better to wait one day for the reunion of the sisters. Mary should have a good night's sleep first. Besides, some of the relatives were anxious about the reunion—about the strain and possible sorrow of it. Who knew what the older, lost woman might do? Or the younger, foreign widow? This afternoon, Tom had daydreamed that as soon as they met, his mother would snap out of her long coma. Suddenly she would be lithe and graceful as Tom had been told she once was. She would speak sensibly again, and show his father love and respect—something Tom had never witnessed. Singing, she would scrub the whole house, and cook a marvellous *spanakópita*—a spinach-and-cheese pie made with thin, thin delicate leaves of pastry. She would shed the shabby housedress she insisted on wearing, and put on a good dress, and leave off her



"If you didn't sneeze and I didn't sneeze, then the F.B.I. must have sneezed."

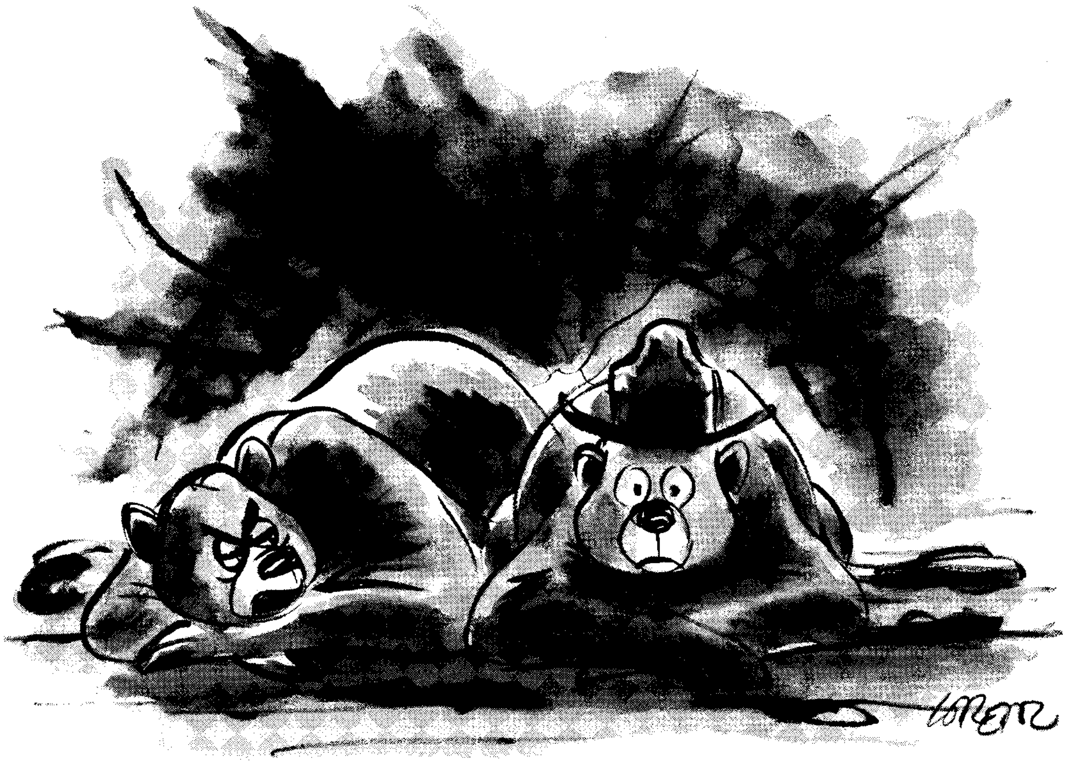
frivolous jewelry forever, and go shopping, and— He had shut off the dream with no regrets, since he was used to dreaming, and had gone with his father to the delicatessen to buy the food that waited in the dining room.

Tom went out to look at the kitchen clock. Eight-thirty. They ought to be here; they had said eight. Restless, worried, not knowing what to do with himself, he went upstairs. He slipped into his father's room and turned on the light. Quietly, he slid open a drawer of his father's bureau. From the place where it always lay under clothing, he removed the framed, brownish photograph of his parents' wedding. Before an Oriental tapestry stood his father—dark, tall, proud—in a tuxedo with wide satin lapels. He was sleek and defiant. Beside him stood his bride. She was small and slender. She wore a richly embroidered vest and a long-sleeved white blouse. A score of gold coins, her dowry, glittered on the front of her white bridal headpiece. Her face was light-skinned, full, perfectly symmetrical; her eyes were large and dark. At either side of the couple attendants stood stiffly in tuxedos. One of them was Tom's uncle; he was not fat here. Tom's grandfather—distinguished, with a mustache—was sitting on a chair in front of the bride. At one end of the group was a tiny dark child in a long dress with a lace collar, staring intently. That was Mary, with her hair in bangs. There was a confused, wistful expression on her face, a slight tilt to her head, as if the festivities of a big sister's marriage were too much to comprehend.

Tom looked at the photograph for a long time, then put it back carefully and went downstairs.

In the living room, his sister touched his arm. She was like her father, tall and bony. "Tom, sit down and take it easy," she said. "Don't worry so much. You know how it'll be. So don't get in a state."

His brothers, his sister were always urging him to relax. He was the youngest. They always said that they took things as their father did, that they saw life as it was—crooked and full of displaced persons, buried emotions, sorrow—accepted it, and went on about their business. They had long since learned to hide scars.



"No, I don't smell something burning. Now go back to sleep."

A car pulled into the drive, and Tom went to the back door. Outside, a taxi stopped, and his aunt and cousin came hurrying toward the kitchen, their faces white in the moonlight.

"Whew, what a cold climate you have!" Aunt Mary said as she removed a kerchief from her head. She spoke in Greek. She kissed Tom—less intensely this time. His two brothers came out of the living room. More kissing.

"Take off your coats," Tom said in Greek. He tossed the cold, heavy coats onto the railing that led upstairs. Mary looked young and strong. She was slim and dark. Her eyes were the same as his mother's eyes, only brighter. Her nose was the same, too—straight—but thicker. In fact, she looked a lot like his mother, but she did not have her pallor, her basically delicate beauty. And her hair was different. His mother's hair was black, cut to the jawline, and hung straight and shiny. His aunt's was chestnut-colored and dull in the kitchen light, and she wore it gathered in a chignon at the back of her neck, in the European style. She was simply dressed in a plain black fitted suit with a gold lapel pin, sheer black stockings, black semi-high heels.

Now she nodded, as if to say, "I'm ready," but she stood there wringing her strong hands and frowning. Tom's heart quickened. His brothers grew quiet. Alex said softly, pointing a heavy finger at his mother, "Now, don't forget what I told you. No tears, no crying."

In procession, they marched through the dining room, past a brooding icon on the wall over the china closet, through the old-fashioned archway, into the living room. Tom stopped near the archway; he was too nervous to sit. His brothers went to their chairs. Alex led Mary to her sister; then he stepped back and sat down.

Everyone had stopped talking. Only the little girls chirped, and their mother was hushing them. Everyone was looking at Tom's mother.

Mary bent down to her sister and embraced her lightly. She kissed her with gentle restraint—once, on the cheek. The kiss made a soft noise.

All around the room the relatives looked as if they might weep, but no one did. The fat dark uncle grunted in a kind of animal sadness.

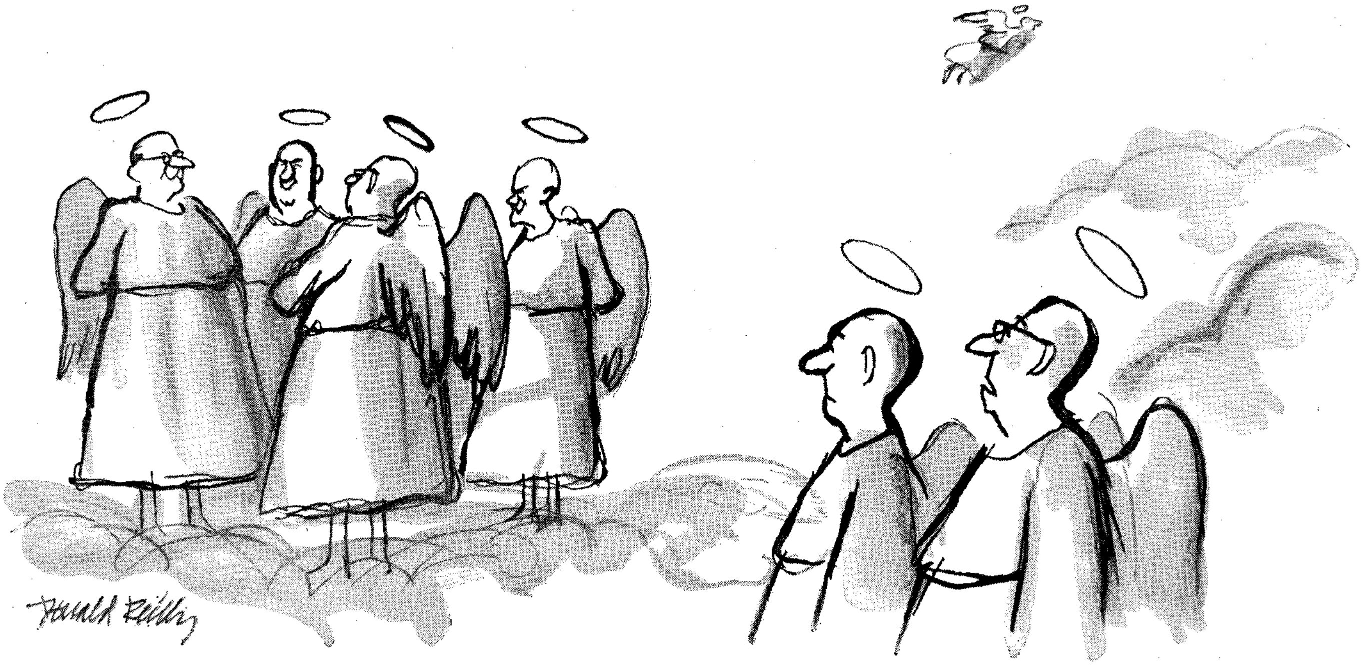
Mary said, "Do you remember me?"

On the couch, Tom's mother looked at her sister's face, then down at the flowered carpet. The room was still.

Mary said again, "Do you remember me?"

"Of course," Tom's mother said. She spoke with a small, lopsided grin, as if to say, "Do you all think I'm a fool that I don't know who my own sister is?" They had told her that her sister was coming. She had said only, "Really? When?" They had told her, and she had shrugged.

Tom leaned against the archway. He



"*You just can't talk to that bunch. They all avoided probate.*"

• •

thought that the moment of reunion had been cool and dignified. Proper. Then he wondered, Had it been proper? Wouldn't a tearful outburst have been better—a strong wild embrace, an acknowledgment of mutual suffering?

Alex, darkly handsome, broke the silence with a chuckle, merriness in his brown eyes. He stood up and said, "Aunt, tell her what you told me. Tell her what you said you used to call my mother when she was a little girl."

Tom's mother kept her mouth tightly closed. She looked like a child who needed coaxing to recite.

"Come on, Auntie. Tell her," Alex said.

"Galítsa," Tom's mother said quickly, smirking.

"There," Alex said, triumphant. "Now you *know* she remembers my mother." "*Galítsa*" is a term of endearment, meaning roughly "dark little bird." Alex turned to the roomful of people and said in broken English, "She used to call my mother that because my mother was so black." He snorted and then laughed out loud.

All at once, the relatives burst into laughter and shouts. They stood, lit fresh cigarettes, moved about in nervous relief. The aunt met and kissed everyone and was kissed in turn. Someone started the phonograph, loud, and Greek music filled the rooms. Tom's fat uncle and his reserved father and Alex talked and gesticulated and drank ouzo together.

Sitting beside her sister, Mary spoke softly, asking small domestic questions about her life. Tom's mother didn't answer. Once, she grabbed Mary's pocketbook and held on to it, challenging her. One of Tom's brothers, short and rugged and dark, tugged it gently out of her hands, saying, "Come on now, Mama, give it back to her. You have your own pocketbook right there. You know better than that. It's not yours." He winked at his aunt, and she winked back.

Tom's mother had a fixation about money. She always carried loose change and bills loaded in the front pockets of her dress as if they were saddlebags. On the few occasions she dressed up, she stuffed it all into a pocketbook and kept it with her. She guarded every penny. No one knew exactly how much she had wheedled from her family or pilfered from pocketbooks and wallets and pants' pockets over the years. No one cared, if it gave her pleasure.

Galítsa had winked back. Tom had seen her. So, that quickly. Beneath whatever pity and love Mary could possibly have felt, there was already collusion—an entering into the tacit, easy collective judgment of the sane. Tom thought, As if my mother doesn't know what's going on. As if she's not indulging in a collusion of her own. But then he thought, Why not wink? He himself was often in on private family jokes about his mother's quirks. Why should his aunt be different? What did he expect? One had to keep a hold on one's own reality, too.

Now his mother sat unconsciously patting her own pocketbook, appraising her sister, giving her a frank, prolonged once-over.

With a bang, his father put down his shot glass. "Hey, everybody!" he shouted. He was forceful, gay, perhaps a little drunk. A thin film of sweat shimmered on his big forehead. "What are we waiting for? Let's eat!"

Almost everyone jumped up and went toward the dining room. Those nearest the table took up plates and began to devastate the orderly platters of food that Tom and his sister had laid out. The candles' soft yellow flames scudded, the flowers stood vivid and bright. Talking and laughing, the hungry relatives helped one another load their clinking plates and fill their glasses with dark-red wine. On the phonograph a clarinet wailed in the high, thin loops of a Greek song.

THE sisters did not get up. Left alone, they sat together on the couch, holding hands like little children. From where he stood by himself at the end of a scattered line, Tom watched his mother as she played with her sister's fingers. And then he saw her look longingly into her sister's eyes. Above the din in the other room, above the crying clarinet, he heard his mother say clearly and slowly, "Do you remember me?" —H. L. Mountzoures

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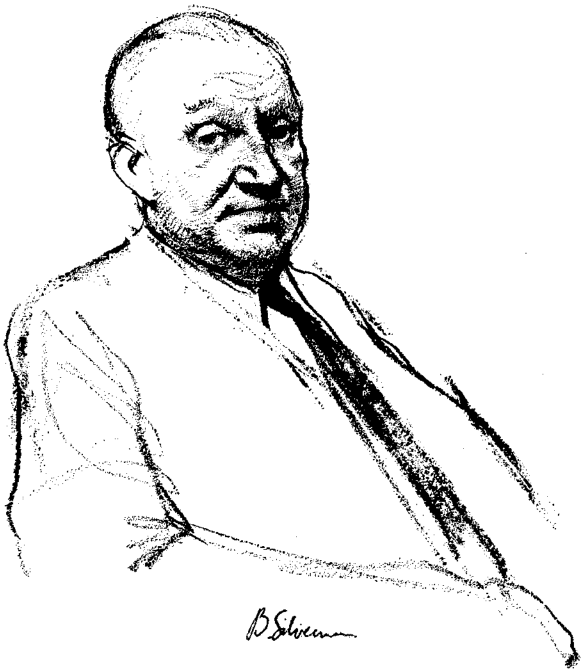
To call Honegger a "middle of the road" composer is to give him a due and a considerable stature. He was never an extremist, never an invertebrate colorist nor a rigid classicist.—*From a Boston Symphony Orchestra program.*

No jellyfish he.

PROFILES

A LOVER OF CITIES—II



Charles Abrams

THREE years ago, a high-level team of French officials, architects, and city planners, charged with drawing up France's Fifth National Plan on Urbanism, made a month-long tour of the United States to see how we were handling our urban problems. During their stay here, they conferred with numerous American authorities and were shown significant projects and developments—Lincoln Center, various high-rise housing projects, the gleaming new business center of New Haven, the urban-renewal transformations in Philadelphia, the San Francisco slum-clearance projects, the Los Angeles freeways. Returning to New York, just before their departure for France, they met with Charles Abrams, the chairman of the Division of Urban Planning of Columbia University and one of the world's leading consultants on housing and city planning, and spent a Sunday morning taking a guided tour with him. Abrams, who is in his sixties, has a round, usually amiable face and a leisurely, rather shambling gait, which scarcely suggests that he is a person of remarkable drive and energy. As experts in his field go, Abrams is an unconventional figure, with a personality pungently compounded of zeal, shrewdness, ingenuity, and ebullient humor. His guided tour that Sunday was not a conventional one, either. He did not take the French planners to view a single new project, or even the site of a future development. Instead, he took them on one of his favorite walks—a walk with which many of his planning students at Columbia had become familiar. It was a perambulation through the lower East Side: through the noisy, crooked, narrow streets of Chinatown; along the Bowery, past a group of jewelry shops that Abrams characterized as "the Off Broadway diamond center;" down Grand Street, with its cluster of bridal-gown shops, for a pause at an aromatic bakery, where Abrams bought some pumpernickel and from which the wife of one of the French officials emerged with a string of bagels around her neck like a *lei;* up teeming Orchard Street, past pushcarts heaped with bargain wearing apparel, where one of the French planners, on an unplanned impulse, bought a trunk, which he then had to lug along with him; on to East Houston Street, for a stop at the delicatessen of Russ & Daughters, whose proprietors greeted Abrams heartily, asked after his family, and boned a whitefish for him; then across the street, where the party paused again, this time to watch a game of boccie; up Second Avenue, where the Yiddish theatre once flourished, and past McSorley's Old Ale House, regrettably closed at that hour; on to visit a Ukrainian shop on Seventh Street to buy some honey; south from Astor Place, past a nondescript building that Abrams identified, with a wave of his hand, as the largest birdseed factory in the United States, to Waverly Place, with elegant, ornamented lofts that have so far escaped the wrecking ball; across Washington Square; and, at last, after a brief pause to savor Washington Mews, on to Abrams' residence, a spacious house on Tenth Street, just off Fifth Avenue, where they lunched on the whitefish, pastrami, lox, pumpernickel, pickles, bagels, honey, and candies they had garnered along the route, feeling as pleased about this as do fishermen when they make a meal from their catch.

Abrams' purpose in taking the French group on this walk was partly admonitory. The chaotic, crowded, vivid neighborhoods they had toured with such fascination were not the design of any planner. No planner could ever have created a scene so varied, so full of enterprise and vitality. Yet planners are perfectly capable of destroying or homogenizing such a scene—and all too often do so. Instead of identifying and appreciating the innate values that have spontaneously grown up in a neighborhood, and attempting to reinforce and build on these values, the planner's approach is apt to be one of distaste for all the messiness that life has generated without his assistance; he tends to want to raze neighborhoods like these and replace them with large, costly, sterile projects. Abrams was warning the French planners that they had to be on their guard against forming such a mistaken conception of their role, and urging them to make plans that would cherish and foster spontaneity and diversity—even, to use a phrase he is fond of, "a diversity of diversities." It was a message whose cogency the French planners were well prepared to acknowledge by the end of their walk.

The themes that Abrams was stressing on this occasion are some that he has often emphasized. Abrams, whom the *Times* once described as "the champion of the urban dweller," is motivated by a deeply ingrained love of cities. In this he differs from many of his eminent colleagues, who, confronted by the city as it exists today, with all its problems, throw up their hands in disgust or despair and propose starting all over again in some verdant countryside, where they can lay out their ideal metropolis undisturbed. Abrams relishes cities for what they are as well as for what they might be. In his most recent book, "The City Is the Frontier," published in 1965, he writes:

> A city, even an American city, is the pulsating product of the human hand and mind, reflecting man's history, his struggle for freedom, his creativity, his genius—and his selfishness and errors. It is the palimpsest on which man's story is written, the record of those who built a skyscraper or a picture window, fought a pitched battle for a play street, created a bookshop or bakeshop that mattered. It is a composite of trials and defeats, of settlement houses, churches, and schoolhouses, of aspirations, images, and memories. A city has values as well as slums, excitement as well as conflict; it has a personality that has not yet been obliterated by its highways and gas stations; it

has a spirit as well as a set of arteries and a voice that speaks the hopes as well as the disappointments of its people.

For several decades, Abrams has been passionately involved with his subject on every level, from the very local one of having been a speculative Greenwich Village real-estate operator to the global one of having served as an adviser on housing, often under the auspices of the United Nations, to twenty-one countries. In a review of "The City Is the Frontier" for *Book Week*, Eric Larrabee wryly summarized Abrams' career:

> Charles Abrams knows more about urban planning and real estate than any decent man should, which I presume is why John Lindsay appointed him to one of the several committees that will inform the new Mayor how ungovernable New York City really is. Charles Abrams is an *alte Kampfer*. He was going down to defeat in glorious causes before the rest of us had chosen sides, and his book is illuminated by an awareness of what has failed us all: a failure of the urban spirit—"a lag in the initiative of the American people, and their waning interest in their urban culture and leisure and in the environment that nourishes them." Years in the jungle of housing laws and administration have made Abrams a master of its complexities; he knows how the fate of a neighborhood can hinge on a mortgage-interest rate, how legislation can be made to serve the opposite of its aims, and how the best of intentions can be tripped up over a tiny pebble of stubborn self-interest. He knows that doing something desirable from the public's point of view is a thousand times more difficult than doing nothing at all, and he knows how much patience, perseverance, and pure guile are needed to effect even the most minor and trivial improvement. Most of all, he knows that the destruction of American cities did not simply happen; it was *done*—and he knows who did it.

In his time, Abrams has been responsible for many kinds of housing and development projects. Some of them he now regrets; others he recalls with satisfaction. But he thinks that the great bane of our time is our habit, when the question arises of how a city can be made more livable and attractive, of thinking solely in terms of costly, huge demolition and construction operations. This approach results from the urban-renewal program's having become shackled to a rigid federal formula governed by what is known as a "writedown" on the cost of land acquisition. As chairman of Mayor Lindsay's task force on housing, Abrams has pointed out, in his report to the Mayor, that there are a great many measures that can be taken to improve the quality of life in the city besides the building of huge projects, and that often such measures are likely to be much less expensive and much less destructive. His list of suggestions is worth citing at length:

> They include the proper use of the waterfront in a city blest with good waterscapes; creating a few boulevards [and] pedestrian walks (such as on Orchard Street, for example); capturing strategic open spaces with federal aid (such as the small square abutting on New York University south of Washington Square Park); repainting whole blocks according to a paint plan with varying color schemes and using attractive materials and special color schemes for selected walks; making a few subway stations (particularly Grand Central Station) show places; improving lighting in parks and streets; making street furniture and phone booths attractive and perhaps inspiring the production of the self-closing ash can; using space under elevateds for markets and other uses that buoy up depressed neighborhoods such as the South Bronx; planning a few rest centers and restaurants built on the city's air rights across strategically located pavements with architecture that blends with the surrounding buildings; providing child-care centers for working mothers; inducing improvements through window-box competitions; enhancing advertising signs; reclaiming Central Park and other parks now closed to the public at night by organizing walking clubs; making universities part of neighborhoods and getting them to be more concerned with their needs instead of having them viewed as antagonists ready to swallow up the surrounding neighborhoods; reclaiming Battery Park in the Wall Street area for weekend recreational uses; providing more outdoor sculpture, flower beds and landscaping in public places as well as more pleasant and sheltered sitting areas along streets and at bus stops; identifying some play-spaces on sidewalks for small children; relocating some of the unused parks where they can be put to more advantageous use; interesting the architectural fraternity in providing more interesting play apparatus; resolving the departmental conflicts on tree jurisdiction, particularly on parkways, and making a master plan for tree planting in the city with the use of various trees besides the ginkgo and the plane; encouraging more theatre or concerts in the street, in which a small beginning has been made, and more interesting uses of the street in general; making a master recreational plan for Coney Island that is not confined solely to housing, and creating more escape hatches for people than presently exist (Greenwich Village and Times Square).
>
> In short, a series of small amenities may do more to elevate the city and its neighborhoods than any single large-scale contribution.

This passage gives a fair indication of how little hesitancy Abrams has, when confronted with a problem, in coming up with any number of suggestions—and also of how little difficulty he has in doing so. His new book offers a spate of additional ideas, perhaps the most original and provocative of them being that New York should appoint a Commissioner of Pedestrians, charged with protecting pedestrians against the incursions of the Commissioner of Traffic.

ANTIGUA

The wind, transparent, cannot displace
The vertical search of sun for skin.
The colonel's fine-veined florid face
Has bloomed though sheltered deep within
His shining hat's mauve shade. His eyes
Glare bluer than the coral-bleached
Soft sea that feebly nags the beach
And hones its scimitar with sighs.

His wife, in modest half-undress,
Swings thighs pinched red between the sea
And sky, and smiles, serenely free
Of subcutaneous distress.
Above, sere cliffs attend their hike,
And colored scraps give tattered hints
Of native life, and, higher, like
A flaw in glass, an airplane glints.

—John Updike

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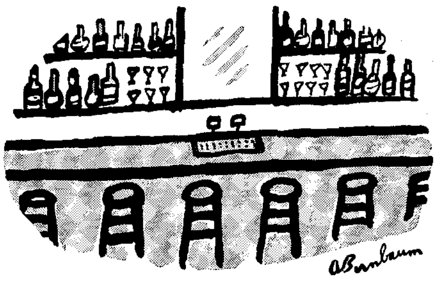


MOST of the world's housing and planning experts and reformers, it happens, have been people of middle-class or wealthy backgrounds; to learn about slums, they have had to make field trips and pore over surveys. Abrams acquired his knowledge of what life in a slum is like by being brought up in one. Born in Poland, he arrived in this country at the age of two, when his family immigrated and settled in the Williamsburg district of Brooklyn, which was, in those days before the First World War, more or less an extension of the lower East Side—a polyglot neighborhood of cobblestone streets that were never cleaned and that teemed day and night with people and pushcarts, and of rat-infested, highly combustible wooden tenements, which were scientifically designed to compress the greatest number of human beings into the smallest tolerable living space. The Abramses' apartment was a three-room flat in a six-story walkup. There were four children in the family—three sons, of whom Charles was the youngest, and a daughter—which meant that six people lived in the apartment's three small rooms. Charles and his brother Ralph slept in a windowless cubicle, not much bigger than a respectable closet, the two of them sharing a bed so narrow that, no matter what furious quarrels they may have had during the day, they always had to sleep with their arms wrapped around each other to keep from falling to the floor. The apartment had no hot water and no heat, except what was given off by a coal-burning cookstove in the kitchen; on each floor of the building was a single toilet, for the use of all the families; there wasn't a bathtub in the building—or, for that matter, in the entire neighborhood, except those at a public bathhouse a few blocks away. Today, Abrams jestingly gives credit for the resilient health that permits him to take the tropics in stride on his overseas missions to his boyhood patronage of the neighborhood public bathhouse; he surmises that there are probably very few pestilences lurking in the tropics that he did not encounter, and develop an immunity to, during those weekly immersions at Bershadsky's Baths.

In Poland, Abrams' father had worked on a communal farm. In Brooklyn, he set himself up as a sidewalk vender of herrings and pickles—a precarious business from which he was barely able to squeeze out a living, though he worked punishing hours. Some days, there wasn't enough money for a proper meal, but Charles' mother never dreamed of admitting this to anybody outside the family. On those days, she used to keep covered pots of water boiling on the stove, so that neighbors who dropped in would not guess the family's desperate situation. Mrs. Abrams, the daughter of a Vilna bookkeeper, was a delicate-featured woman whose entire life was centered on her children and her concern that they must "make something of themselves." Her husband was a figure whose prototype one often encounters in stories of Jewish slums and ghettos—a man who, despite the squalor around him, managed to convey an impression of dignity, grave humor, and even wisdom. Today, Abrams says of his father, "There was something noble about everything he did. The way he comported himself, even the sale of a miserable pickled herring became somehow a courtly and humane transaction." Abrams' father had his sidewalk stand across the street from their tenement. Above Mr. Abrams' head hung a large sign belonging to the store from which he rented his few feet of space; in stormy weather, the sign used to swing and creak perilously, and the family feared that at any moment it might crash down on Mr. Abrams' head—a worry that Abrams remembers as being for some reason one of the abiding anxieties of his childhood. Yet none of the family seems to have considered it possible to cope with the problem in any way—to move the stand elsewhere, or persuade the storekeeper to take down or repair the sign. It was simply fate, and when fate hung over one's head, there was nothing that an ordinary mortal could do about it, except perhaps wear a hat, and this Mr. Abrams

"On second thought, dear, Daddy thinks it might be best if you and Freddie eloped."

• •

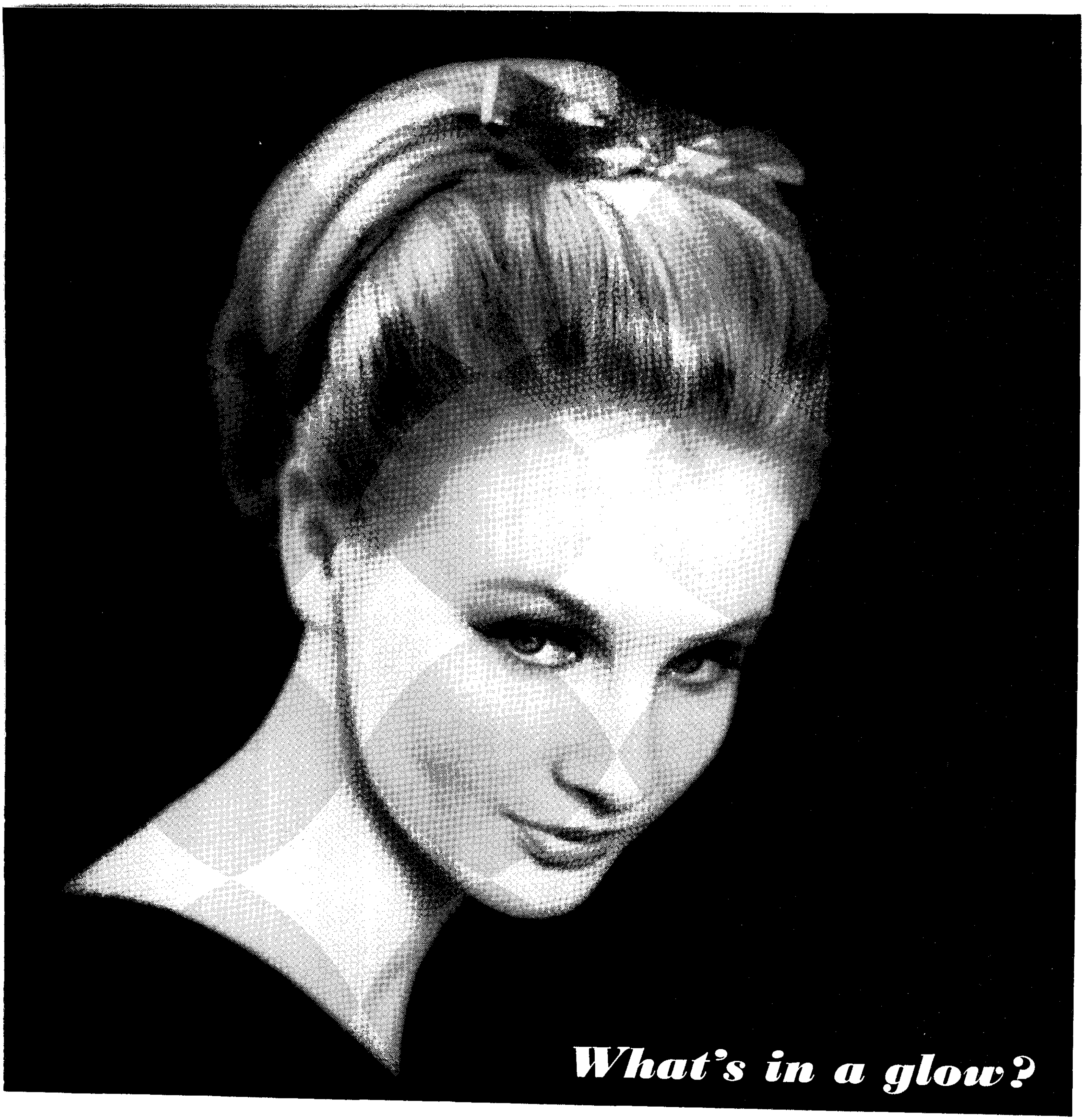
always did anyway, being an Orthodox Jew. Young Charles was very close to his father. From the time he was seven or eight years old, it was his habit to wake up when his father returned home for the night, sometimes as late as one o'clock. Charles would put on his bathrobe and make a pot of tea, and then he and his father would sit together at the kitchen table, sipping their tea and discussing all sorts of things. Abrams says he got the greater part of his education during those sessions.

Those who don't know Abrams might picture the future reformer as a sensitive boy who vowed that when he grew up he would dedicate himself to the task of wiping out the slums that had blighted his childhood. Actually, Abrams remembers his childhood as quite happy, on the whole. If the slums were damaging him, he wasn't aware of it at the time. He simply accepted his environment as the conditions that prevailed, being unaware that it was possible for people to live in any other way. He was ultimately moved to work for better housing not so much by a feeling of personal grievance as by intellectual exasperation at what he considered the utter illogicality of the nation's housing situation. He says that when he first became active in the field, in the early nineteen-thirties, it never occurred to him to think of his own old neighborhood as an example of the slums he was inveighing against, or to think of his childhood neighbors and friends as the miserable wretches evoked by the phrase "slum dwellers." Not until one day in 1933 did these words take on reality for him. As one of three lawyers drafting the basic state housing legislation under which the New York City Housing Authority was established, he was called upon to draw up a legal definition of a slum area, and as he was working on this, it dawned on him that the definition fitted his own old home and neighborhood perfectly. Abrams was almost as surprised by this discovery as Molière's M. Jourdain was to learn that he had been talking prose all his life.

Abrams may have had a happy enough childhood, but it was hardly a carefree one. He has only a dim memory of a time in his life when he did not work. "My first job was as lookout man for a gang of herring bootleggers," he recalls, half seriously. As a tot in short pants, he was given the assignment of standing watch at the front of the tenement house on Sundays while other members of his family wrapped herrings, kosher dill pickles, pickled onions, and other such snacks in a back hallway and smuggled them to customers throughout the building, in violation ("fragrant violation," Abrams, a pun fancier, now calls it) of the Sunday work laws. To be caught at these activities meant a fine of as much as ten dollars—a punishment that the Abrams family could ill afford but that they suffered more often than the former lookout man cares to remember. By the time Abrams was nine, he was taking on outside jobs to supplement the family income. While he was in high school, he worked as a lamplighter, tending the street lights on Lafayette Avenue. He was a very small lamplighter, being the shortest boy in his class. Every evening, he strapped on a pair of roller skates and went rolling along Lafayette over to Myrtle Avenue and down to Fort Greene Park, lighting up the neighborhood, pole by pole, as he went; every morning he skated off at dawn and turned the lamps out. As he rolled along, he could be heard declaiming resonantly into the Brooklyn twilight, "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now . . ." He was possessed of a wonderfully loud voice, and by then he had achieved some fame in school

Whitney Darrow, Jr

"When did you first realize you were gifted?"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as an orator; whenever the superintendent or some other dignitary visited his school, Abrams was called on to get up in front of the assembly and tear Mark Antony's funeral oration to tatters. For his lamplighting, he was paid four dollars a week by the Brooklyn Edison Company. After a year or so, however, he began to feel that he was something of a slacker, having what amounted to only a half-time job outside of school, so he quit his work for Brooklyn Edison to become a message clerk at the main office of Western Union in Manhattan. At this job, which paid twelve dollars a week, he worked a full eight-hour shift after high school, starting at 5 P.M. By the time he got back home to Brooklyn, it would be nearly 2 A.M., and then, after a cup of tea with his father, he would settle down to his homework. He was fourteen at the time, and had attained a lifelong ambition—to be completely self-supporting.

When he finished high school, he chose to study law, mainly because that seemed to him the profession that could be most easily learned at night school. He signed up for evening classes at Brooklyn Law School, and by day he worked—first as an office boy and later as a clerk—for a succession of law firms. The first of these was McLaughlin & Stern, which had offices on William Street, and his first day with them remains memorable because he was sent uptown to pick up a payment in settlement of a case and found himself being handed sixty thousand dollars in five-hundred- and thousand-dollar bills. He had never before even seen anything larger than a ten. Rising to the occasion, young Abrams behaved in the way he assumed was expected of him as the sophisticated representative of a great law firm. He signed the receipt coolly, giving no indication that to be handed such a sum of money was in any way unusual, or even interesting, and, stuffing the money casually into his pockets, rode the subway back downtown. When he walked into the office and began counting out the sixty thousand dollars, the office manager who had sent him on the errand appeared about to faint; she had taken it for granted that the settlement would be made in the customary form of a certified check. The event created quite a stir at McLaughlin & Stern, none of the partners responding at all coolly or casually to the idea of their new teenage office boy riding the subway with sixty thousand dollars in his pockets.

Abrams learned less law from his classes than he did from his clerkships—by far the most important of which was

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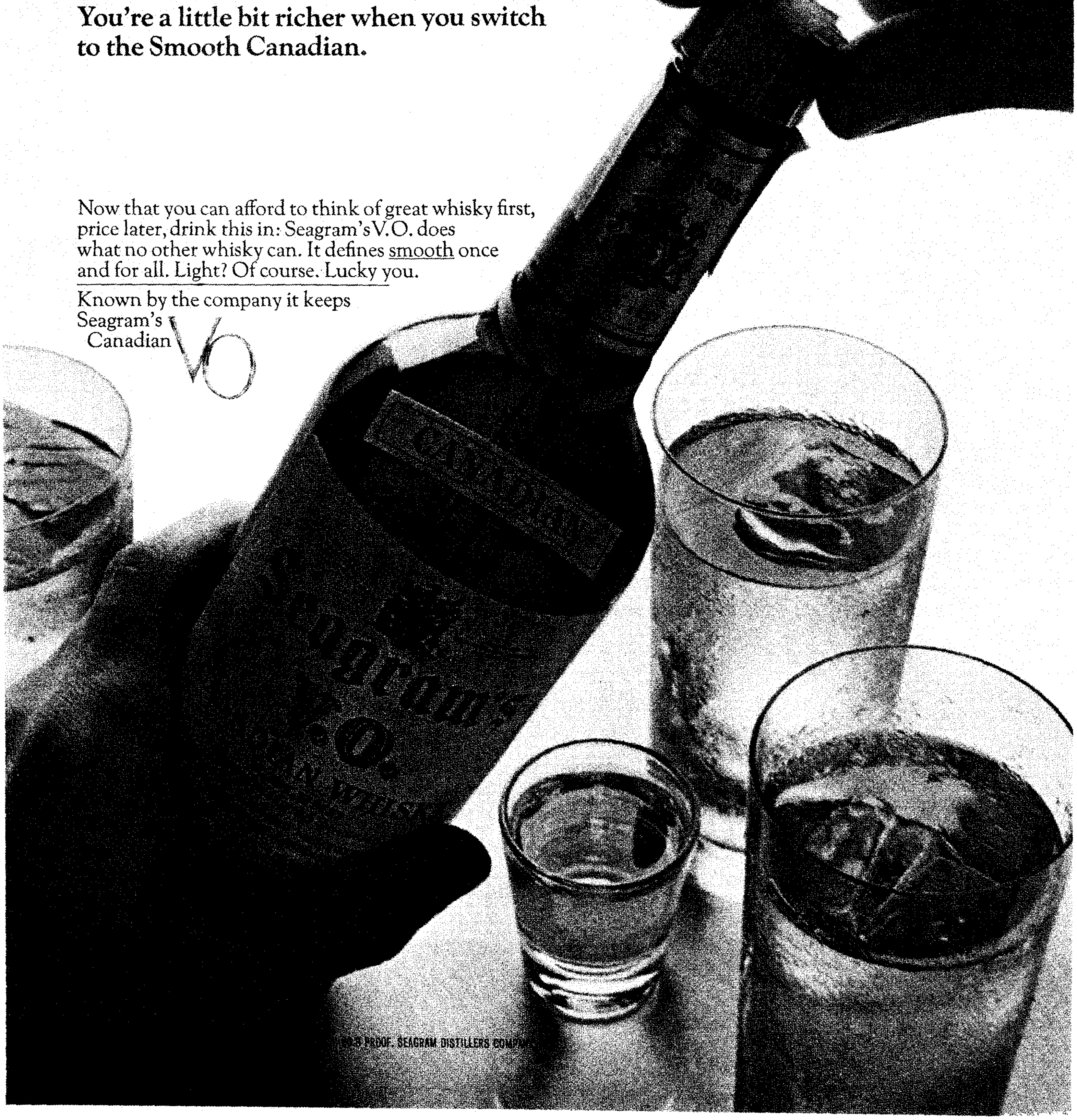
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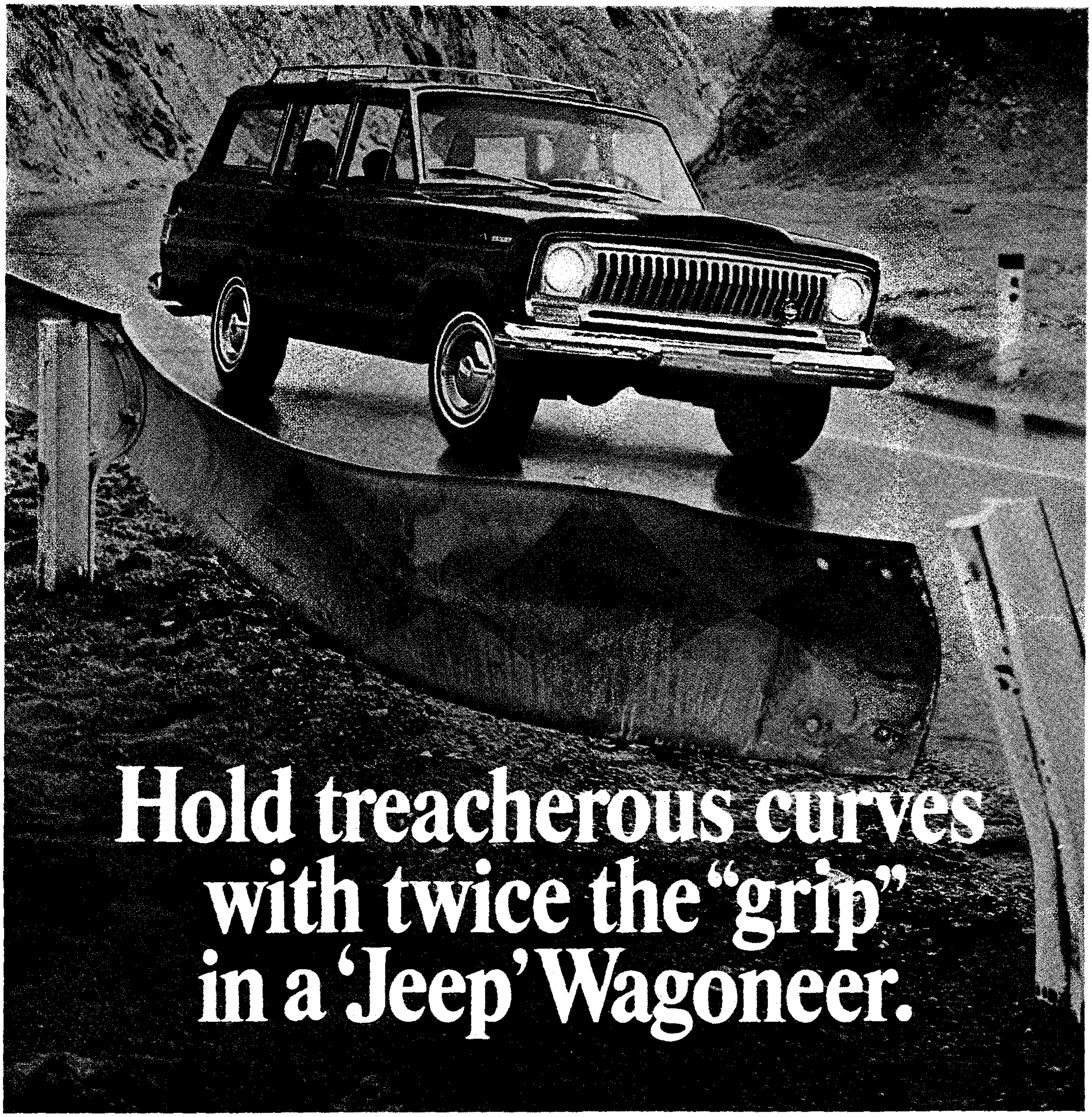

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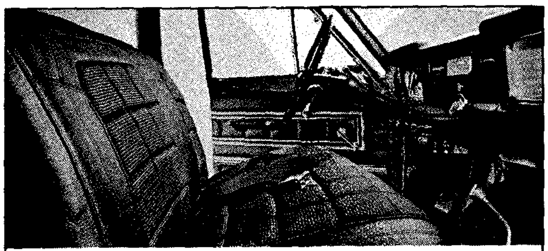

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a three-year stint in the law offices of Arthur Garfield Hays. The apprenticeship he served under Hays not only educated but inspired him, and probably did as much to determine the direction of his life as anything else that happened to him. Hays was general counsel for the recently formed American Civil Liberties Union, was associated with Clarence Darrow in the famous Scopes evolution trial in Tennessee, and was involved in a number of significant civil-liberties campaigns. In the course of one such campaign (to establish constitutional freedoms and individual rights in the tough coal-mining company town of Vintondale, Pennsylvania), Hays—much to his young law clerk's admiration—succeeded in establishing his inalienable right as a citizen to get himself arrested and thrown in jail. (The right to be arrested, Abrams remembers Hays' explaining shortly before he set off for Vintondale, should be valued as one of the most important of all civil rights, for if a man can't get himself officially taken into custody—and instead is, say, simply hustled out of town—he has no way of legally challenging a despotic situation.) Such battles, as Hays waged them, were undertaken not in a stodgily righteous spirit but with considerable verve and drama, and Abrams recalls the atmosphere in Hays' office when civil-liberties cases were being worked on as a rousing one of derring-do in the quest for social justice—something that the youthful Abrams found both stimulating to his conscience and congenial to his temperament.

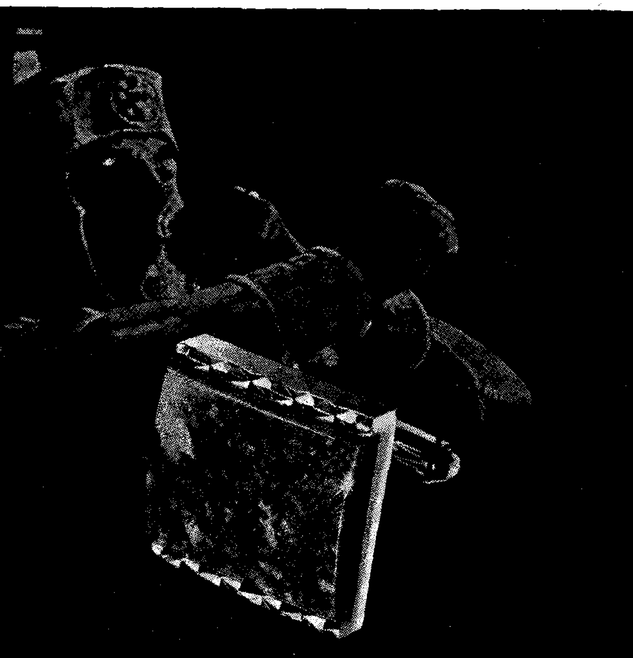
In addition to his work for the Civil Liberties Union, Hays carried on an extraordinarily diverse private practice; he had labor unions, huge corporations, and foreign governments among his clients, and he did not hesitate to accept spectacular criminal and divorce cases. It was a highly lucrative practice (Hays once got a fee in excess of two hundred thousand dollars for a single case), and this was a circumstance that young Abrams—who had never equated poverty with virtue—also found inspirational. For Abrams, Hays was a model as well as a mentor. He held Hays in such fervent esteem that for a while he even walked with a limp because Hays had a game leg, and he also took to smoking a pipe in what he hoped was a convincing imitation of Hays' profound, brooding manner. It was during this period that Abrams began to form some idea of what he wanted to make of his life. Like Hays, he wanted to be a fighter for unpopular social causes, and,

hearts flutter
when you wear
Bill Atkinson
glen of michigan
MANISTEE, MICHIGAN

also like Hays, not an impecunious one.

While Abrams was in Hays' office, he was given ample opportunity, though a mere clerk, to poke his nose into a variety of legal matters. He worked, for example, on the briefs of an important free-speech case, preparing all the necessary papers as it went up through the courts to the United States Supreme Court, and, at the other end of the scale of social significance, he did the law research on one aspect of Hays' vain defense of a couple of crooked stockbrokers in the lurid Fuller-McGee bucket-shop case, coming up with a bright idea about the strategy Hays might follow in developing that aspect. The idea caught Hays' fancy, and, in general, Hays seems to have taken a special liking to Abrams; later they became close friends and ardent chess adversaries. Abrams kept a big meerschaum pipe handy for these chess encounters. As his own reputation grew, he gradually learned to puff on it with an authoritative profundity that fully matched Hays'; the only trouble was that the more solemn his pipe-smoking became, the harder he found it to keep from laughing at himself.

SHORTLY after being admitted to the bar, in 1923, Abrams, with six hundred dollars he had borrowed from Hays, set up a law office of his own on lower Broadway, in partnership with another young lawyer fresh from the slums, Bernard Botein (who has since gone on to become Presiding Justice of the Appellate Division for the First Department—New York and Bronx Counties—of the New York State Supreme Court). Their practice flourished, and by 1928 Abrams was earning twenty-five thousand dollars a year in fees—a sum that is considered fairly good going for a fledgling lawyer even now. In that year, he married Ruth Davidson, whom he had met through an improbable chain of circumstances. A friend of his, who did not know Miss Davidson, was arranging a blind date for Abrams, but the girl he had in mind did not answer when he telephoned her. Something seemed to be wrong with her phone, but just as the friend was about to hang up, he heard a puzzled voice saying, "Hello? Hello?" It was Miss Davidson, who at that moment happened to be phoning the same girl, and whose line the Telephone Company had somehow connected with that of Abrams' friend. They got to talking. The friend was a persuasive man, and Miss Davidson was of an impetuous nature. Before they hung up, she had agreed to go out with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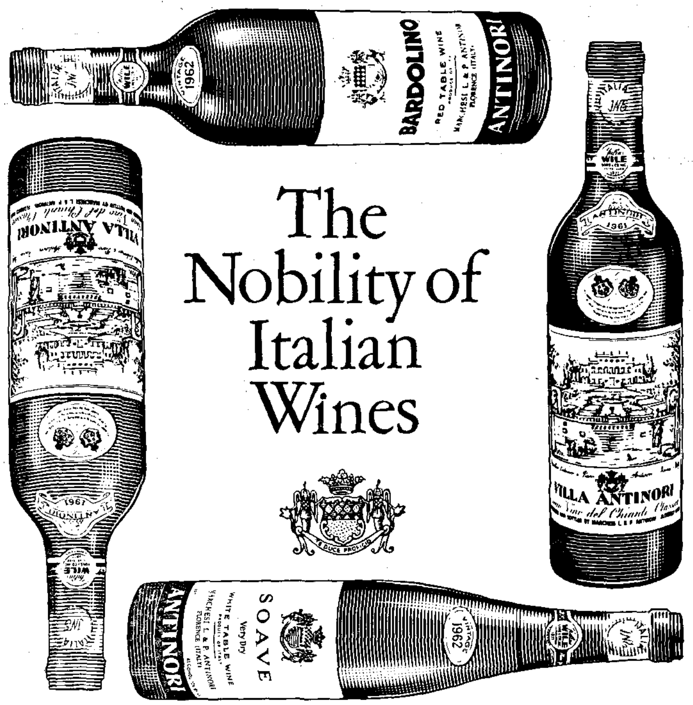
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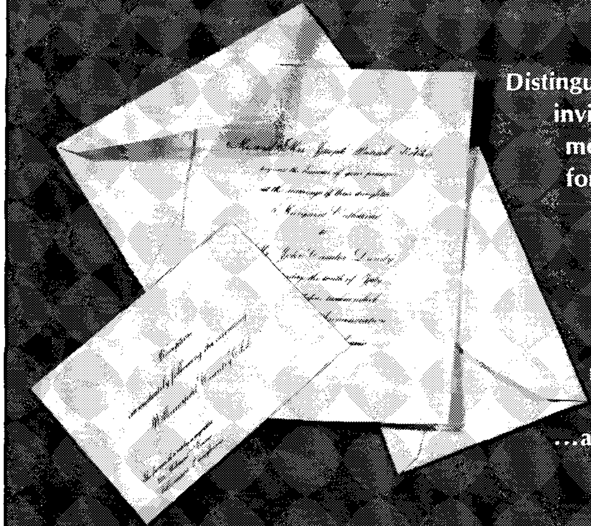

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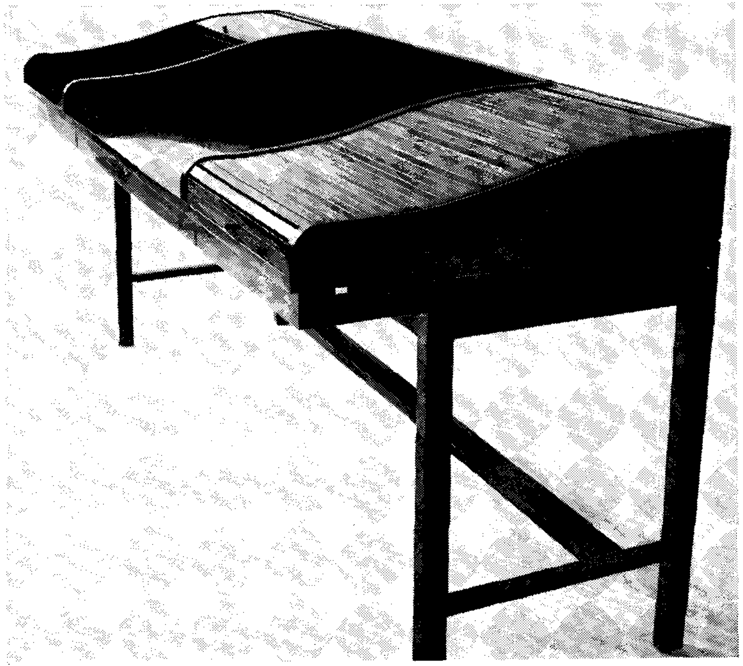

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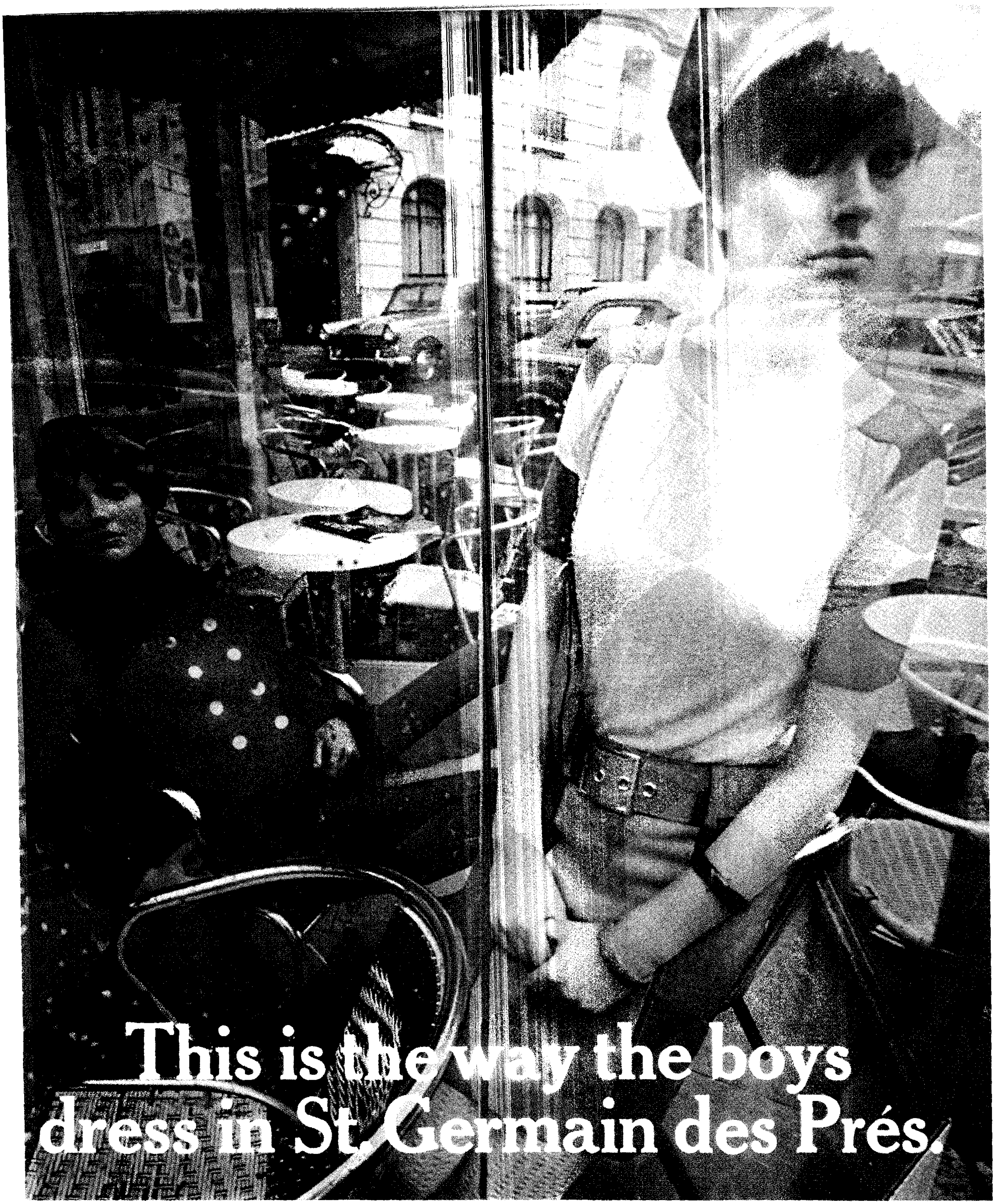
Abrams that evening. The two hit it off right away.

The Abramses began their married life in an apartment in Greenwich Village, and they have lived in that part of town ever since. The heterogeneity of the Village, and its constant ferment, proved to be perfectly suited to Abrams' restless, adventurous spirit. He soon became a member of a circle of radical intellectuals, social critics, and literati who used to gather every Wednesday evening at the Morton Street apartment of V. F. Calverton, the editor of the *Modern Monthly*, to discuss social and literary issues. At the same time, he became a member of a wisecracking theatre and Tin Pan Alley crowd. He was stagestruck in those days, as he still is; he and his wife used to attend nearly every opening night, and were often included in the party that the show's writers or producers gave afterward. Sometimes, while still mulling over the lofty statements he had heard at Calverton's a couple of evenings before, he would drop in at the Ira Gershwins' apartment on Riverside Drive for the Friday-night poker game there. Before the game got started, some of those who had shown up—among them such songwriters as B. G. De Silva, Oscar Levant, and E. Y. (Yip) Harburg—would gather around the piano and try out their latest tunes on each other. Abrams, listening, was stirred to emulation. High on a list of secret ambitions that he drew up in 1929 appeared the exhortation "Write a great song hit!"

When Abrams had known the Gershwins for several years, Ira Gershwin phoned him one day at his law office and said mysteriously, "Charlie, it appears that a President of the United States is going to have to be impeached. Do you think you could draw up a bill of impeachment?" Startled, Abrams began to question him. Gershwin said, "Never mind why, or anything else, Charlie—just go ahead and impeach the rascal." So Abrams looked up the proceedings against President Andrew Johnson, drafted a bill modelled on them, and sent it off to Ira Gershwin. In due course, Gershwin responded with a check for a hundred dollars as a fee for his effort. Not until he went to the opening of the Gershwins' "Of Thee I Sing" and heard the chorus launch into the "Whereas" song did he discover the use that had been made of his legal work; the President he had helped impeach was that jilter of the illegitimate daughter of an illegitimate son of an illegitimate nephew of Napoleon—John P. Wintergreen. Though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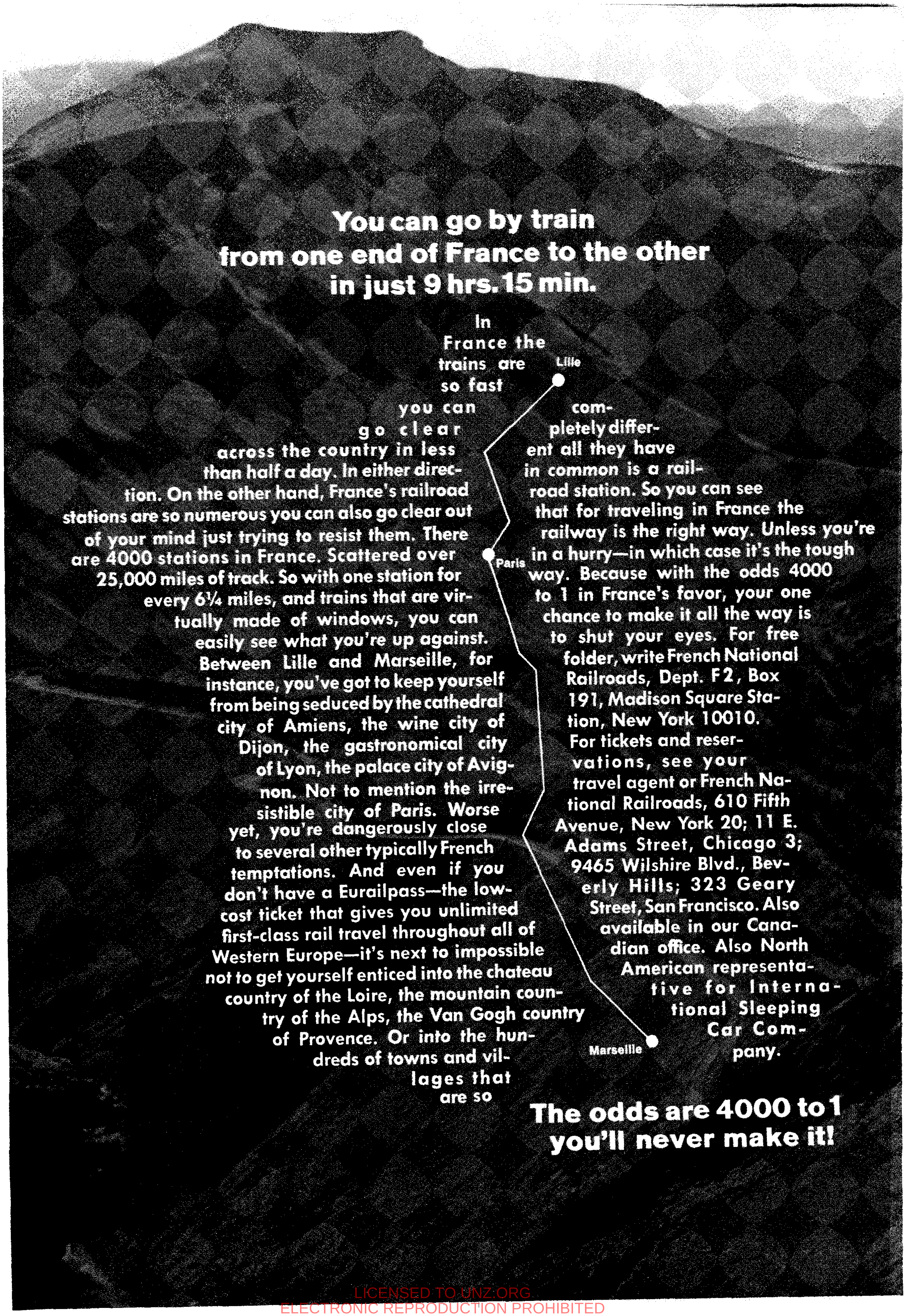

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there wasn't much left of the tedious legal paragraphs he had sent Gershwin—little but the "whereas"es and the "hereby"s—Abrams sat back in his seat glowing with the pride of authorship. So far, this is the closest Abrams has come to realizing his ambition of writing a song hit.

Some of Abrams' clients in those days were making mortgage loans on Greenwich Village property, and soon he began to follow their example. Then he grew restless at remaining on the sidelines, and, while still keeping up his law practice, threw himself headlong into real estate—not as a broker but as an entrepreneur, a sort of free-lance capitalist without any capital to speak of, embarking on shoestring operations of a wildly speculative character. Before long, he was up to his ears in deals and was becoming known among real-estate men as a shrewd operator and a formidable negotiator. "Those Indians who sold Manhattan were lucky they didn't have to negotiate with Abrams," one real-estate man remarked after a bargaining session with him. "I'll bet they'd never have got *him* to go as high as twenty-four dollars." Nowadays, Greenwich Village, having become one of the city's high-rent districts, is considered a prime investment area, but in the twenties banks and other financial institutions looked down their noses at it as a shabby and disreputable bohemian quarter and, not perceiving that quaintness could be turned into a capital asset, were reluctant to put mortgage money into Village property. In order to raise funds for his dealings, Abrams had to scurry around to loan sharks and shady mortgage-discount operators, and to engage in complicated and ingenious transactions, piling one mortgage on top of another—occasionally as high as a fourth mortgage—and ending up with fantastic financial structures as precarious as a child's tower of blocks. He repeatedly got himself into tight and potentially ruinous situations, but he usually managed to devise some profitable way out. More than thirty years later, Abrams can still recall in detail, and recount with zest, the improbable details of some of those transactions. It was during that period, he says, that he lost most of his hair.

During the six or seven years of his speculative heyday, he acquired, all told, perhaps seventy or eighty pieces of Village property. Some he refinanced and sold. Others he remodelled and rented, turning stables into studios, transforming loft buildings into avant-garde shops, and making many of the other ingenious conversions that eventually

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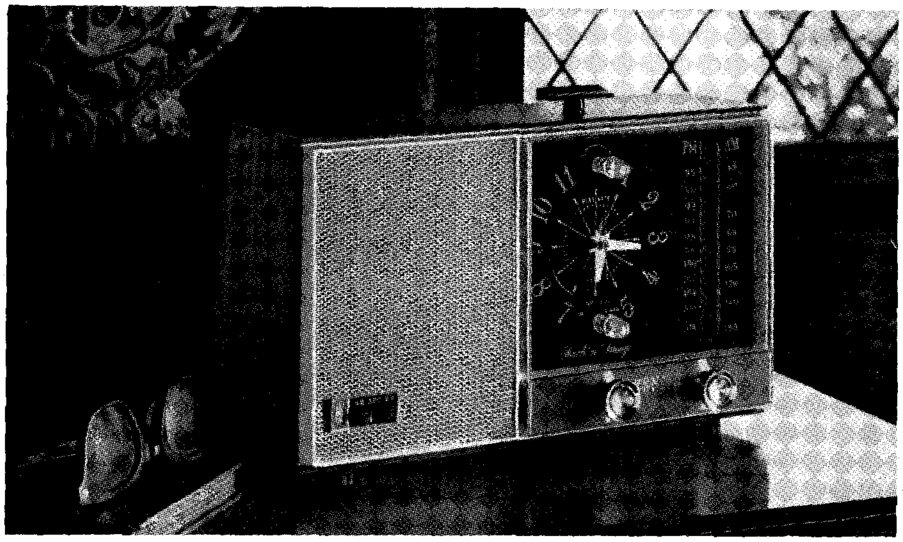

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helped bring Greenwich Village to its present curious state. He had a hand in making Eighth Street the Village's main drag, by tearing down a number of old shacks and erecting in their places shops, a night club, and a motion-picture theatre—the last designed by the unorthodox Viennese architect Frederick Kiesler and heralded at the time as a great advance in movie-house design. The tenant for whom Abrams built this was Symon Gould, who was later to be a candidate for President of the United States on the Vegetarian ticket. Gould was certain that talkies were just a passing fad (like meat eating), and he called his cinema the House of Shadowed Silence. Gould was to have bad luck all around. He lost his lease on the movie house, giving way to a more practical entrepreneur, and his political party, up against such slogans as "A Chicken in Every Pot," has never carried a single precinct. The building that contains the movie house, now called the Eighth Street Playhouse, at street level and the Village Barn in the basement is one of the properties from Abrams' early real-estate days that he has held on to. In partnership with his brother Ralph, he has since invested in some other movie houses, including Cinema I and Cinema II, on Third Avenue. The theatres not only bring him in a good return but give him the privilege, any time he likes, of strolling in to see a movie without paying, which he does with the conspicuously nonchalant air of a small boy who half expects to be picked up by the scruff of the neck and tossed out.

ALL this real-estate speculation may have been an unlikely form of preparation for a career as a reformer, but Abrams values it as having been fundamental to his education, as well as to his financial security. His real-estate transactions gave him a worm's-eye view of the housing picture and an intimate acquaintance with what are generally called practical affairs—two credentials that few of his colleagues in the reform camp possess—and thus made it possible for him to move on to the activity he likes to call "finagling for society." His first opportunity for this sort of finagling came in 1933. As that rarity, a lawyer who combined a detailed knowledge of real estate with a liberal social outlook, he was named by Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia as one of a team of three lawyers who were to draft a new state housing bill. This bill, which ultimately became known as the Municipal Housing Authorities Law, was the basic legislation under which the New

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Douglas Cooper said this Beryl reminded him of an exotic gem of the sea that was caught and enslaved by a diamond-studded golden sea fern. (That description is pretty hard to beat. We think we'll stick with it.)

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The two creatures on the page are not at all unfamiliar with life in Jamaica. The little ruby-eyed fish is 18 karat gold and striped either green and yellow or blue and yellow enamel. He can usually be seen swimming toward the nearest hors d'oeuvres tray at flank speed. As a brooch or tie tac, $28.

The turtle, with a black star sapphire body, is a good luck turtle. (You'll have to take our word for that, as it's bad luck to talk about good luck.) As a spiral brooch or tie tac, in 14 karat gold, $18.

Jewelry shown actual size. Mail address 1406 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Add 5% for delivery in Pennsylvania.

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jewelers by birth . . . since 1883
1416 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
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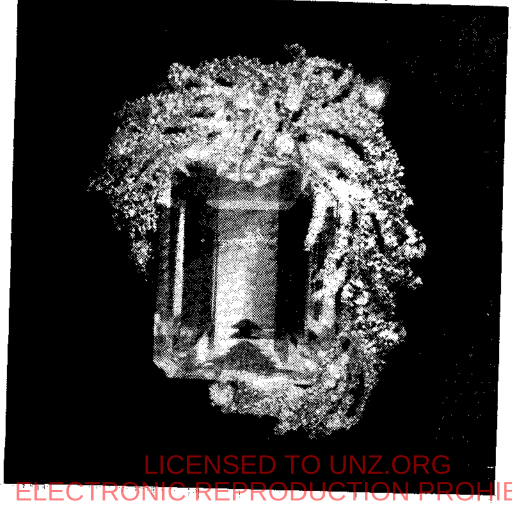

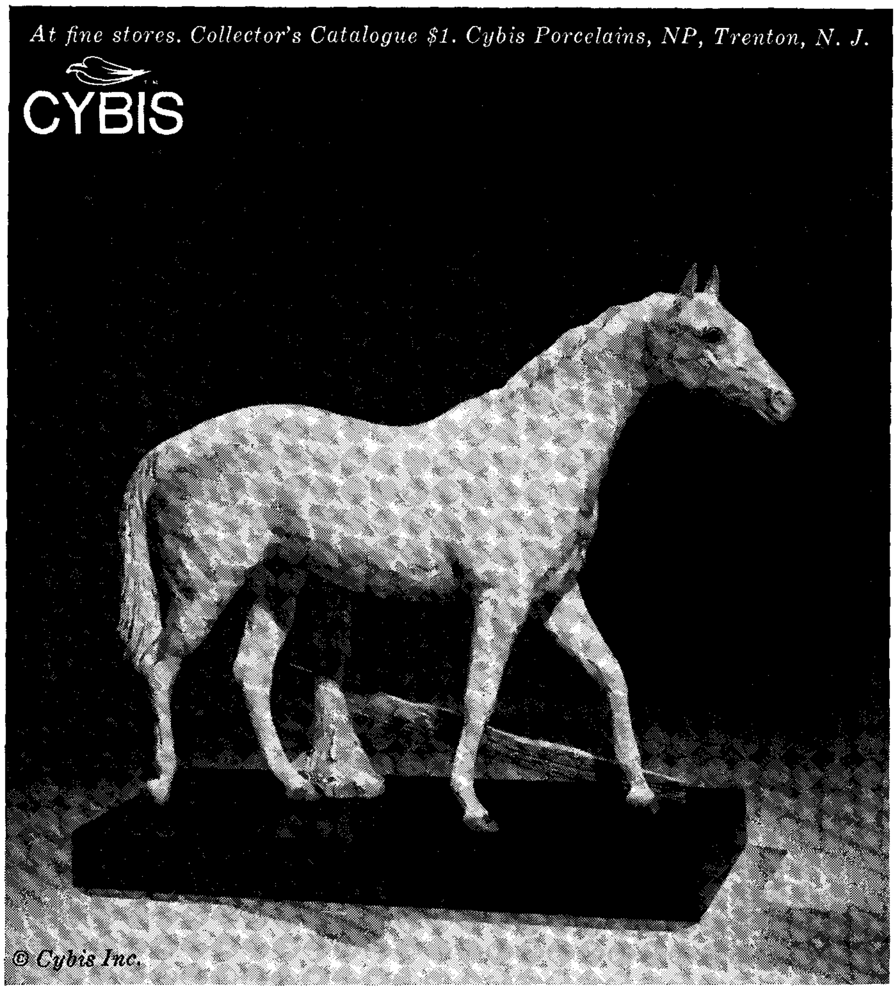
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York City Housing Authority was established, and it became the model enabling act for the country as a whole, on the basis of which a total of more than two thousand local housing authorities have since been formed. It was a piece of legislation asserting a social principle that was new to the United States—that since private enterprise manifestly could not clear slums and provide decent housing for people of low incomes, some government agency would have to do it if it was to be done at all. Nowadays, Abrams, after more than thirty years of worldwide experience, can bat out a complicated housing or city-planning law in short order; a lengthy, detailed bill that he and Dr. Otto Koenigsberger, a tropical-housing expert, prepared for Pakistan in 1957 while on a U.N. mission to that country took them only ten days to draft. But it took Abrams and his two colleagues on the 1933 committee—Carl Stern and Ira Robbins—nearly three months to draw up the much shorter Municipal Housing Authorities Law. They were aware that although the concept of public housing had been accepted in Europe for thirty or forty years, its introduction into the United States was bound to be attacked as a dangerous heresy, a forerunner of Socialism, a threat to the American Home and the American Way of Life. Inevitably, they knew, the law's constitutionality would be challenged, and they were determined that there should be no technical flaws in it. "We agonized over every comma of that law," Abrams recalls.

The housing problem as we know it is a product of the industrial revolution and the complex cities that it required and engendered. Almost everywhere, as industrialization has progressed, the state has felt compelled, for the sake of the public welfare, to show an increasing concern and assume an increasing responsibility for the habitations of its populace. This change in governmental attitude constitutes one of the dramatic historical changes of our era, Abrams notes in a volume called "Urban Land Problems and Policies." He wrote, "In the eighteenth century the elder Pitt, Earl of Chatham, could declaim that 'the poorest man in his cottage could defy the King—the storms may enter; the rain may enter—but the King of England cannot enter; all his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement.' But in the twentieth century, the king (or his counterpart, the state) may enter for the very purpose of keeping the wind and rain from entering. The 'ruined tenement'

The hope of doing each other some good prompts this advertisement

Freeing spaghetti from the clock

Right now, all spaghetti manufacturers are aware of what we can do for them. That's the kind of specialized public recognition that does some good, instead of merely giving management a feeling of power by ubiquitousness.

In the matter of spaghetti, the time to crow is almost but not quite yet at hand. The spaghetti manufacturers know our story, but there are a lot more institutional distributors than there are spaghetti manufacturers, and a lot more food service managers at schools, hospitals, industrial plants, and other institutions than there are institutional distributors. In time we'll get the word up through the big end of the funnel. The word:

Everybody loves spaghetti cooked the right number of minutes and heaped onto the plate not too many seconds thereafter. With the family sitting around the kitchen table, forks at the ready, this is no problem. In large-scale cooking there is enough of a problem to limit enthusiasm for spaghetti to less frequent appearance on the menu than the national taste would suggest. Unserved spaghetti an hour past its prime represents not only embarrassment but shameful waste. We make a material from purified vegetable food fats called MYVAPLEX Glyceryl Monostearate that the spaghetti maker can add at a low proportion into his traditional recipe. Spaghetti that contains it tastes just the way spaghetti has always tasted, except that it is no longer tightly bound to the clock. Who loses?

New satisfaction for supersensitive photographers

KODACHROME Film has one shortcoming: the processing is too complicated to do yourself. It has to be done in elaborate plants, either operated by us who manufacture the film or by other well-equipped firms who have elected to compete with us for the processing business. Fortunately, the satisfaction yielded by the resulting color slides in relation to the price of film and processing continues to make KODACHROME Film one of the more resounding successes of the past 30 years. Because, despite its one shortcoming, so many like our product, it becomes economically feasible to manufacture an alternative for the relative few who object to relinquishing, however briefly, possession of their exposed film and individual control of the effects of processing on esthetic quality.

The alternative is on sale at camera shops in 135-, 120-, and 126-size as KODAK EKTACHROME Film. It can be processed by the discriminating and painstaking photographer himself, or by other laboratories, or by us. One version of it, KODAK High Speed EKTACHROME Film, is fast enough so that when loaded into a camera of fast lens and shutter, you can shoot the action at a basketball game in color from your seat in the stands, where flash would be pointless.

We have recently improved this particular film. Its speed can now be forced still higher by the user *after* exposure through adjustments of processing, with little or no sacrifice of the improved sharpness in our new emulsion formula. The new formula should also bring new satisfaction to the supersensitive photographer by reproducing colors—particularly reds, yellows, and flesh tones—with a better fit to more people's perceptions of reality. This is an incredibly complex matter, composed of psychology, chemistry, and physics. The pigment in a nasturtium is really not the same as the dyes which we must contrive to form inside a piece of film that has been pointed at a nasturtium. We have always faced up to that fact.

An invitation to formulate future policy

Our company policies seem terribly important to us. Some of them are probably wise, and some of them are probably foolish. The men who are making them today will be too old to be making them in 1992. The people who will be making them then are now on campus topping off their formal educations. They are bright ones, well regarded by the faculty and therefore under considerable persuasion to emulate the faculty's way of life, which isn't a bad one. A few of them, seeing these words or having been told thereof, will just for the heck of it get off a note about what they want to do for themselves, for science, or for society, addressing a personnel man named Glen C. Durkin, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. 14650. The future policies of an important organization should be formulated by worthy and honorable persons.

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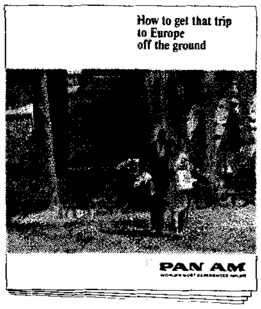

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First on the Atlantic First on the Pacific First in Latin America First 'Round the World

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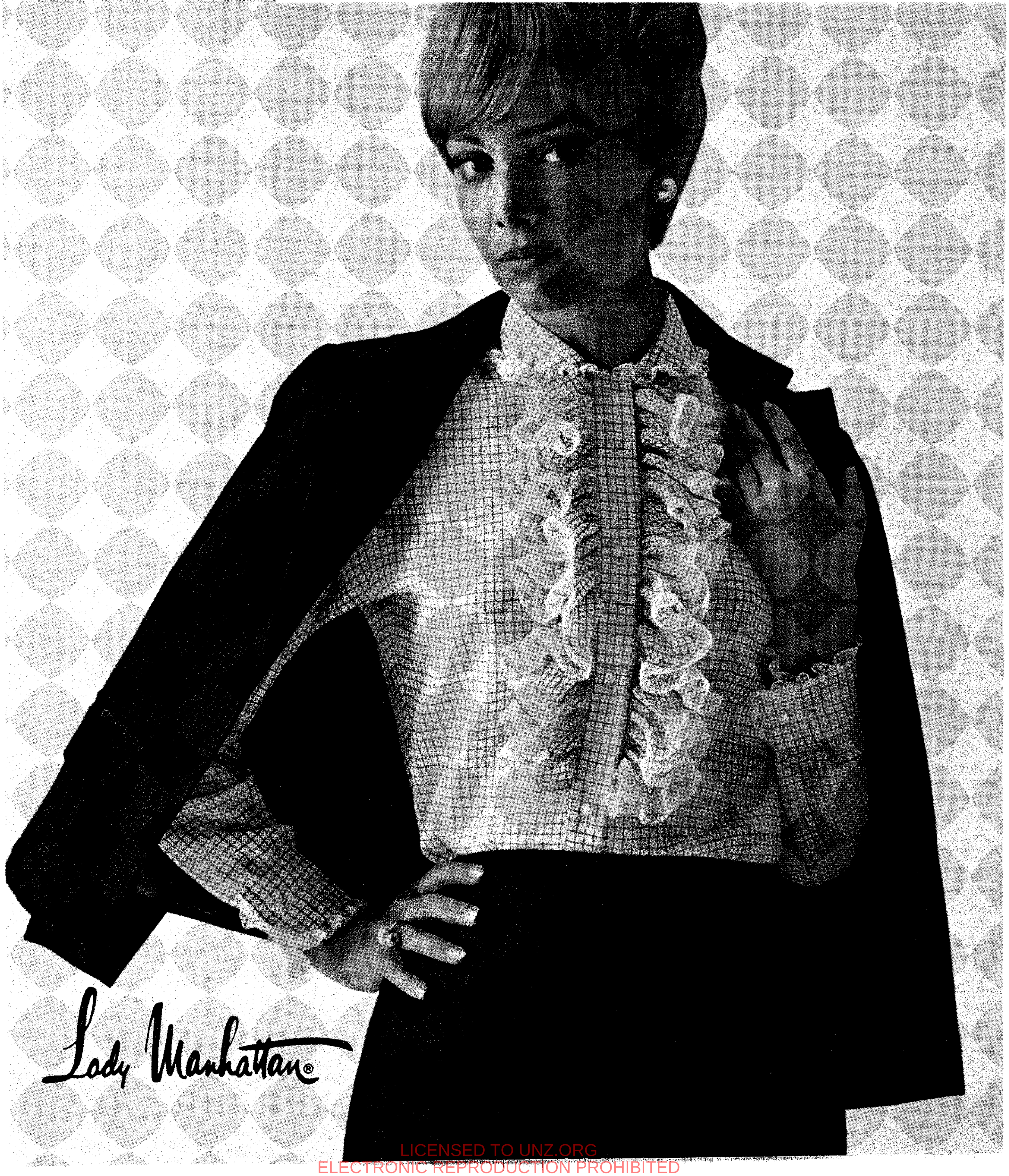
Here's how the first woman did it

Here's how the first lady does it!

Lady Manhattan® celebrates the return of the Dandy shirt with its lace-frilled ruffles and flourishes. This one, a Dandy with a difference—tattersall-checked 65% Dacron® polyester/35% cotton voile. White with navy, red or black. Sizes 8 to 18. About $11.00. Lady Manhattan gay blade suit with A-line skirt of textured 70% rayon/30% cotton. Navy, yellow, blue, toast, mint. Sizes 8 to 18. About $26.00. Prices slightly higher in the West. At fine stores in the United States and Canada. Lady Manhattan,®
1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018. A division of The Manhattan Shirt Company.



has become a matter of state concern."

In New York City, some sort of housing legislation has been in force since 1647, when an ordinance designed to prevent chimney fires was passed, but for about two centuries after that date it was assumed that the city had neither need nor right to concern itself with any aspect of living quarters other than their combustibility. In 1842, the city having been swollen by the initial waves of immigration to what then seemed the monstrous size of two hundred and seventy thousand, the first significant alarm was voiced concerning the menace to public health created by the lodging of thousands of people in shelters described as not fit for beasts. The first spokesman on the subject—America's earliest housing reformer—was Dr. John H. Griscom, a humane, practical, forthright physician who was the city's health inspector. In cold anger, he wrote a report detailing objectively the destitution, filth, misery, and contamination he had come across in the crowded tenements, dank cellars, and dirty courts and alleys in which a good part of the population dwelt, and he submitted his findings to the Mayor, along with the statement that these conditions cried out for some kind of regulation, both for humanitarian reasons and for the sake of the entire city's health. What he proposed was that there should be regular city inspection of dwellings, with the aim of encouraging landlords to maintain them in safe and sanitary condition—a proposal as modest as could be imagined but the strongest that Dr. Griscom dared make in those days, when property rights were deemed virtually sacred. The Mayor turned Dr. Griscom's recommendations over to a committee, which deliberated awhile and then returned the report to Dr. Griscom with the comment that it did not profess to be the proper judge of such a measure nor did it consider this the proper time to go into the matter. The pattern was to become a familiar one.

From time to time during the last part of the century, the city did pass measures designed to regulate and improve tenement-house conditions, but only after repeated investigations and tireless crusading activity by humanitarians such as Jacob Riis and Felix Adler, and then over the strong protests of some of the most respectable elements of society. Shocked though these decent people may have been by the revelations that housing conditions in New York were as vile as any in the world, they were likely to be more shocked whenever the city or state, in attempting to

What makes El San Juan a really great resort hotel?

Paul Anka, Victor Borge, Sammy Davis, Robert Goulet, Miss Peggy Lee, Tony Martin, Jane Morgan, Dick Shawn, Kaye Stevens, Leslie Uggams, Jerry Vale, Bobby Vinton . . .

and the man who runs it.

Case in point, Lou Puro. He's chairman of the board of El San Juan Hotel in Puerto Rico. He knows what it takes to make a resort hotel really great.

First of all, you need some wonderful restaurants (like El San Juan Hotel's Four Winds & Seven Seas, Back Street Hong Kong or the Lemon Tree), each with a different atmosphere and a different gourmet menu; entertainment lounges that swing on into the night; a dazzling night club (at El San Juan it's called the Tropicoro and it's the largest, most spectacular on the Island), where you feature the great names in show business. This winter's roster of show-stoppers is listed above.

Then you need a lot of land so guests can see where they are. You need warm wonderful perpetual sunshine—the kind you can purr under without getting scorched. You need a really big beach with groves of palm trees all over the place. A swimming pool, of course, but it has to be a really big pool, Olympic size. Then you surround this pool with plenty of the most comfortable chaises you can find.

The rooms have to be big and spacious and you have to have everything air conditioned including the main lobby.

A really great hotel requires a large staff of experienced people who care; telephone operators who can operate; room service that's really service.

Once you've been to El San Juan, you'll know what makes a resort hotel really great. Make your reservations today!

. . . and in a different mood, a different location: El Conquistador, our other great resort hotel in Las Croabas, Puerto Rico.

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Lou Puro, Chairman of the Board/Sam Schweitzer, President/Erwin O. Schel, Managing Director.

remedy the evils, threatened to encroach on the rights of private property holders. In 1887, the city passed a law requiring, among other things, that every building used for residential purposes have running water on each floor, whereupon Trinity Church, as a landlord, went to court to protest, asking with pious indignation what luxuries the city would next compel landlords to furnish their tenants. As a result of this suit, the requirement was ruled unconstitutional (although the decision was reversed some years later). Trinity, which held title to over six hundred tenement buildings, was at that time the largest owner of slum properties in the city. Columbia University was second. The villainous landlord of those days was apt to be not the corpulent, greedy, heartless scoundrel of popular caricature but some eleemosynary institution, dedicated to the propagation of enlightenment, and the villainy lay not in this landlord's intent but in the basic facts of the situation. These facts were two: that there was no conceivable way in which private enterprise could provide decent housing for the poor and still show a profit, and that, in a society in which the profit motive was paramount, indecent—or slum—housing was the most desirable to own because it returned the greatest profit on the investment. The outcome of various competitions held by high-minded philanthropists, civic organizations, and architectural journals during the last century for the design of a model tenement only corroborated this; not even the most ingenious architect could design a tenement that would furnish decent living quarters at low rent while paying the owner a ten-per-cent return on his investment—or even, in case the owner should be a man of philanthropic bent, a mere six per cent. The winning design in an 1855 model-tenement competition featured one-room apartments, about twelve feet by eight feet, with a small windowless closet attached to each as sleeping quarters—a layout supposed to house a family of five. It can be imagined what the tenements that didn't win prizes were like. A later competition inflicted on New York the railroad-flat variety of tenement, with which the city is still burdened, even though further construction of such dwellings was forbidden by the Tenement House Act of 1901. In fact, more than six hundred thousand people in New York today are living in buildings that were declared inadequate, unsafe, and obsolete by that Act of 1901. The buildings can't be torn down, because

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TOWER (Blue or Pink)
5-piece place setting $10.75

Don't wait to inherit Spode®

The famous Tower pattern, a favorite since the late 18th Century, is based on an earlier Italian painting, "The Bridge at Solaro." The rendering is Chinese in feeling, although the border is English and the Gadroon shape derives from a classic mold for English silver. Most appropriate with Early American, Traditional and Provincial settings. Write for booklet 56.

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After 10 years we stop calling an apprentice an apprentice.

After 15 years we let him cut a curve like Rhapsody's. Or flowers like Angelique's.

But it took a diemaker with 40 years of experience to handle Masterpiece.

You'd see why if you could look at Masterpiece under a magnifying glass.

The thicks and thins curve just as they would on a column. The tips of leaves bend just as they would on a tree.

Each swirl, each petal is a separate, perfect piece of sculpture.

To get it that way Edmund Grana had to work for weeks on the master die. He had to make more than a hundred of his own tools.

When he finished we shook his hand. We told him we thought Masterpiece was almost too beautiful to eat with. We told him he was a diemaker among diemakers.

He told us he was still learning.

Look for our "IS" maker's mark when you buy sterling. And you can take advantage of special savings over open stock prices when you buy a basic service for 4, 8 or 12.

For a free color brochure showing all our patterns, please write to The International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

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Miss Bergdorf

(She likes a dress that accessorizes itself)
That accompanies ebony rayon crepe with a necklace bauble of rhinestones. That goes to cocktails and stays out past midnight. That was perfected for Bergdorfians alone by Ole Borden for the house of Rembrandt. That belongs in the wardrobe of all 6 to 14 sizes. That may be had for $60 at Miss Bergdorf, Floor Five. Please add 75c for delivery outside of the area.

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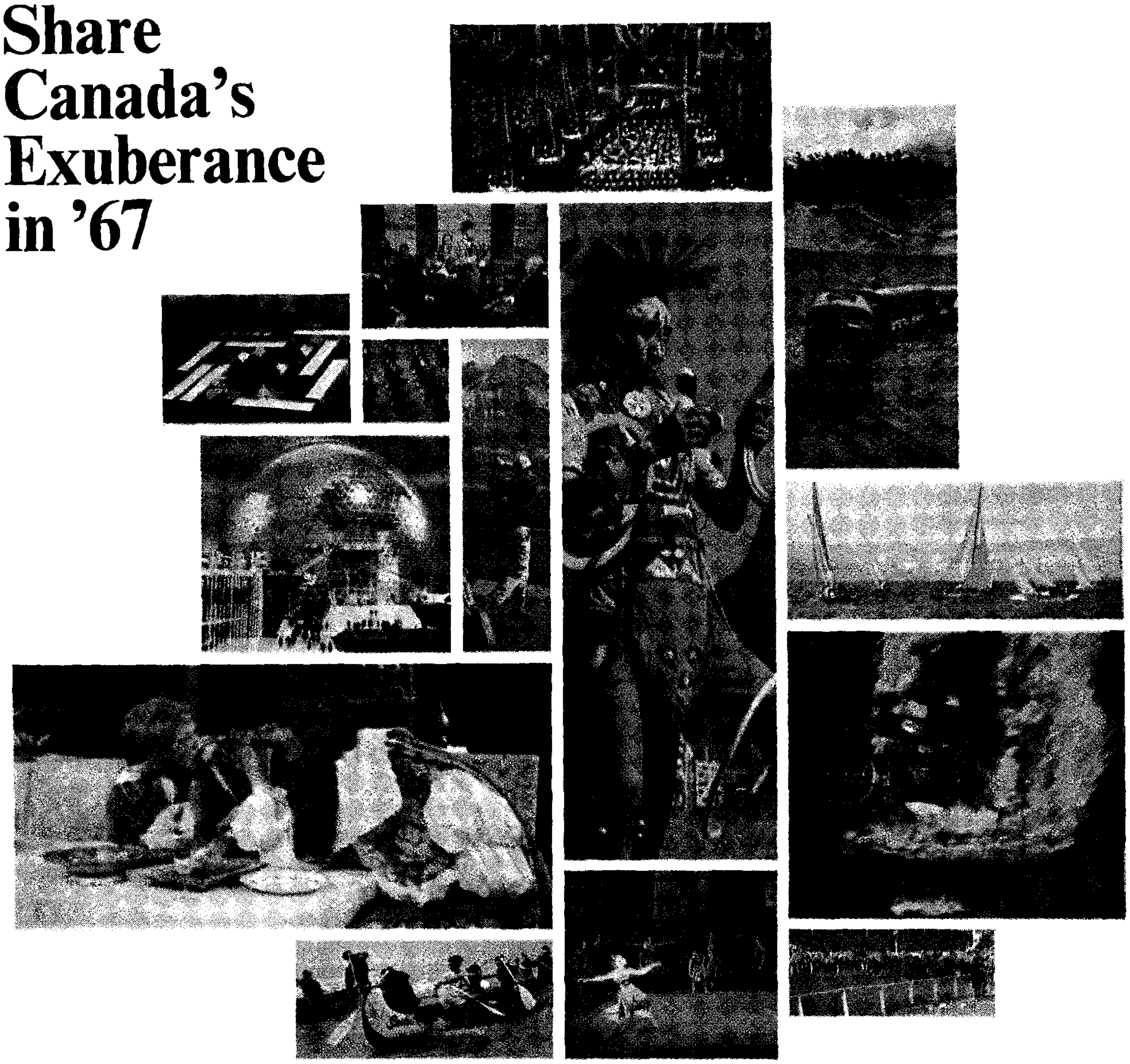
their inhabitants would have no place to go.

Humane and enlightened as the 1901 regulations and restrictions were, the Act itself brought no new housing into being. The slums continued to grow, and the need for decent new housing increased. By 1933, therefore, when Abrams, Stern, and Robbins sat down to draft the Municipal Housing Authorities Law, reformers were ready to turn from restrictive to constructive legislation. It was time, they felt, for the city itself, or some other agency, to build the housing that private enterprise could not supply. And because this moment—the first year of the New Deal after three years of depression—was a time of social experimentation, the new doctrine stood a good chance of acceptance. To many New Dealers, public housing was an appealing idea not only on humanitarian grounds but as a means of pumping life back into the economy. The very inefficiency of the home-construction industry, the country's most backward in its methods, appeared a virtue in the eyes of some Brain Trusters; a public-housing program, they believed, would be a dandy way of creating a lot of jobs and spending a lot of public money. In retrospect, Abrams thinks that the public-housing program has suffered from this initial confusion of purposes; it still operates under fossilized principles that were well suited to a time of depression but are not at all appropriate in today's inflationary, expansionist economy. "There are Newtonian laws in politics as well as in physics," he says. "A reform set in motion continues in motion long beyond the time when the reform itself needs reforming."

Early in 1934, shortly after the bill that Abrams worked on had been passed and the New York City Housing Authority had officially come into being, the Authority's chairman, Langdon Post, asked Abrams to serve as legal counsel in getting the agency started on its program. In that capacity, he devoted himself ardently to the work of the Housing Authority during its first three years—years that he recalls as in some ways the most exciting period of his life. Age-old prejudices were dissolving, injustices were being corrected, and a better, fairer, more humane world was in the making—or so, at any rate, it seemed to him, and to many another idealistic young man inspired by the New Deal. There were innumerable things, large and small, to be done in getting the Housing Authority under way, and Abrams was involved in most of them. There

Share Canada's Exuberance in '67



We're inviting everyone to the greatest party in our history. It's a year long and 4,000 miles wide. Canada's Centennial celebrations extend throughout 1967. They will take place everywhere, and in every form.

Flags and festivals will stretch from coast to coast. The performing arts will flourish. Canadian and international talent will tour the nation. New books, plays, music, dance and films are just a part of it.

We're planning sports everywhere on an unparalleled scale.

Over three thousand Western Hemisphere athletes will compete at the Pan-American Games in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Boxing, bowling, golf, judo and yachting championships will dot the land. Name the sport. We'll have it.

And some you'd never think of.

Like the 3,500 mile, 100-day canoe race that will send competitors over the old trapping routes from the great Canadian Rockies to Montreal . . . that includes making portages with fully laden 2,000 pound canoes!

We've created our special Confederation exhibition train.

It will take one year to cross the country carrying the most brilliant, exciting electronic display yet conceived. An animated, detailed picture of Canada from ice age to space age.

Every community will celebrate in its own distinctive way. In Montreal they'll do it at Expo 67, the international World's Fair. On vast islands set in the St. Lawrence River, rising futuristic pavilions are creating a new city of wonder and excitement. Here, over seventy countries will join us to show "Man and His World" . . . and open windows on the era ahead.

Just why are we doing all this celebrating?

Because we're Canadians . . . and 1967 marks the one hundredth birthday of Canada's Confederation. On July 1, 1867, our forefathers joined hands across a conference table. The pattern for progress was set. And Canada flourished. Today we stand on the threshold of our second century. We are proud of our nation's wealth — yet we believe in sharing it with other peoples.

Now do you understand our exuberance?

Then why not experience it? You'll find a warm welcome and a special place reserved for you. Join us in '67.

For more information on Canada and our Centennial Year, write: Centennial Commission, P. O. Box 1967, Ottawa, Canada.

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Bring Asti Gancia Sparkling Wine. Don't speak. The wine speaks for you. It bubbles and tingles and sparkles. It's young and lively and gay. It's like nothing else in the world. In Italy, it's almost as popular as love.

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were hearings to be held, surveys to be made, policies to be determined, contracts to be negotiated, opponents to be debated, impatient tenants' groups to be placated or exhorted, budgets to be drawn up, and interminable conferences with governmental officials to be attended. There were hasty trips to Washington for sessions with Senator Robert F. Wagner, with Harry Hopkins (who was to become Works Progress Administrator), with Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, and with Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes, among others—sometimes to solve New York City problems and sometimes to discuss the content and strategy of the national public-housing bill that Senator Wagner was introducing, and plan strategy for getting it through Congress.

Throughout the New York City Housing Authority's early days, millions of dollars were allocated to it on paper, but it had no cash to speak of. Early in January, 1934, Secretary Ickes, who was in charge of the Public Works Administration, sent a telegram to Mayor LaGuardia saying that he had earmarked twenty-five million dollars for the New York City Housing Authority; unfortunately, it took two and a half years to extract these funds from him. If ever a man was out of place as head of an emergency agency whose job was to pour out money like water in order to prime the economic pump, it was Ickes. An honest and fearless tightwad, Ickes had risen to prominence battling the graft and corruption of the Chicago city machine, and now that power had been put in his hands, he trusted nobody in the world except himself, acted on the theory that all local officials were crooks, suspected the other Cabinet members of plotting against him, and tapped the telephone wires of his subordinates. Abrams and Post battled Ickes desperately for the funds the New York City Housing Authority had been promised, but Ickes, hating to part with even a penny of the tremendous amount he had been given to spend, kept setting new requirements and finding other new reasons for delay. Meanwhile, the Housing Authority, itself ill-housed in some cramped offices at 10 East Fortieth Street, was trying at least to draw up some grand plans on a pittance of twelve thousand dollars that the city administration had lent it.

Obviously, this sum wasn't going to go very far, even though Abrams and other officials volunteered to work without recompense until the Housing Authority became solvent. After a few

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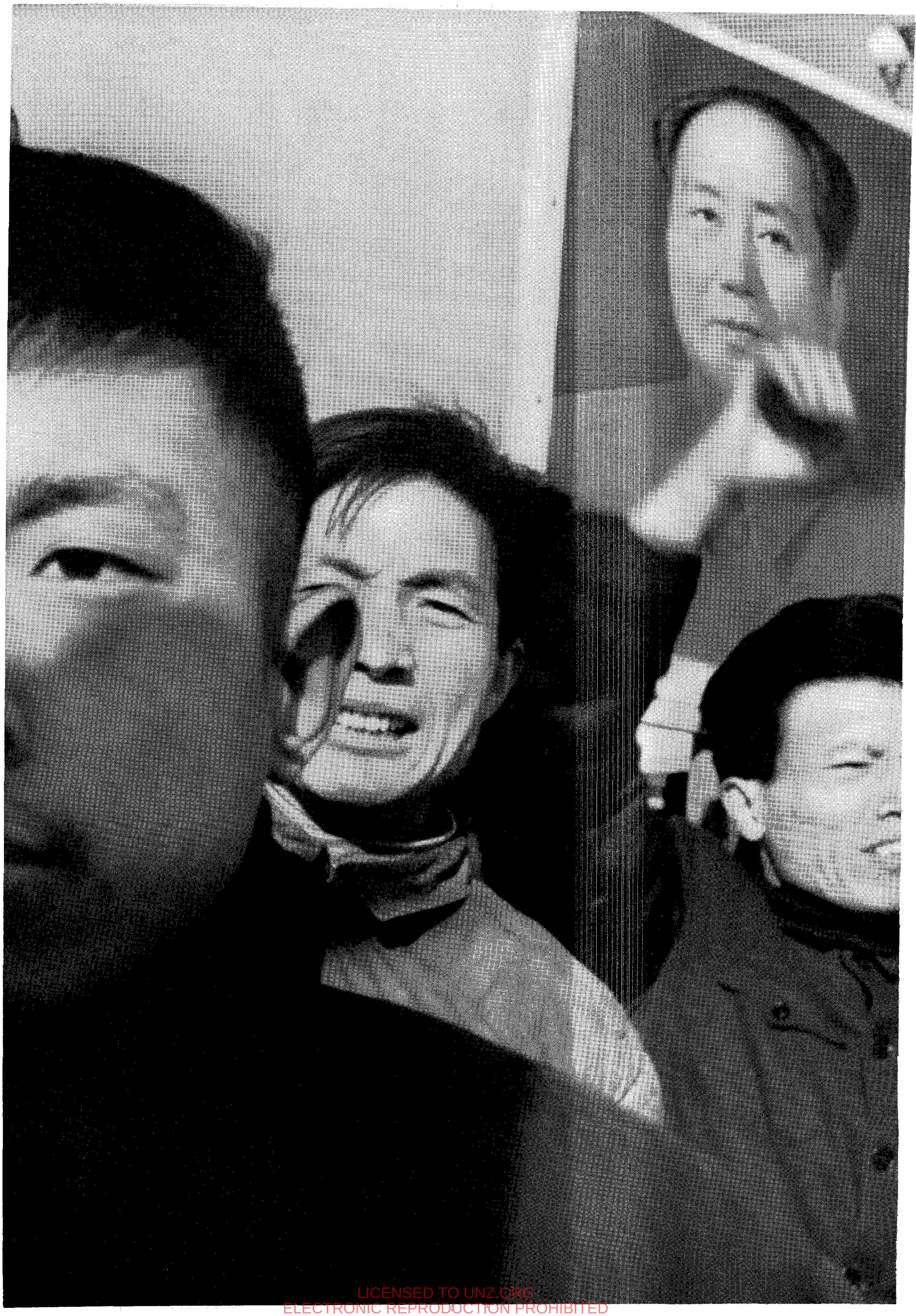

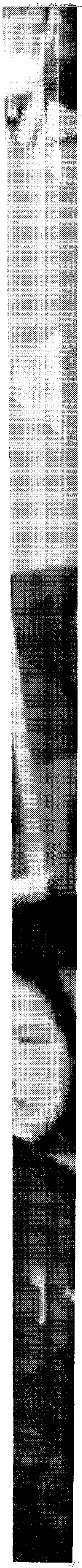

Open China's fist and you find an empty hand.

"Red China's claim to represent the wave of the future is fast fading. She has discredited herself even in the eyes of the less-developed nations by her unsuccessful attempts to stir up revolution among them. Unless we commit the folly of abandoning the field in Vietnam to communist subversion, Chinese prestige will probably go on fading."

The words are those of Edwin O. Reischauer, until recently U.S. Ambassador to Japan. Mr. Reischauer knows the Far East intimately. He was born there and has spent much of his life there — and when he speaks out, the experts take notes. In the February Reader's Digest, Mr. Reischauer asserts that time is on our side in Asia.

"A great mistake we make is to overemphasize the importance of Red China purely because of her size. China is an extremely poor and backward country. Japan already produces more than the vast population of China, with only one seventh as many people.

"Recent nuclear explosions in China are also cited as evidence of the nation's great potential. In my view, these explosions only diminish her potential. It is a great tragedy for the Chinese people that so many of their relatively scanty scientific and industrial skills are being thrown away on the production of what can be at most only a very minor nuclear capacity."

Time Is on Our Side in Asia is perceptive, informative, authoritative. This exclusive article is just one reason why 50 million Americans will turn to the February Reader's Digest.

Here are some more reasons:

Chaos in the Great Society. In trying to administer a rash of new domestic programs, President Johnson has created "an administrative monstrosity, and even his own people are beginning to criticize it in public." Incisive reporting by James Reston, condensed from *The New York Times.*

Our lovely, deadly Western deserts. "If water cannot be found in the rocks or sand and you find yourself too tired and discouraged to go on, crawl into the shade. Write your will in the sand and let the wind carry your last words east to the borders of Colorado and south to the mountains of the moon. Someday, never fear, your bare, elegant bones will be discovered and marveled at." A haunting evocation, condensed from *Harper's.*

"What the 'New Left' did to me." An angry young man discloses the full cycle of his thinking—from rebellion against all authority to communist "activism" to disillusionment with communist demands to defection. And he sees a way to avoid such "wasted years." A searching account by the author of *The New Left.*

The key difference: sex vs. sexuality. "Our society is obsessed with sex at the same time that it is uncomfortable, evasive and disapproving about sexuality. As a result, millions of Americans lead impoverished marital lives and unwittingly prepare their children for the same fate." The distinguished authors of *Human Sexual Response* explain why, and propose a new basis for teaching the values of love and morality. Condensed from *McCall's.*

Pills drivers shouldn't take. Increasingly, doctors and safety experts are realizing that the side effects of many medicinal drugs, particularly when combined with alcohol, can render you unfit to drive a car. Here are the disturbing facts and some helpful hints, condensed from *Family Safety.*

Scandal in the Job Corps. Designed to help high-school dropouts help themselves, this Great Society "dream project" has become, instead, a $300-million-a-year experiment in the care and coddling of young people—including the hoodlums among them. Condensed from *True.*

Closing in on the Loch Ness Monster. New evidence shows that there *is* something strange in Loch Ness. Success in the hunt for the monster might yield natural history's greatest sensation. A lively progress report, condensed from *Popular Science Monthly.*

Also in the February issue:

Why Mothers Don't Get Sick
The Secret of Self-Renewal
Needed: First Aid for Ambulance Services
A Victory Over the Smut Peddlers
Our Sick Jails Can Be Cured
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months, Post and Abrams decided that the Authority had better get going somehow on its own, without waiting for Ickes' largesse. Putting their heads together, they contrived (or perhaps Abrams' word "finagled" is the perfect one here) a financing scheme as unorthodox as any public body ever employed—one that provided certain poetic satisfactions as well as badly needed cash. Post, a man of inherited wealth that derived from real estate (including, as he was regretfully aware, some slum properties), was a dashing, idealistic figure of patrician bearing. As it happened, he was Tenement House Commissioner as well as chairman of the City Housing Authority. At the time he assumed the former office, in January, the city had suffered a number of disastrous tenement fires, and he set to work to apply the provisions of the law more rigorously than previous commissioners had. The owners of many of the most dilapidated tenements thereupon chose to close up their buildings rather than go to the expense of fireproofing them and otherwise bringing them into conformity with the law, and soon nearly two thousand tenement houses, many of them on the lower East Side, were standing boarded up and vacant. The idea that Post and Abrams conceived was to offer to tear down these buildings free of charge if the owners would let the Housing Authority have whatever proceeds could be realized from the sale of the bricks, plumbing, and other scrap that was salvaged. Most of the owners were only too glad to accept the offer, because the vacant tenements presented a serious hazard for which the landlords remained legally liable. A force of W.P.A. workers recruited from Harry Hopkins' agency by Post, a man with a good many friends in the Roosevelt inner circle, performed the labor of demolition and salvage, tearing down well over a thousand slum tenements during the next two years. This form of slum clearance, in itself a satisfaction to housing reformers, ultimately brought the Housing Authority more than half a million dollars, and was its only source of funds, aside from the city's loan, until 1937. Not only did this money permit the Authority to go ahead and prepare the housing program it planned to put into effect when it finally received its federal allocation but it made possible the actual construction of a small housing project on the lower East Side at Avenue A and East Third Street. Called First Houses, this group of buildings was opened with great ceremony on December 3,

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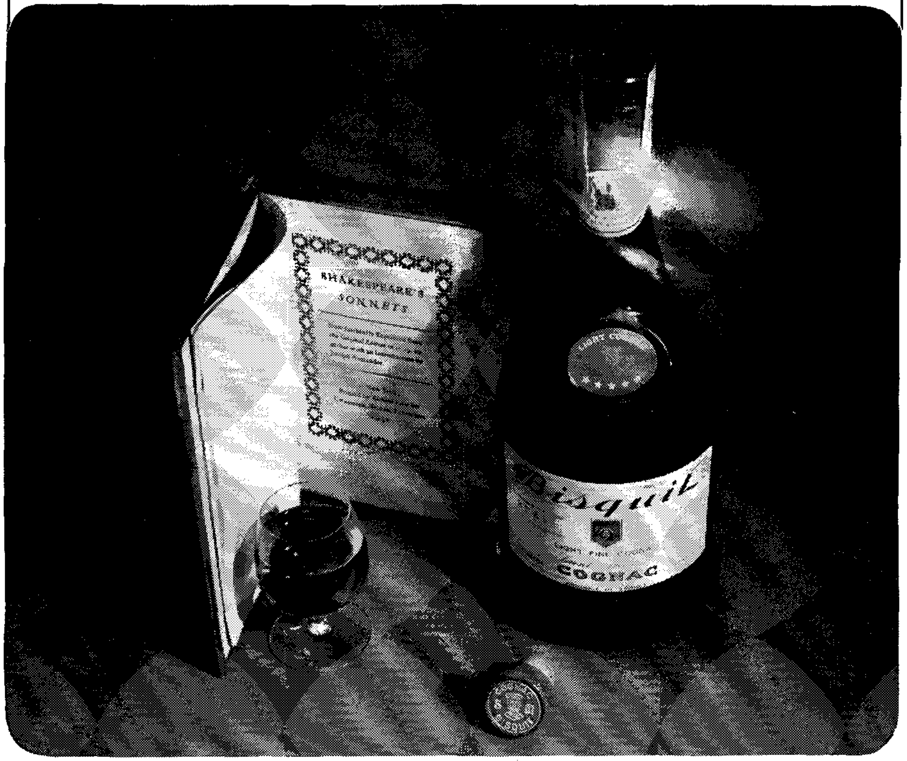

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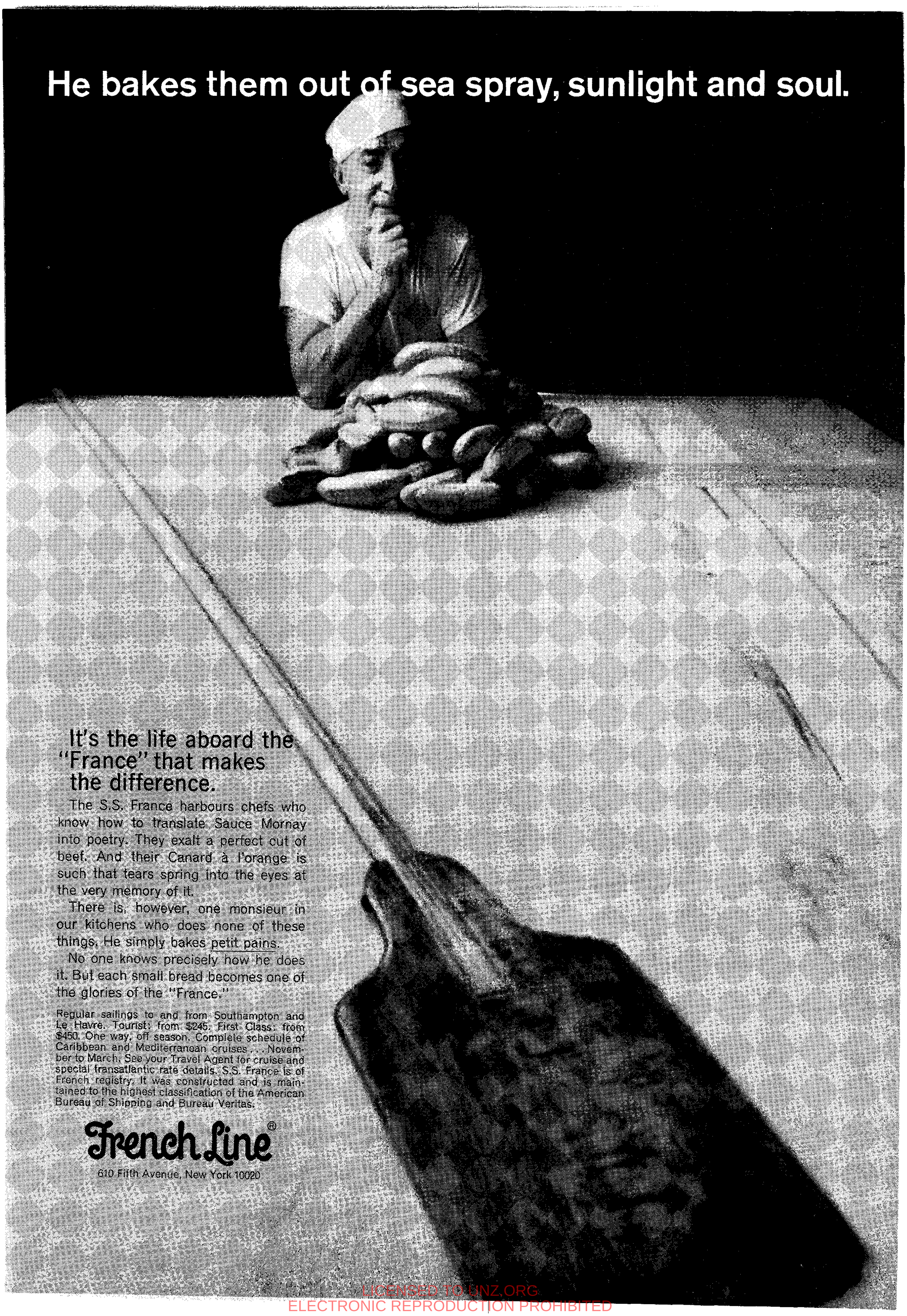

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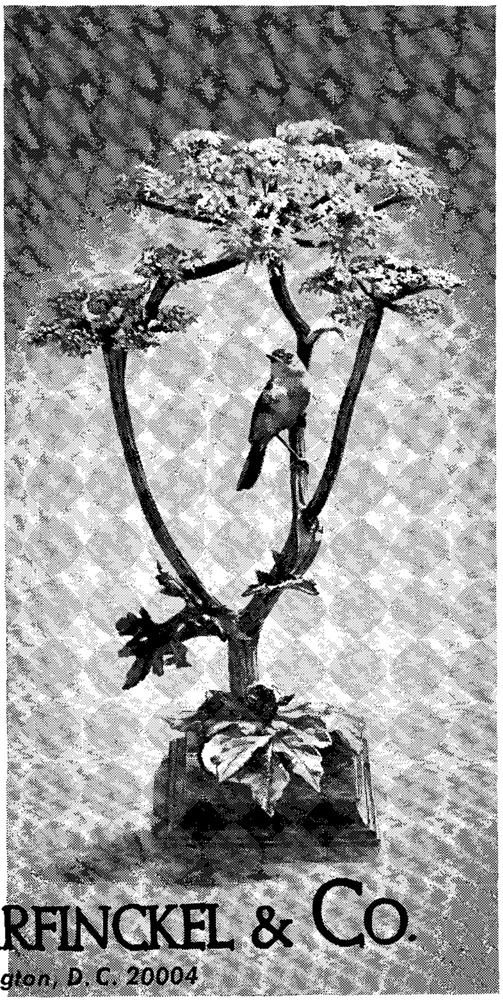

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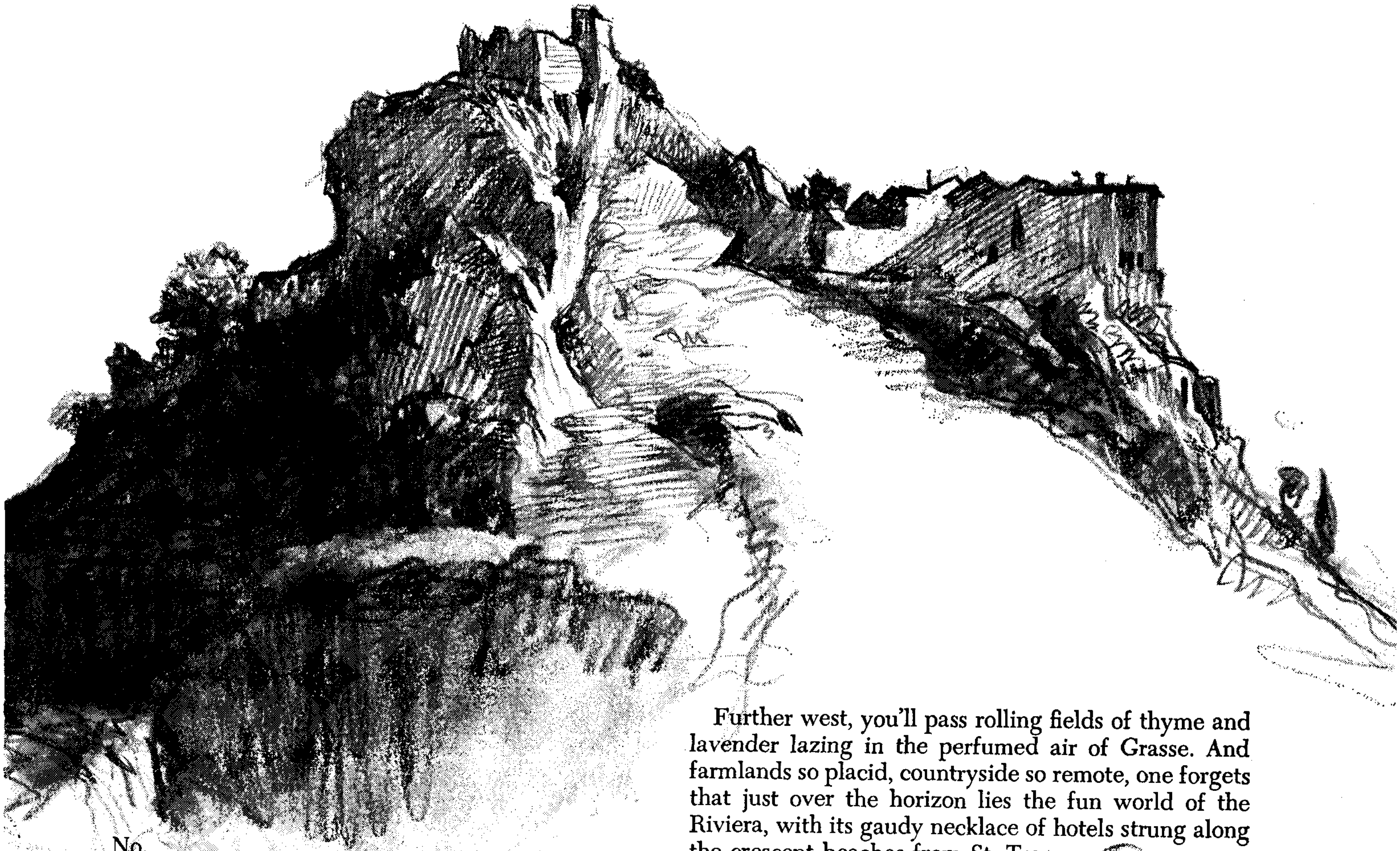
1935—the first public-housing project in America.

This whole financing operation was, of course, a highly irregular demonstration of public enterprise. Shortly after First Houses was opened, the City Comptroller, awakened to the situation by the fanfare, sent the Authority a letter saying that the funds from the salvaged materials should have gone to the city treasury and peremptorily demanding that the Authority make good the treasury's loss. Abrams, worried, set to work on a tortured brief, attempting to justify, with solemn citations and footnotes, the Authority's right to the money. As he was going over his arguments with the Authority's commissioners before sending off the brief, he was interrupted by one of them—B. Charney Vladeck, the general manager of the *Jewish Daily Forward* and New York's first Socialist city councilman. Vladeck, as a young man in Russia, had once been under a sentence of death for revolutionary activities, and he was not much frightened by the fulminations of the City Comptroller. "So he says we stole the money?" Vladeck asked, with a shrug. "So all right. What are you worrying about? Did we use it for ourselves? Don't you know that as long as you act in the public interest who cares which pocket the money goes into? Forget it. The public wants decent housing."

Of all the matters that Abrams was involved in during his years as counsel to the Authority, undoubtedly the most important was the Muller case, which was the major legal test of the Municipal Housing Authorities Law and the one that established beyond question the city's right to institute eminent-domain proceedings when balked by unwilling property owners in acquiring housing sites. This right is taken for granted now, but in the early days nobody was sure that the courts would uphold it. The case involved two pieces of property owned by one Andrew Muller on the run-down block selected for First Houses. The rest of the site had belonged to Vincent Astor, who had willingly sold his holdings to the Authority. Muller refused to come to terms. When it became apparent that negotiations would get nowhere, Abrams suggested to the Authority that the time had come for a test case. Some of the commissioners were dubious, fearing that loss of the case would jeopardize the whole public-housing program. Mayor LaGuardia flatly advised against it, thinking it was too big a gamble. Abrams nevertheless got permission to go ahead, and, having done a notable

Is it true that in the museums on the Riviera the girl guides wear bikinis?



No.

But it's worth thinking about. After all, the distance between museum and Mediterranean is very short. A girl guide *could* take her lunch hour at the beach and return in plenty of time to point out the beauties of the Matisses and Picassos.

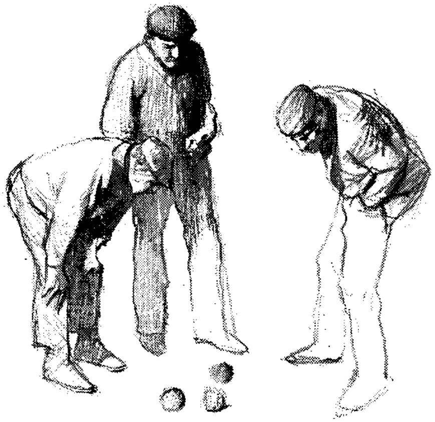
This indeed is our point. The French Riviera has something of everything.

All in a day you can sun worship, and art worship, dine regally, gamble legally. Drop in at a local night spot to catch Antoine, or whoever is the moment's *dernier cri* in post-Beatle madness.

Then, come the dawn, if you're still with it you can end your night's play watching the fishermen start their day's work.

Or you can get away from it all —high up in the hills, in the *other* Côte d'Azur.

Above twentieth-century Nice, for example, you'll come upon fifteenth-century Eze, perched like an eagle's nest on the cliffs—a silent, storybook medieval village, complete with crumbling stone and crooked lane.



Further west, you'll pass rolling fields of thyme and lavender lazing in the perfumed air of Grasse. And farmlands so placid, countryside so remote, one forgets that just over the horizon lies the fun world of the Riviera, with its gaudy necklace of hotels strung along the crescent beaches from St. Tropez to Menton. And its sheiks and shahs spending money as if it were oil—which theirs is.

A varied scene, the Riviera—devoted variously to accommodating the *inner* man. When last counted, there was a particular restaurant to serve (and well) each particular international palate. And purse.

For those who would eat as the natives do, there is home cooking, Mediterranean style. Bouillabaisse and bourride, pistou and courgettes . . . and presiding spicily over all, the pungent presence of saffron, olives, pepper and garlic.

The more garlic, to be sure, the closer you get to nearby Provence, with its Roman ruins, French cowboys and original Van Goghs.

But that's another story.

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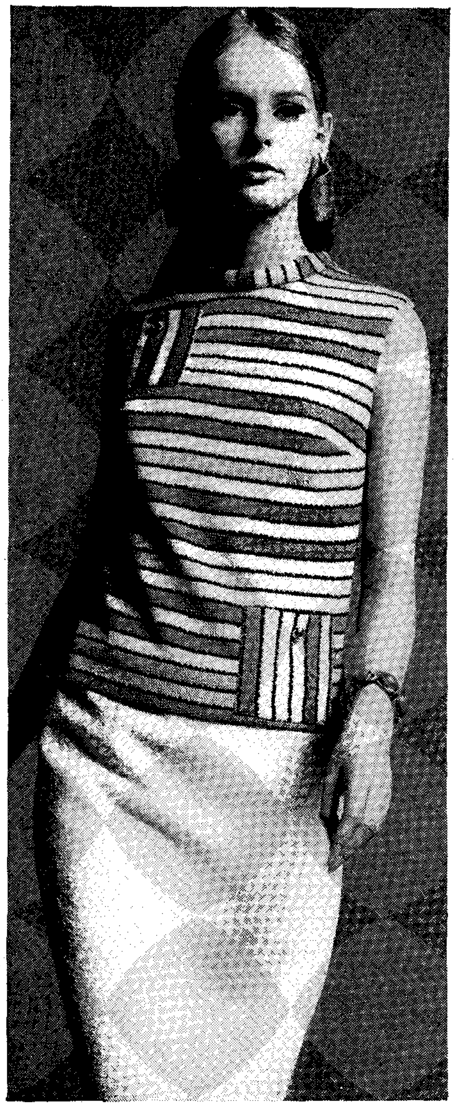

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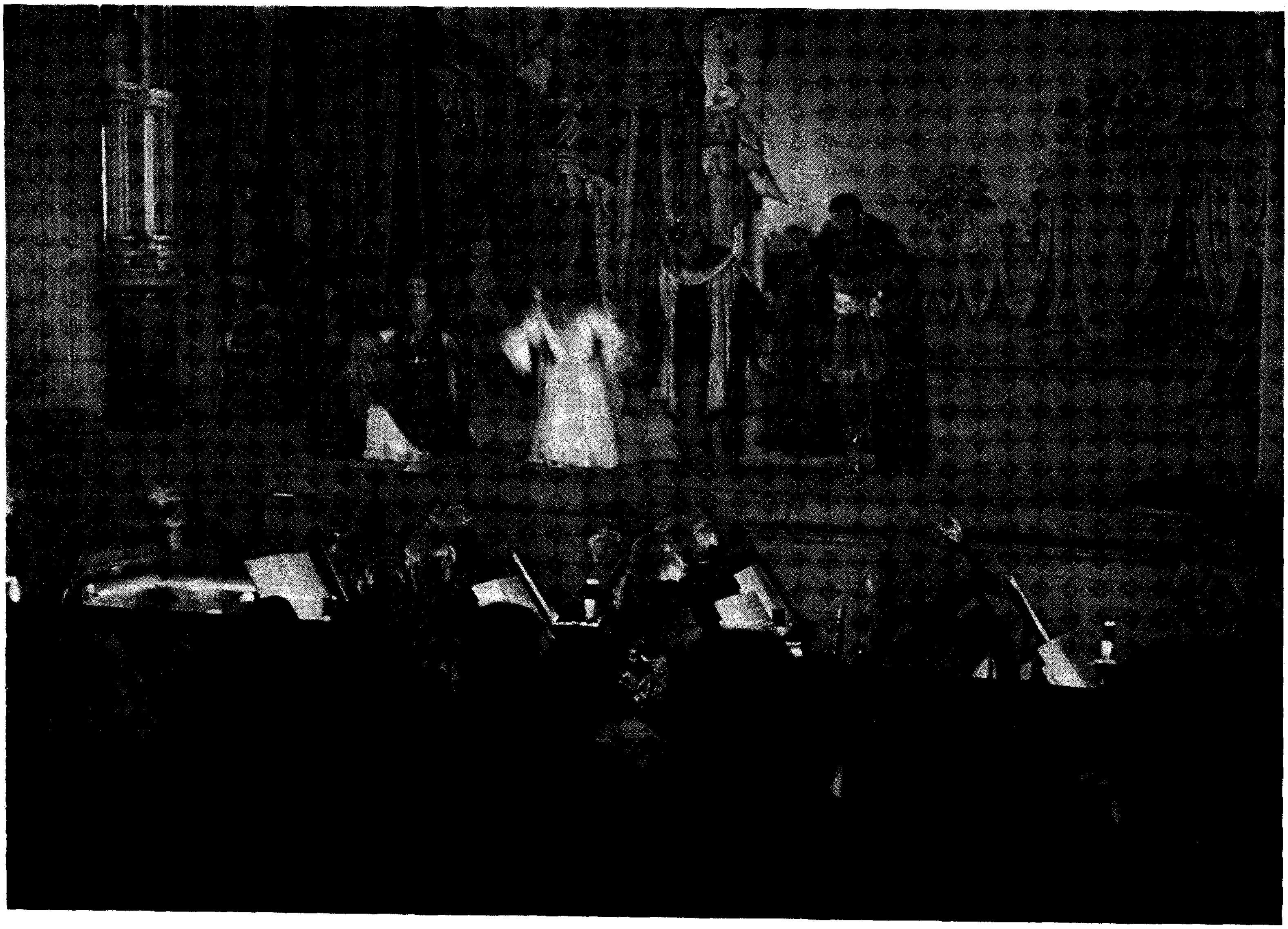
job of preparing his argument, was victorious both in the lower courts and in the appellate division. "If Abrams hadn't pressed the Muller case and won it, there would be no public housing today," Post said later. For that matter, there might be no Stuyvesant Town, no Coliseum, and no Lincoln Center, either, for all these developments involved the exercise of eminent domain to acquire property for an avowed public purpose. And whenever this purpose was challenged in the courts, lawyers defending the developments cited the Muller case as the precedent.

After First Houses, large projects were constructed in Harlem and in Abrams' own boyhood neighborhood of Williamsburg, and, as more federal funds were pried loose from Mr. Ickes, a number of other projects were started. In 1937, Congress passed the Wagner-Steagall housing bill, and the United States Housing Administration was established, under the direction of Nathan Straus, who said that just about everything that he knew about housing at the time he had learned from Abrams. By the end of that year, when Abrams left the Housing Authority—doing so, typically, in a blaze of public fireworks as a result of a policy disagreement with LaGuardia—the wild, freewheeling days were over and the form that public housing was to take from then on had been pretty well determined. Since those tentative beginnings, the New York City Housing Authority has changed the face of the city drastically, becoming in the process the nation's largest landlord, with assets of almost two billion dollars, and with about half a million tenants living in the hundred and forty-three thousand apartments it has constructed.

DESPITE such statistics, it is now generally recognized that the public-housing program in the United States has not fulfilled the perhaps overenthusiastic expectations of its early advocates. In terms of such amenities as yard space, sunlight, and ventilation, the public projects are undoubtedly more salubrious than the rotting tenements they replaced—indeed, as Lewis Mumford has often pointed out, they are probably superior in these respects to most Park Avenue luxury apartments—but the majority of them are stamped with a dreary, institutionalized look, and all of them are administered under a rigid code of petty regulations calculated to distress any self-respecting tenant. Furthermore, the social benefits of housing-project occupancy have not been all that the reformers had hoped for; changing the physical environment of onetime slum dwellers has not reduced the incidence of crime, delinquency, and disease to the extent anticipated. Throughout the years since the program came into existence, Abrams, while devoting energy and ingenuity to furthering the cause of public housing in this country, has at the same time been one of the most persistent critics of the direction that the program has taken. He deplores the poorhouse atmosphere and stigma that have become attached to the projects. "Why do housing projects all have to look like housing projects?" he asks. If he had his way, public-housing developments would not bear distinguishing names, on the order of George Washington Carver Houses, but would simply have street addresses like all other apartment buildings. They would be smaller structures, too—"vest-pocket projects"—which would not dominate their neighborhoods. A more fundamental change that Abrams would like to make would be to do away with the government's present policy of evicting tenants whose incomes rise above the modest amount that is now stipulated as the maximum income for project tenants. "No penalty should be put upon ambition so that the moment a family improves its income, it is forced to pull the children out of school, give up neighborhood associations, and move back to a slum," he has said. "If the tenant earns more money, he should be required to pay a higher rent, at which time he ceases to be subsidized. He should be looked upon as a potential prospect for a non-subsidized dwelling unit, not as a permanent charity case whose ascent from poverty is regarded as a violation of the lease. Projects should be built not as almshouses but as attractive additions to the urban scene, fit for families of improved income. The misassumption of public housing has been that there will always be stratified classes in the United States and that stratified projects must be their permanent habitat."

Actually, Abrams would go beyond merely permitting tenants to keep their apartments and pay increased rent as their incomes rose. One of his more unorthodox proposals—which has nevertheless begun to win favor recently—is that tenants who improve themselves economically should be permitted to buy their apartments from the government if they wish, so that over a period of time many projects could become private coöperatives. Though Abrams believes as strongly as ever that a govern-

If you must visit a castle when you're in Europe visit one where something is happening.



In a lot of European castles all you'll do is walk through drafty corridors, look at faded portraits of people you don't know, and see the room where the family ghost appears whenever you're not there. Interesting maybe, but not very lively.

But five miles outside Stockholm stands Drottningholm Palace, one of the world's last *living* castles. Here things that happened several centuries ago are *still* happening. It houses the only 18th century court theater that still does what it was built to do in 1766—give performances of 18th century operas and ballets.

The theater's original wooden stage machinery still raises and lowers the sets during Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte," just as it did when Mozart was alive. The world's largest collection of 18th century stage settings is here, not behind glass but on stage, where at one time you had to be a duke, or better, to see it.

About the only concession to modern times has been the addition of electric lights, and that merely to keep you from getting candle drippings on your head.

After the performance you can lounge around the palace grounds and engage the cast in some enlightening 20th century conversation about 18th century things.

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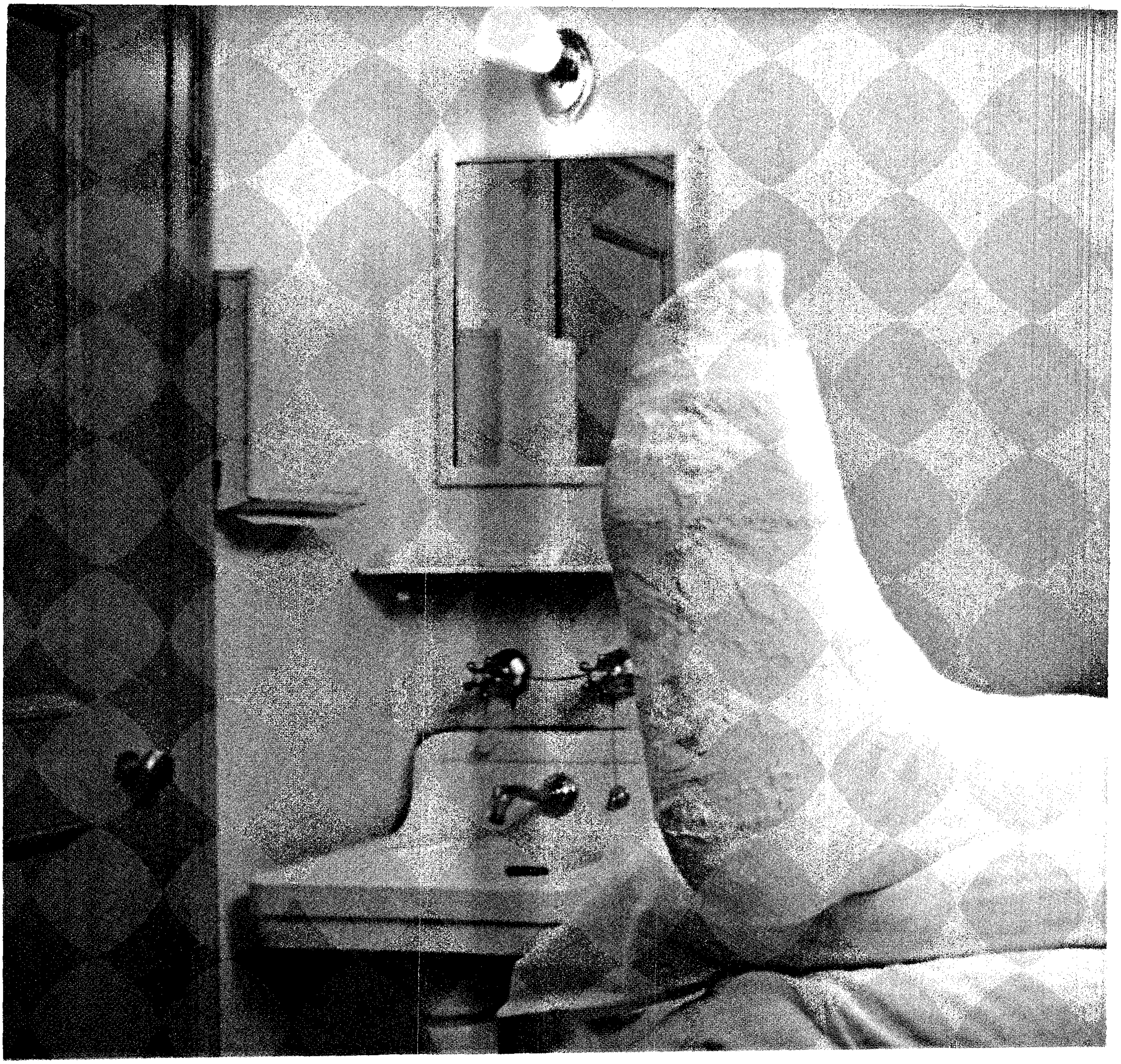

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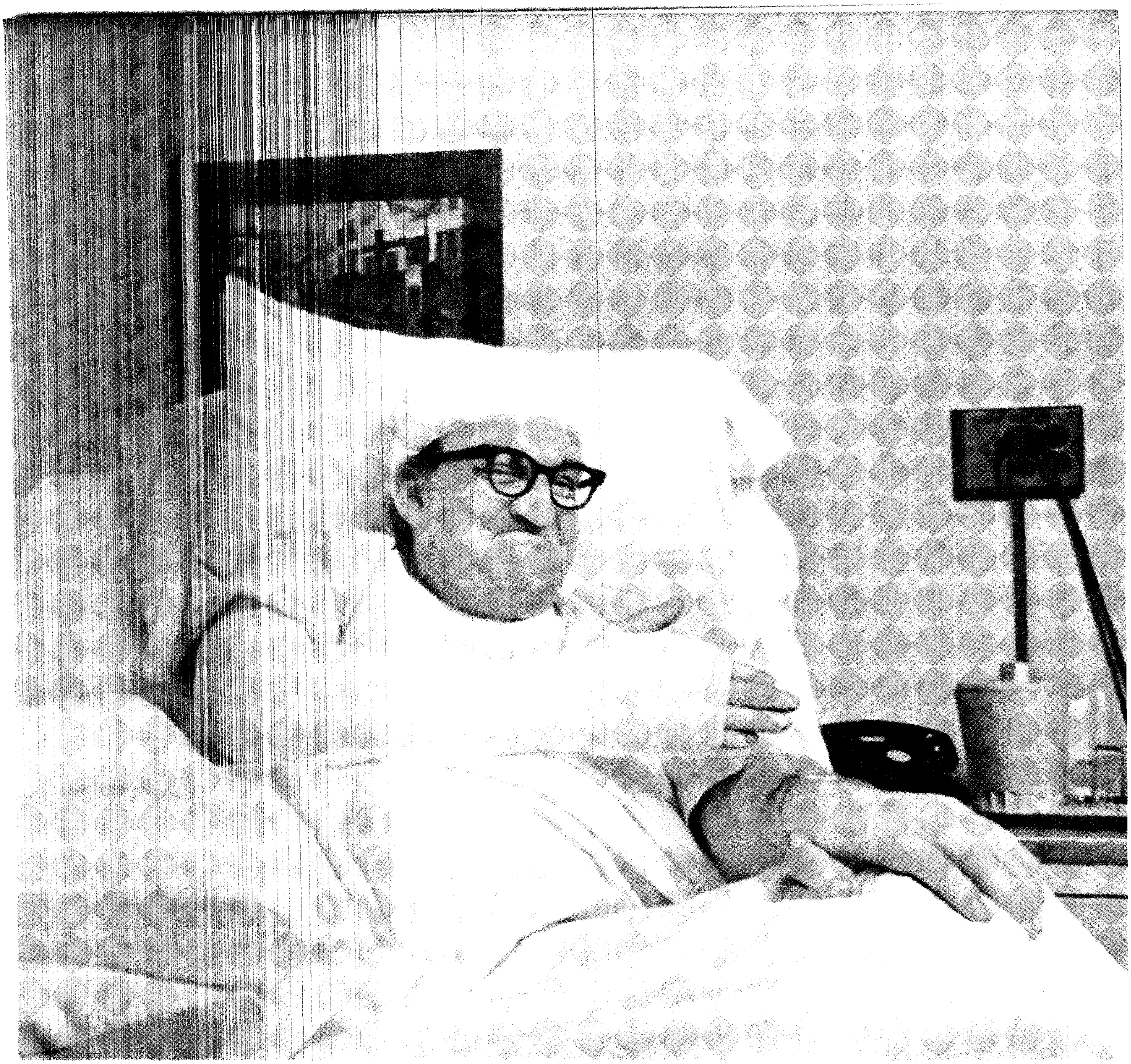

something awful from the next room.

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ment concerned about the welfare of its people is duty bound to supply housing for those whom private enterprise has neglected, he sees no inherent virtue in the government's continuing to own and manage all the housing once it is built. In fact, he thinks it would be better all around if the government did not continue to play the role of landlord. "To accomplish certain ends in a complex modern civilization we have to use the methods of Socialism, but we should also be continually de-Socializing as we go along," he says. It is propositions like this that have given Abrams his reputation as perhaps the most flexible and original mind in his field. Catherine Bauer Wurster, one of the crew of New Dealers who conceived the first federal public-housing legislation, once said of him, in a tone of exasperated admiration, "Charlie has always kept all his friends and allies off balance. He is continually questioning and rethinking the ideas and fundamental beliefs for which all of us, including him, have fought and bled."

When the United States public-housing law was drawn up, one of its essential components was the slum-clearance requirement; one slum dwelling unit had to be destroyed for every public dwelling unit built. Abrams took great satisfaction in that provision at the time, but he now regrets that it has stayed on the books, virtually unchanged, ever since. He sees its persistence as another illustration of his political Newtonian law. "The slum-clearance policy made sense during the Depression, when there were many apartment vacancies, but it is unworkable in a period of housing shortage," he says. Since the Second World War, when the shortage first became acute, he has been trying with no success to get the United States to alter its policy sufficiently to build primarily on vacant or underdeveloped land. Unfortunately, he and his fellow-reformers made such a powerful impression in the old days that he has found it all but impossible to change the course of the program he and they helped set in motion. He's had much more luck at getting across-the-board slum-clearance operations suspended in Africa, South America, and Asia than in the United States. The painfulness of the whole operation here at home is exacerbated for him by the fact that slum clearance has nowadays become almost synonymous with Negro clearance, since it is Negroes who currently occupy most of the urban slums.

As a matter of fact, Abrams sometimes wishes that the concept of the

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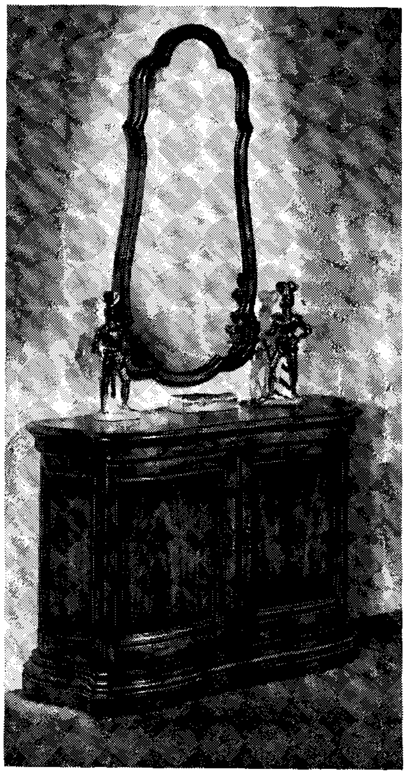
slum had never been formulated, for he has come to regard it as a misleading one. "I'm no longer as sure as I once was that I know what I'm talking about when I describe some district as a 'slum,' " he says. In drafting housing legislation in the New Deal era, he and his colleagues tended to define slum housing or substandard housing according to specific physical criteria—windowless rooms, inadequate toilet facilities, sagging ceilings, wooden stairways that had not been made fire-resistant, and the like—and slum-clearance agencies throughout the nation are still using these criteria, almost unchanged, in determining which houses and neighborhoods are to be demolished as slums. But Abrams, with long years of experience under his belt, now prefers to judge a housing situation according to much broader and subtler considerations. "You can't necessarily tell whether a family is happily or wretchedly housed by using a standard that takes account only of the physical attributes of the building it's living in," he said recently to the students in one of his Columbia seminars. "A family may dwell in contentment in a rickety shack without plumbing if the shack happens to be in a lovely rural setting. An exurbanite's mansion on a five-acre plot may have all the latest conveniences and gadgets and yet be basically a miserable housing situation if the owner finds himself having to commute for an hour and a half every morning to his work through snarled-up traffic, and if his wife and children are pining for diversion and company. In the city, a banker's family may be considered ill-housed in a thousand-dollar-a-month apartment if jackhammers and steam shovels are everlastingly shattering their peace or if they have disagreeable relations with their neighbors, while for the family of a"—Abrams paused and grinned—"of a pickled-herring vender in a tenement apartment on the lower East Side amid neighbors and friends who care about them and share their troubles and triumphs, and with all sorts of shops and lively activities right at hand, such a tenement, despite the bathtub in the kitchen and the railroad layout of the place and the insufficiency of sunshine and fresh air, may be (I say, *may* be, mind you) a better, richer housing situation than anything that city planners and bureaucrats are apt to provide as a substitute."

WHEN Abrams resigned from the New York City Housing Authority in 1937 after clashing with



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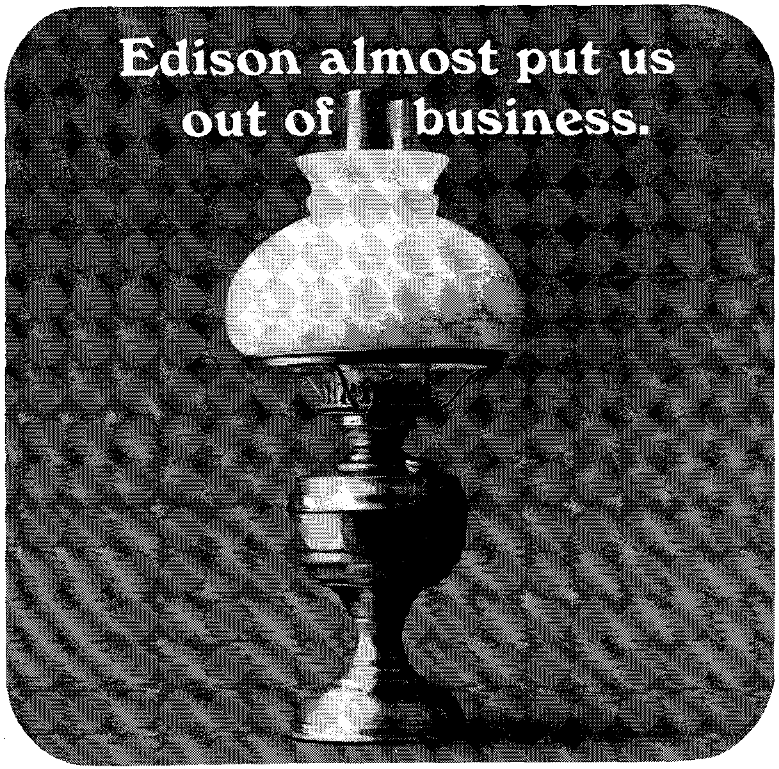

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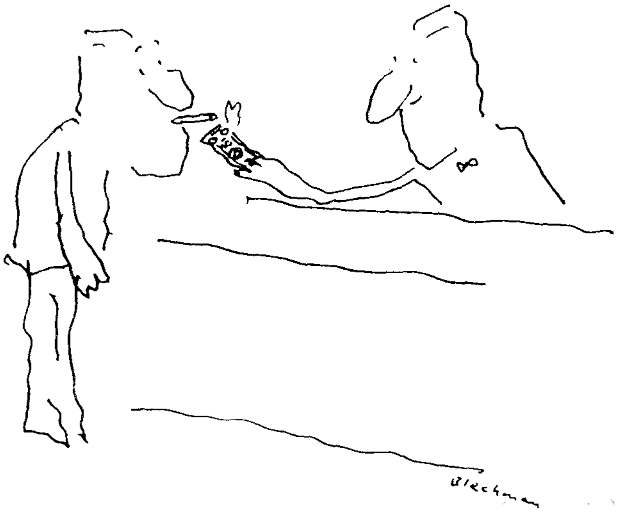

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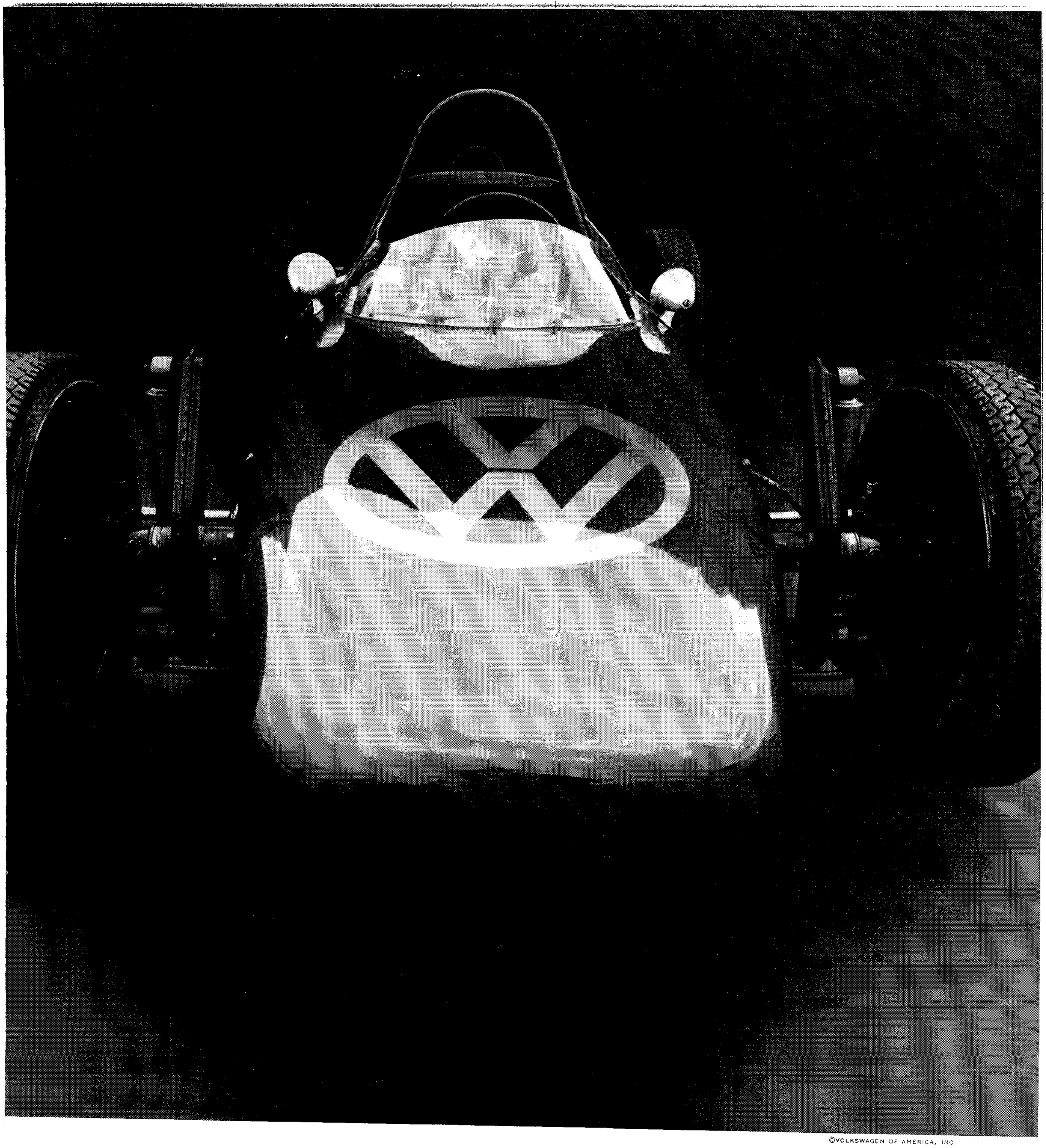
LaGuardia, he was given a demonstration of how rough the Little Flower could play when crossed. From the start, the strong-willed Mayor had been annoyed with Abrams for daring to have a mind of his own about housing matters. They had disagreed over whether the Housing Authority should be dominated by the Mayor or should be, as Abrams advocated (and as it later became), a semi-autonomous municipal corporation. And LaGuardia, who had made his peace with Ickes, had been exceedingly annoyed when Abrams continued to push for a federal housing program that was independent of Ickes (a campaign that was ultimately successful). After Abrams' ouster, the Mayor got further steamed up when the press lambasted him for forcing Abrams' resignation, and his volatile temper boiled over when Abrams, defending himself during a radio interview against disparaging comments by the Mayor, pointed out that the Housing Authority had been forced to resort to all sorts of expedients during most of its existence because its only support from the LaGuardia administration had been a measly twelve-thousand-dollar loan. No reactionary can aggravate a reformer more than can a fellow-reformer who is accusing him of being less than wholehearted about his reform efforts; no battles in public life are apt to be more sanguinary than those between two fervent liberals, differing over aspects of policy and tactics that to the public appear trivial but that to those concerned loom as irreconcilable. Vowing that he would teach Abrams a lesson, the Mayor had his subordinates draw up a list of the buildings that Abrams owned, and he took this list over to the Buildings Department himself and ordered, "Slap these places with every violation you can find!" The man who was then Deputy Buildings Commissioner, Harry Prince, has said that this was the only time he ever saw LaGuardia use this particular kind of roughhouse tactics against a political foe. Over the next few days, inspectors swarmed through Abrams' buildings, listing one transgression after another. Some of the buildings had been given routine inspections just a short while before and had been declared satisfactory, but the New York City building code is such a hodgepodge that an inspector who puts his mind to it can find violations in any building. This was comically illustrated during the LaGuardia blitz of Abrams' properties. By mistake, LaGuardia's avenging inspectors had 29 Washington Square



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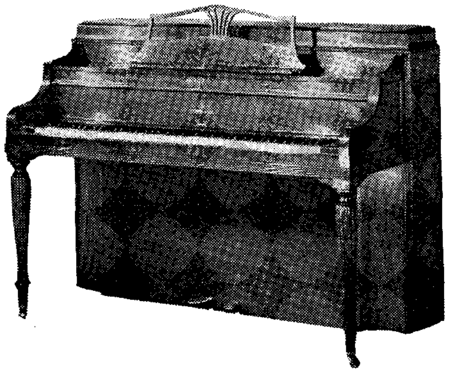

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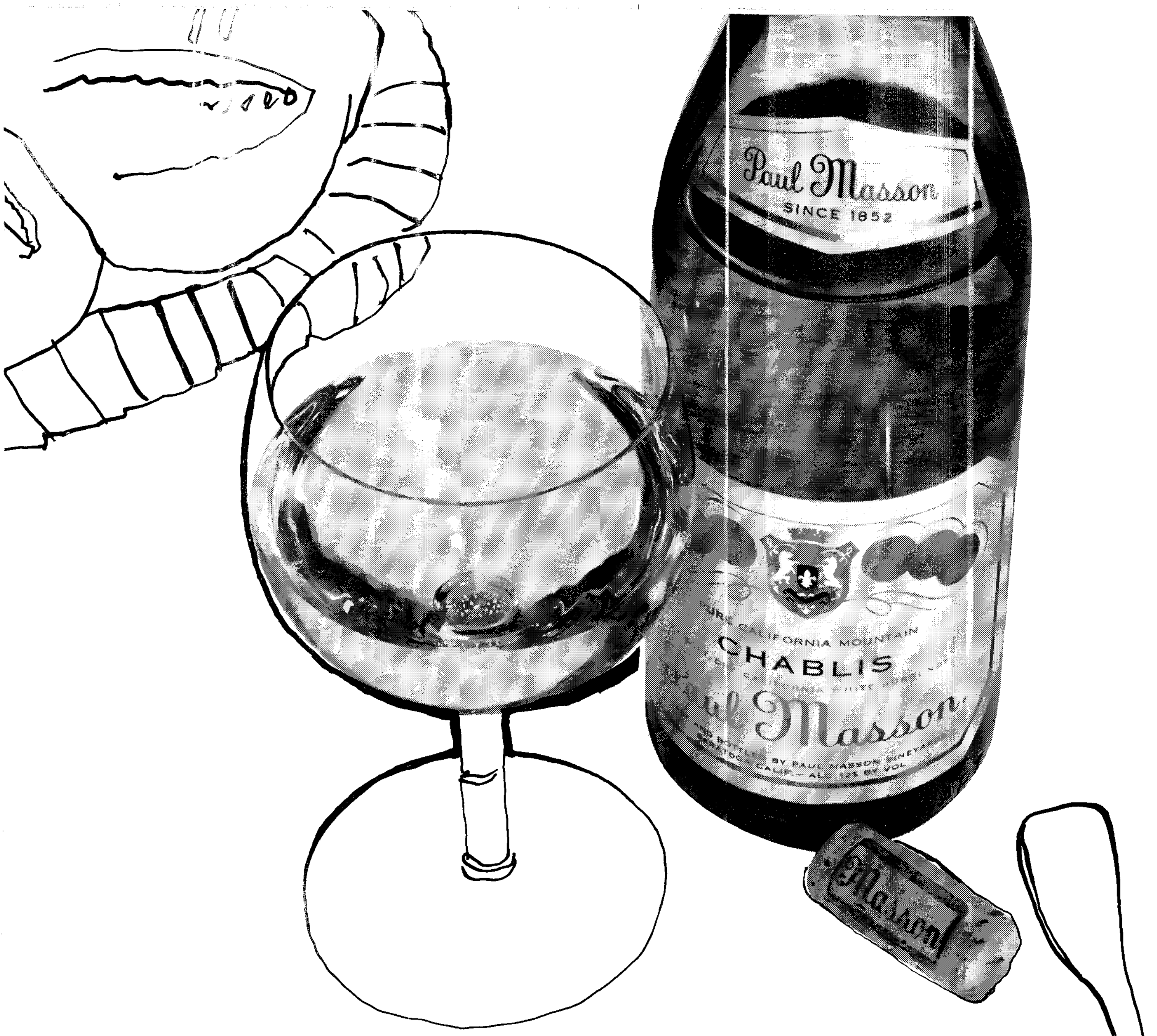
West, an imposing, de-luxe apartment house, listed as belonging to Abrams, so they descended upon it. The actual owner was flabbergasted when the inspectors began combing it as if it were a festering menace to the city's health and welfare. It was then virtually a new building, had passed a complete inspection not long before, and subsequently became the New York address of Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

This experience cost Abrams several thousand dollars and some of his idealism—or, at any rate, his political innocence. For all his disagreements with LaGuardia, he had admired the Mayor immensely as a fighter for human rights, and had not been in the least prepared for such a demonstration of political ruthlessness. In his distress, Abrams decided to wash his hands of public affairs forever and concentrate on the private practice of law. This resolve lasted for four days—until the first private client came into his office. As the client began detailing his petty grievances, Abrams' heart sank. He realized at that moment that, having been stirred by great public issues and having known the satisfaction of helping to determine public policy and thus affect the lives of great numbers of people, he could never be content to serve only narrow private interests. But since he also realized that his high-spirited nature was ill suited to the routines of bureaucracy, he decided that he would have to serve the public privately—that is, in his own way. He thereupon began carving out his special niche as a free-lance, freewheeling combination of reformer and expert. He started writing his first book, "Revolution in Land," which, on its publication in 1939, Lewis Mumford described as the first really important word on the subject of the social occupancy and control of land since the writings of Henry George, and which sold a thousand and nine copies. He began teaching courses in housing and land economics at the New School for Social Research, and later at other institutions, including M.I.T. He turned out pamphlets, made speeches, wrote articles for the *Nation* and the *New Leader*, appeared as an expert witness before congressional committees, showered advice on government agencies that would have been just as happy without it, criticized most of what was being done about housing in this country, and, upon being challenged to make constructive proposals instead of merely sniping from the sidelines, went ahead and, to the annoyance of his challengers, drew up detailed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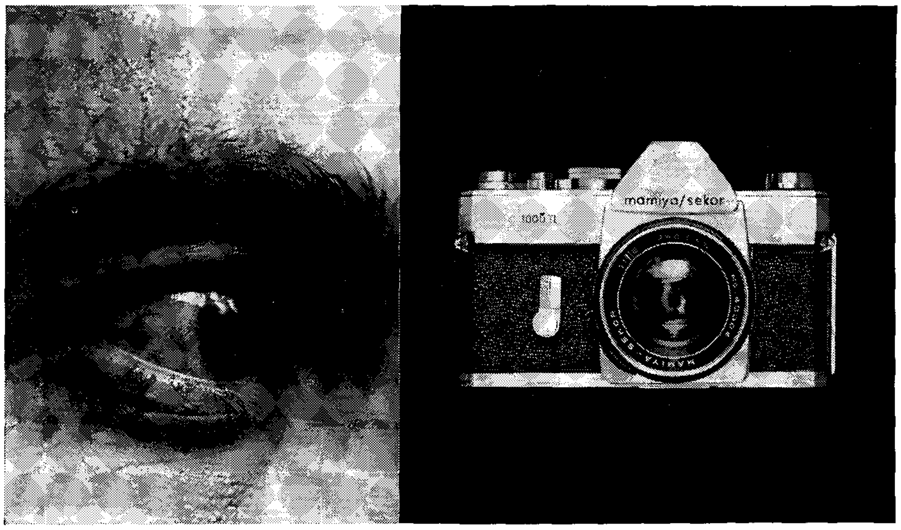

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plans for what he believed should be done.

In 1942, Local 32-B of the Building Service Employees Union sought a wage increase, and when the members of the New York Real Estate Board pleaded that they couldn't afford to grant it, the union got Abrams to testify before an arbitration board, as an expert real-estate operator, that real-estate management was making ample profits. The Real Estate Board countered with a surprise witness—Abrams' own business manager, who testified that Abrams' buildings were losing money. It was a blow aimed at discrediting both Abrams' acumen as an operator and his repute as an expert. Abrams sought and got permission to cross-examine his manager, and by the time he had finished, he had elicited information that showed his buildings to be, in fact, making a handsome profit of thirty per cent. The building employees got their raise.

Through the years, whenever housing, racial discrimination, or a similar cause has been at issue, and a worthy organization concerned with such matters has needed someone to address a meeting, the organization has been able to count on Abrams, no matter how short the notice or how far away he might be. "The only problem is that you can never count on him to say just what you want him to," the director of one such organization says. "Most of the time he's magnificent—rousing, informed, warm, humorous, challenging, constructive. But every once in a while he'll come up with some odd idea out of nowhere—something he is probably mulling over tentatively. He'll present it as if it were gospel and derail everything. That's the chance you take, but it's worth it."

An architect who has known Abrams for a long time has found that whenever he runs into Abrams, the effect on him is always unsettling. "Charlie is always doing something new," the architect said. "He's always blithely taking on some huge new project or campaign, or decrying some new outrage. And as he goes off, at that ambling gait of his, I just stand there, saying to myself, 'Brother, I'm sure in a rut.' " In whatever Abrams has undertaken, he has seldom been content to play just one role. More often, like a gabby Marcel Marceau, he has played all, or nearly all, the parts there were. For instance, in 1949, when a major federal housing bill—what became the Taft-Ellender-Wagner Act—was being considered, Abrams played the parts of the sober expert, giving legal and technical

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advice to the framers of the legislation; of the passionate agitator, delivering speeches and writing articles in support of the bill; and then, after it was passed by Congress, he played the part of minstrel. He wrote songs, skits, and lampoons for a victory celebration that was held at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, and himself gleefully breezed out on the ballroom floor and performed them for his audience. One of his comic songs caused the usually dour Senator Robert Taft to roar with laughter, and Abrams still cherishes that moment. "I'll bet there aren't many people who can say they made Senator Taft laugh," he likes to boast.

Shortly after the Second World War, Abrams embarked on a new enterprise, becoming a special reporter and housing expert for the New York *Post*. Having been given a free hand by the paper, he was able to keep City Hall in a gratifying turmoil with his denunciations of slums and segregation, and he had a fine time thinking up vast city housing programs, providing handy instructions for financing, legislating, and administering them, and then agitating for their adoption in article after article—exhorting the public, badgering Mayor William O'Dwyer, and lambasting that grand panjandrum, Robert Moses, who was then the city's housing coördinator, for being picayune. ("Moses—Or Houses?" was the title of one article.) His campaigns succeeded surprisingly often, ending sometimes with Mayor O'Dwyer telephoning the *Post's* publisher and saying wearily, "Tell Charlie he can lay off now—we're going to come through on that idea of his." In 1948, he pushed through in this way a public-housing scheme for middle-income families, under which about thirty thousand apartments, with a total value of five hundred million dollars, have been built so far; the scheme, which is self-supporting and requires no cash subsidies, is nowadays regarded as one of the more successful elements of the city's housing program. After his middle-income housing campaign was put across, Abrams started in on a campaign to get the city to put up a hundred thousand dollars for rat control in the tenement districts. Around this time, O'Dwyer, fed up with Abrams' articles, offered to create a cushy position for him as special housing consultant to the Mayor; all Abrams would be expected to do would be to drop in at Gracie Mansion now and then and give the Mayor the benefit of his advice in a friendly chat instead of splashing it before the public. "Would I be expected to give up

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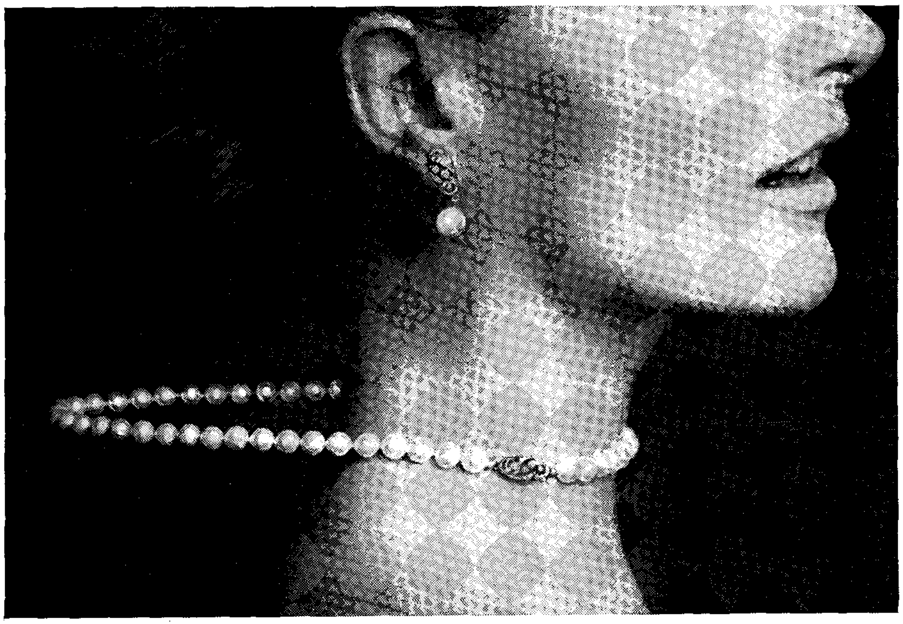

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my column?" Abrams asked O'Dwyer suspiciously. "Well, that goes without saying," O'Dwyer replied. Abrams declined, with thanks, and went back to writing for the *Post*, which he continued to do for another year, leaving after the paper's ownership changed hands.

Yet another of Abrams' activities, utilizing yet another of his talents, was, from time to time, to take on socially significant court cases without fee. Unquestionably the most significant of these was the one known as Dorsey vs. Stuyvesant Town, which was initiated in 1947. At issue was a decision by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company to rent apartments in its Stuyvesant Town development only to whites. Abrams, representing three Negroes who had been turned down as tenants, argued that this was unconstitutional. To encourage the construction of Stuyvesant Town, the city had granted Metropolitan Life tax concessions worth an estimated seventy-five million dollars and had also used its condemnation and eviction powers to help the corporation acquire the site. While the case was being argued, the insurance company's attorney, Samuel Seabury, confronted Abrams with the precedent of Abrams' own Muller case, saying that it provided the legal basis for Metropolitan's development of Stuyvesant Town, and that he was therefore nonplussed to find Abrams challenging the project. Abrams replied that he was challenging the project's policy of selecting tenants, not its policy of acquiring land. Since the corporation had accepted extraordinary public assistance, Abrams argued, it had no right to describe itself as just an ordinary landlord, whose tenant-selection policy was a private matter. He took the position that a landlord who availed himself of government powers and government financial assistance was under the same constitutional obligation as the government itself not to discriminate against citizens because of their race. This case, as Abrams has pointed out in "Forbidden Neighbors," an impassioned book he wrote eight years afterward on housing discrimination in America, clearly stated for the first time the constitutional dilemma posed by a partnership between government and private enterprise—a kind of partnership that was being entered into increasingly often for urban-development projects of various kinds. The legal issue, he has written, was whether "what the government itself could not do constitutionally it *could* do through an agent using its power and aid," and

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the moral issue was which ethics would prevail in this partnership—the higher public ethics of the government or the private ethics of the marketplace. Abrams lost his case in the Court of Appeals by a four-to-three decision, but the litigation excited much public concern, and in 1950 the New York State Legislature passed a law applying the principles he had laid down to all projects built with government aid. (A few years later, Abrams found himself administering and enforcing this law as chairman of the New York State Commission Against Discrimination.) Since then, of course, the City Council and the New York State Legislature have gone even further, and it is now against the law here to discriminate against a tenant on racial or religious grounds in any apartment house or development, private or public.

Before Abrams became chairman of the State Commission Against Discrimination in December, 1955, he served Governor Averell Harriman's administration for a year as the State Rent Administrator. Here, he headed a chaotic organization whose function was to deal with about a half-million complaints a year. These came from tenants who were angry about their landlords, their rents, their services, or about rat and insect infestations of their buildings, and from landlords claiming financial losses, demanding rent increases, and vituperating against the behavior and base character of tenants. Emotions ran high. Occasionally, Abrams' morning mail would include a whopping cockroach that an irate tenant had captured and sent along to dramatize his complaint. No rats were ever received, mercifully, but one of Abrams' predecessors once got slugged by a tenant just as he was stepping out of his limousine to enter the commission's offices; thereafter, rent commissioners always sneaked in and out the back way. In theory, Abrams has always disapproved of rent control, as a measure that discourages incentive to new construction and private enterprise, but during the acute housing shortage that then prevailed he felt it to be necessary. At one point, when he learned that a deal was being arranged between Democratic and Republican leaders in the legislature to quietly scuttle rent control, Abrams raised such a public furor that the deal had to be called off.

At the State Commission Against Discrimination, when Abrams took over, the tempo was very different from what it was at the Rent Control Commission. Everything went smooth-

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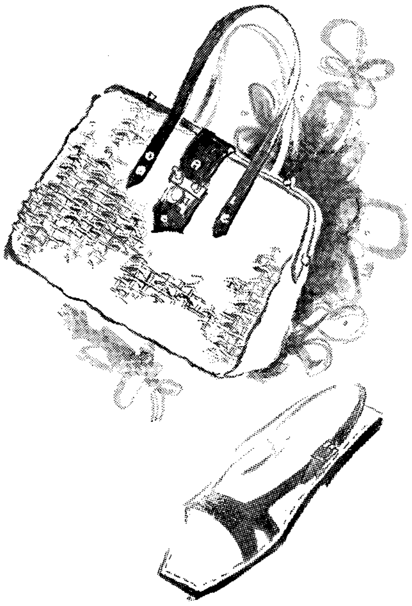

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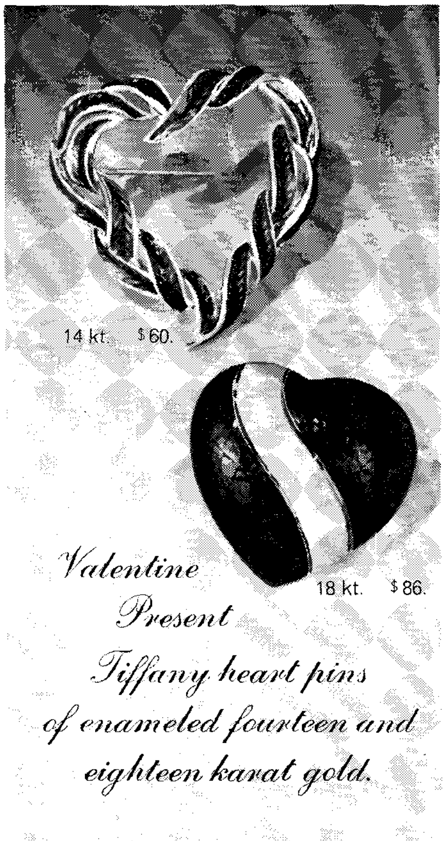

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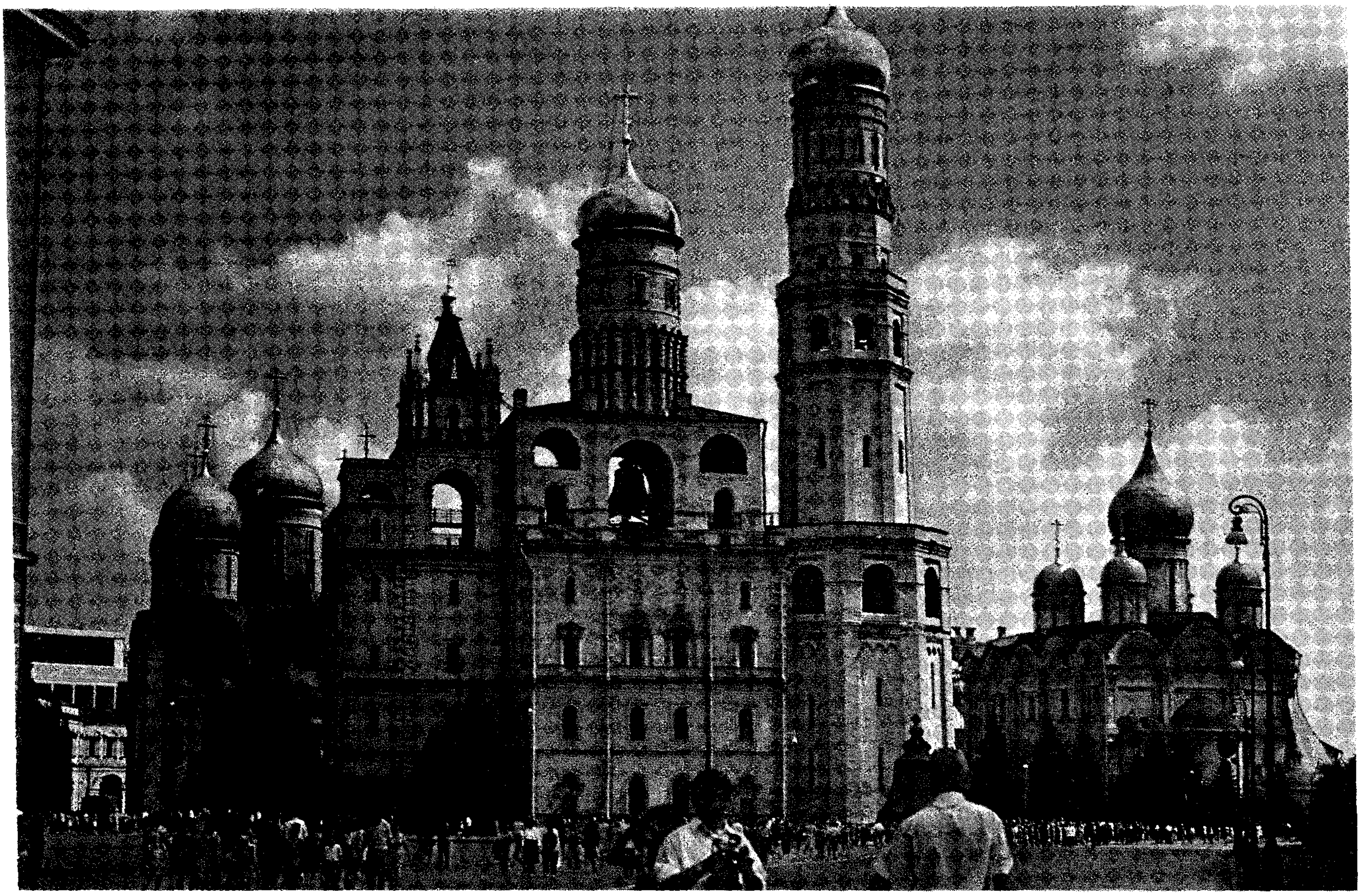

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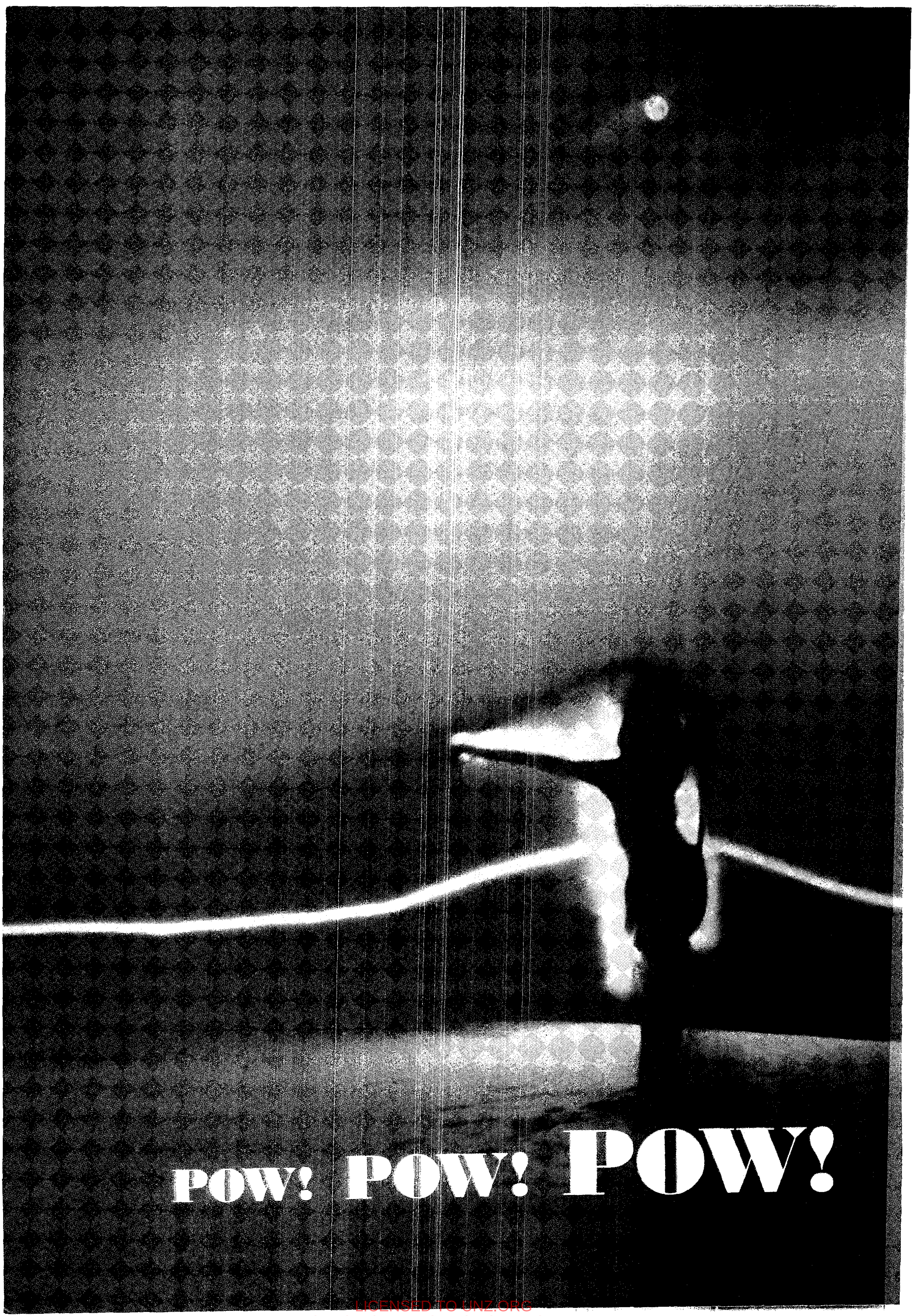

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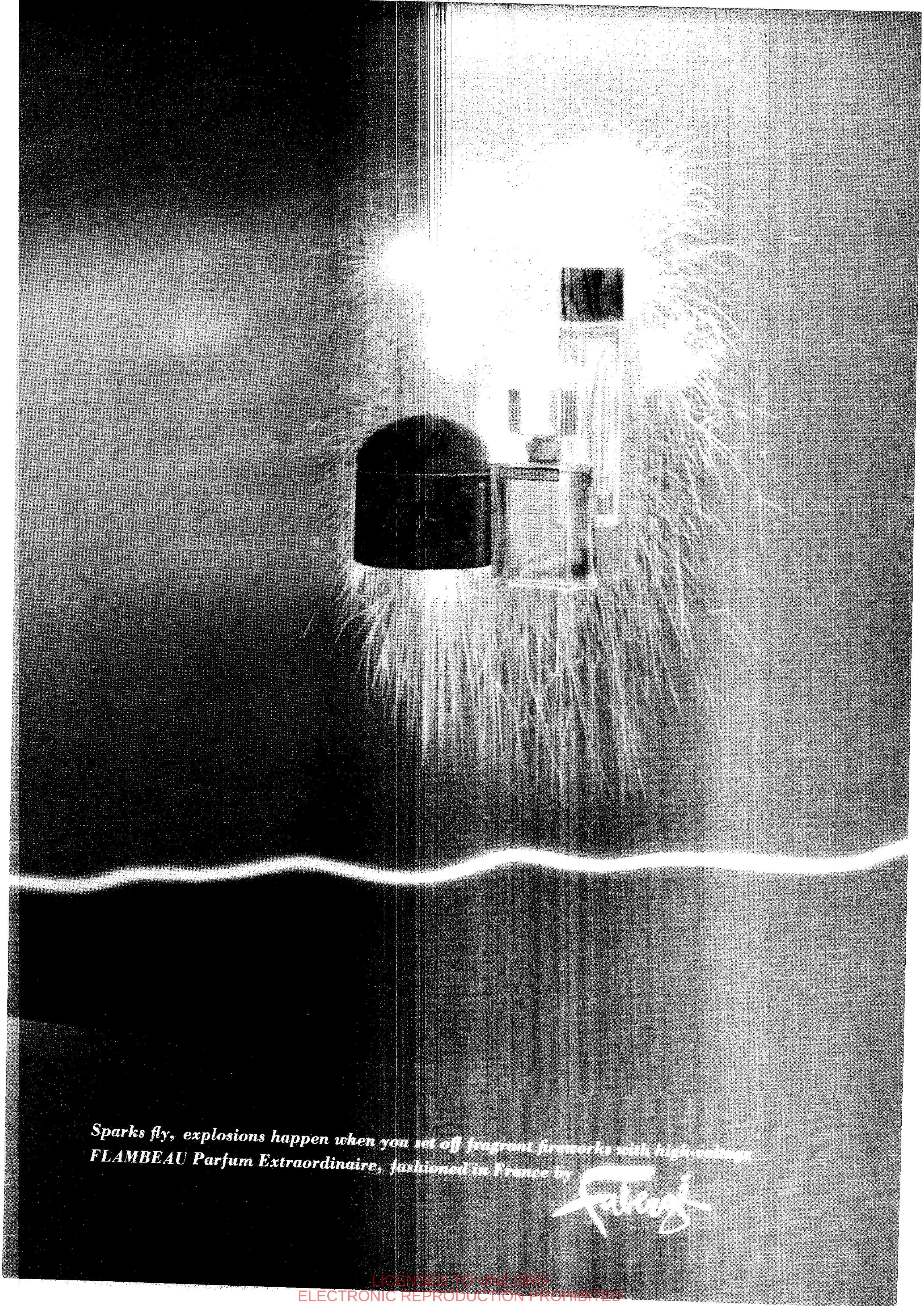

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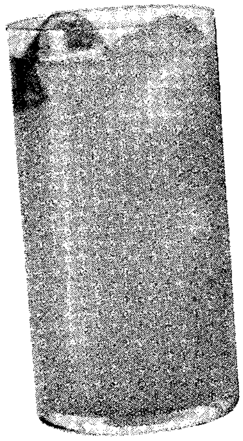

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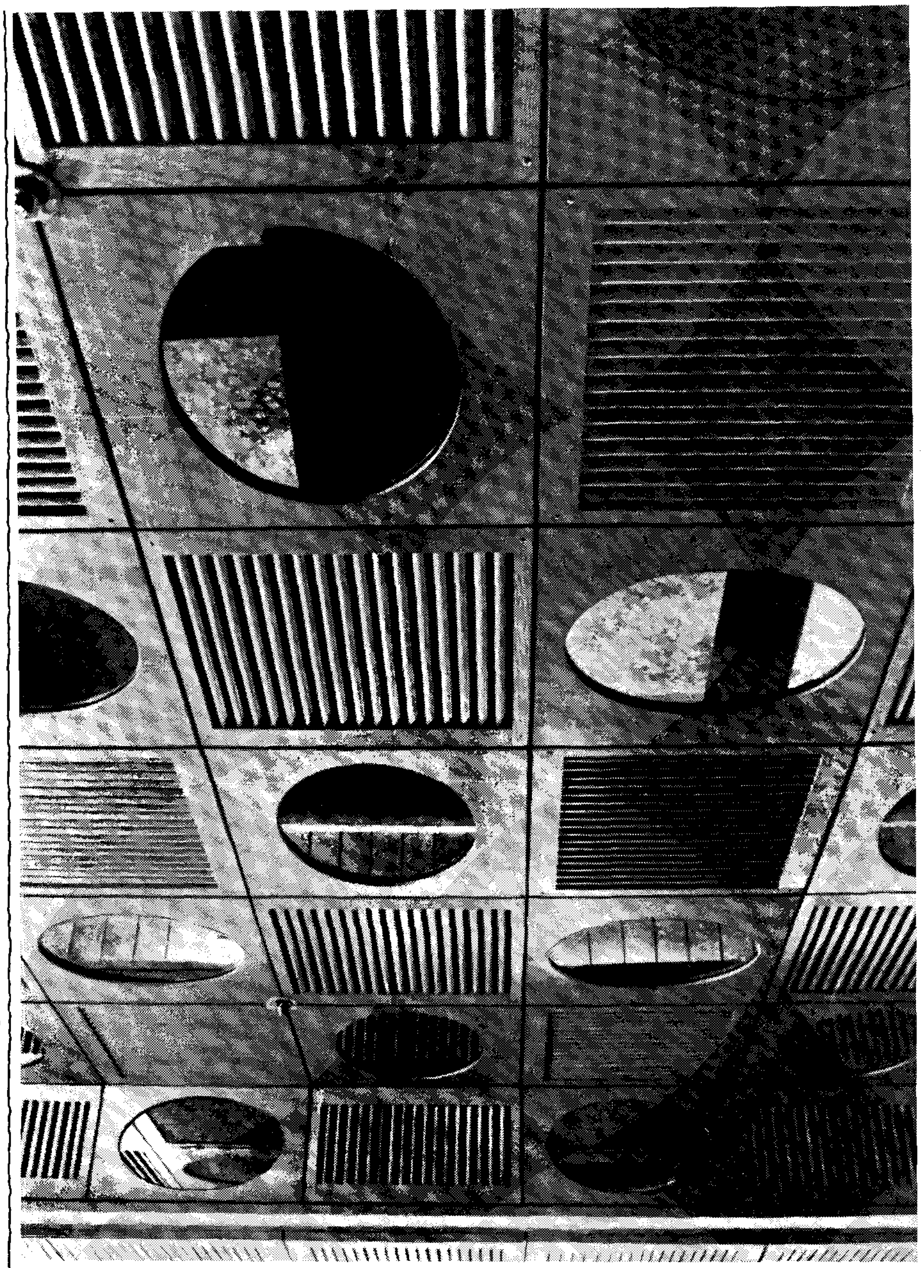
Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK LET THIS SEAL BE YOUR GUIDE TO QUALITY. 90 PROOF ly and quietly. Voices were not raised. The prevailing tone was one of tranquillity, order, conciliation, caution, gentility, respectability. Only a few hundred complaints came in each year, and they were processed with grave decorum. This was the way the agency had operated since its establishment, in 1945, as a result of the passage of the bipartisan Ives-Quinn bill prohibiting discrimination in employment. At the time, this was a legislative experiment without precedent; the New York State Commission Against Discrimination was the first agency of its kind to be established in this country. In administering the law, the emphasis was placed on doing nothing that would alarm the general public or offend powerful interests, and this was probably sound strategy at the outset, for the success of the law depended almost entirely on the degree of public cooperation it could command. Aggressive administration was not needed at the beginning anyway; the mere existence of a law stating, for the first time, that "practices of discrimination against any of its inhabitants because of race, creed, color or national origin are a matter of state concern" and that "such discrimination not only threatens the rights and proper privileges of its inhabitants but menaces the institutions and foundation of a free democratic state . . ." had a powerful effect. Major corporations, whose respectability was an important part of their stock in trade, had no wish to be lawbreakers, so they immediately began making significant changes in their hiring practices. One such firm was the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. This company carried life-insurance policies on two and a half million Negroes throughout the country—and up until quite recently had been one of the few major firms willing to regard Negroes as insurable human beings. But though it considered them insurable, it had never considered them employable, even in the menial capacity of janitor or charwoman. Not a single Negro employee of any sort was to be found in the home office or in any of its thirteen hundred district offices, including the ones in Harlem and other Negro areas. Nor, if the law had not been passed, would any change have been made, the company's officers have since conceded. But when the law *was* passed, the officers met and decided that it was their duty not only to comply but to do so wholeheartedly. Everybody within the organization was informed unequivocally of this decision. There would be no subterfuges, no



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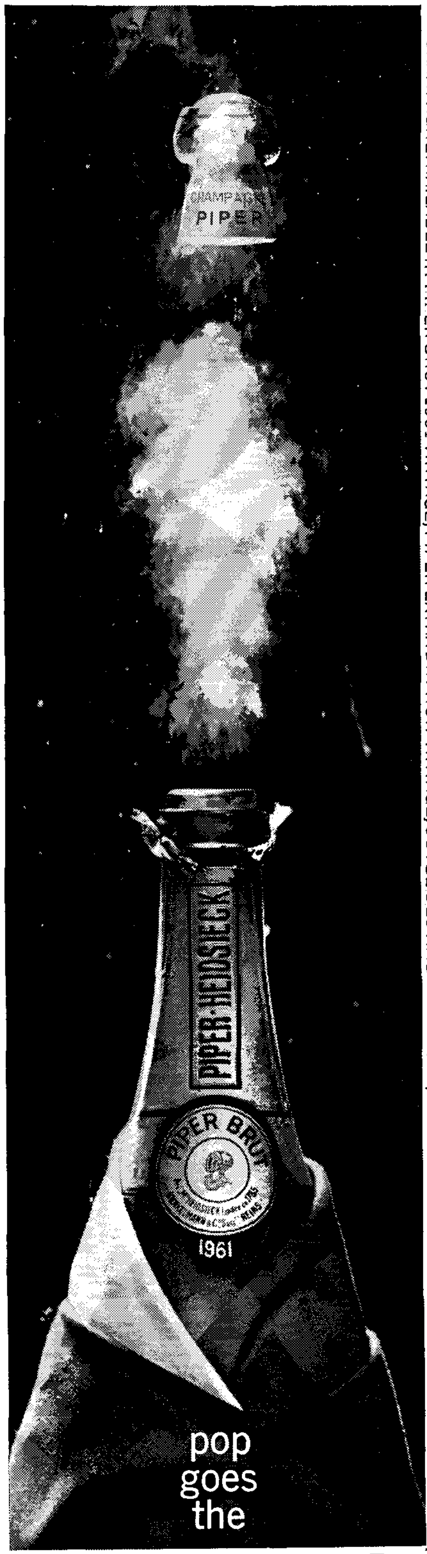
secret marks designating race or religion on personnel cards; there would be no special considerations in hiring, assignment, or promotion. Within a decade after this decision, Metropolitan Life was employing in its home office some six hundred Negroes (exact figures were not available, since no records of the employees' race were kept) in a wide variety of positions, including some on the junior supervisory level. From all over the country, executives of other corporations came to Metropolitan Life's home offices to learn how this had been achieved and to see for themselves how it was working out. Abrams later said, "If the law had done nothing more than make it possible for Metropolitan Life to change its hiring practices, it would still have been a most important piece of legislation." The New York experiment was watched closely, and within ten years nine states and some thirty cities passed similar laws.

But by the time of Abrams' appointment to S.C.A.D. there were many who felt that New York had lost its leadership in the battle against discrimination. Even among those who had initially favored caution, the quiet, conservative approach was considered to have accomplished its purpose and to be no longer appropriate. Among civil-rights organizations, New York's S.C.A.D. had fallen into some disrepute. It was said that it worked so quietly that most Negroes did not even know it existed, and so slowly that by the time it issued a ruling the victim had forgotten what it was he had complained about. Negroes were no longer as gratified as they had been a decade before by a company's willingness to hire a token Negro as a stenographer, or even to promote a Negro to a junior supervisory position. Housing segregation, with all its disagreeable consequences, had come to be recognized as a major problem, and, partly as a result, new powers and responsibilities had been entrusted to S.C.A.D. by the state legislature. The agency was now responsible for preventing racial discrimination in housing built with public assistance and in all sorts of public accommodations, and also for preventing discrimination in employment on account of age or sex. Governor Harriman's appointment of Abrams was explicitly intended to breathe new life into the agency. Abrams was supposed to shake things up, and he did. In an interview shortly after taking up his new position, he remarked, "At the Rent Control Commission, my job was to make order out of chaos. Here, I would



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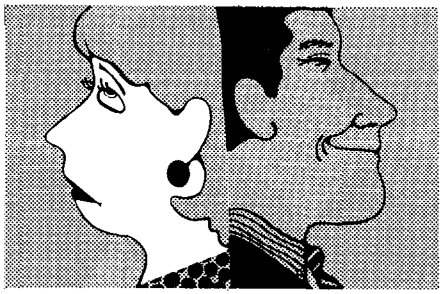

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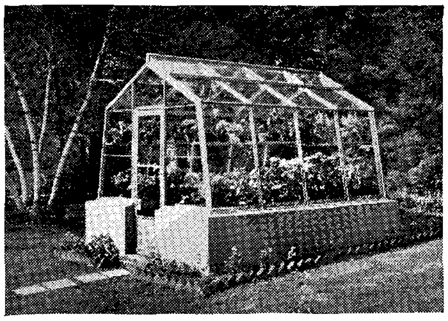

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say, my job is to make chaos out of order."

Abrams' appointment created a stir that his subsequent activities did little to abate. A few months after he took office, Oswald Heck, the Republican leader who was Speaker of the Assembly, objected that Abrams was too much of a zealot to head so sensitive an agency. A semantic fracas ensued, with arguments over whether Abrams was or was not a "zealot," and whether that was a good or a bad thing to be. Fourteen civil-rights organizations drafted a letter to the press backing Abrams and demanding to know when zeal had come to be a liability for those in public office, and Governor Harriman startled a group of businessmen and industrialists gathered for luncheon at the Bankers' Club in order to discuss discriminatory employment practices by addressing them as "fellow-zealots." As for Abrams, his comment on the accusation was, "Well, now I can truly say I've been called everything from A to Z." Some months later, on Abrams' first anniversary as head of S.C.A.D., he received in the mail letters of commendation from two disparate sources. One was from the militant Negro labor leader A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. It read, "May I say that your leadership of this Commission represents a fine and constructive force in the worldwide movement for human rights." The other letter was from Thomas Jefferson Miley, executive vice-president of the Commerce and Industry Association of New York, an organization representing possibly the greatest concentration of wealth in the United States. Miley wrote, "If you had asked a group of businessmen ten years ago, the things that you have accomplished in the past year would have been considered impossible. You're a great leader and, to my mind, a man of great integrity. It has been a delight to work with you." Abrams read the two letters, gazed at the ceiling, blew a thoughtful cloud of cigar smoke into the air, and said to his secretary, "Take a poem, Miss Kaslow." The poem went:

When Randolph and Jefferson Miley
Both praise a zealot so highly,
Then this zealot, by Heck,
Should not his zeal check,
But foster it ever more spryly.

Under Abrams, who served as chairman of S.C.A.D. until Nelson Rockefeller took over from Harriman in 1959, the agency's case load soon tripled. No longer did the Commission

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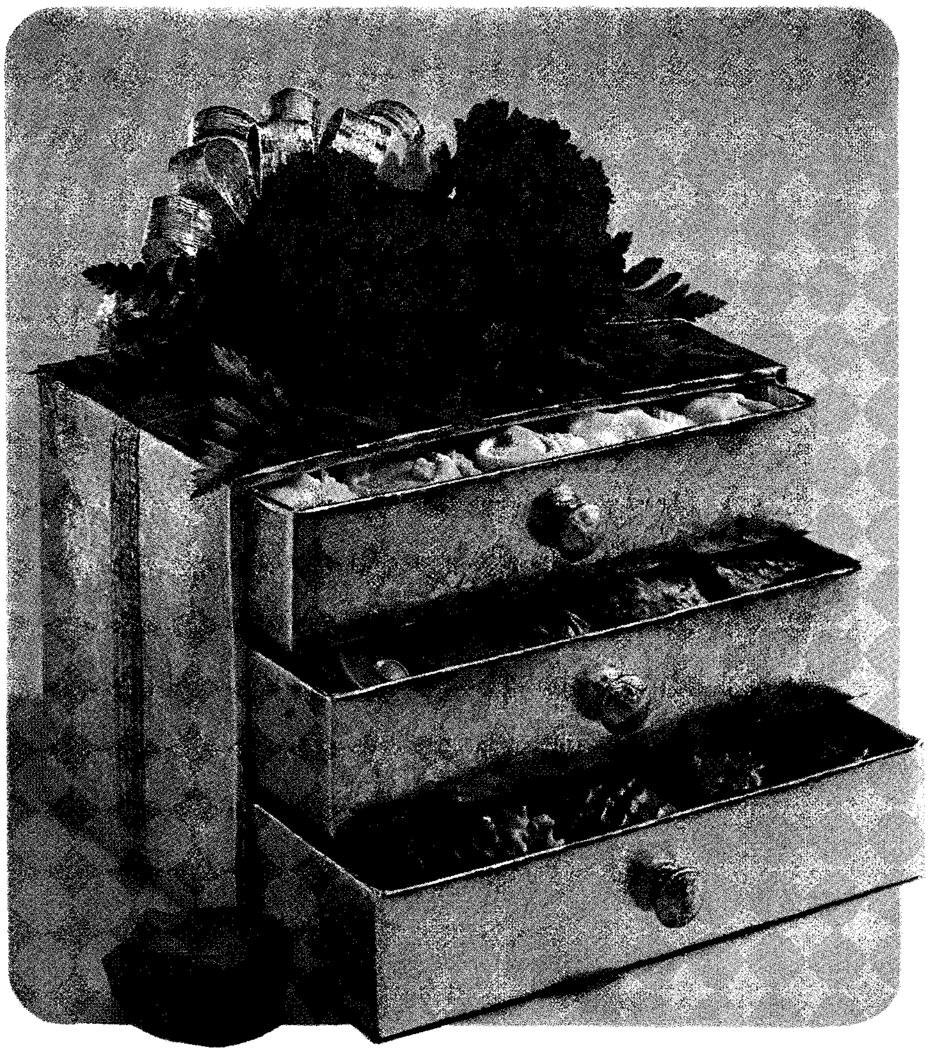

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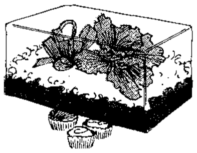

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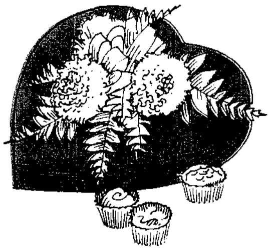

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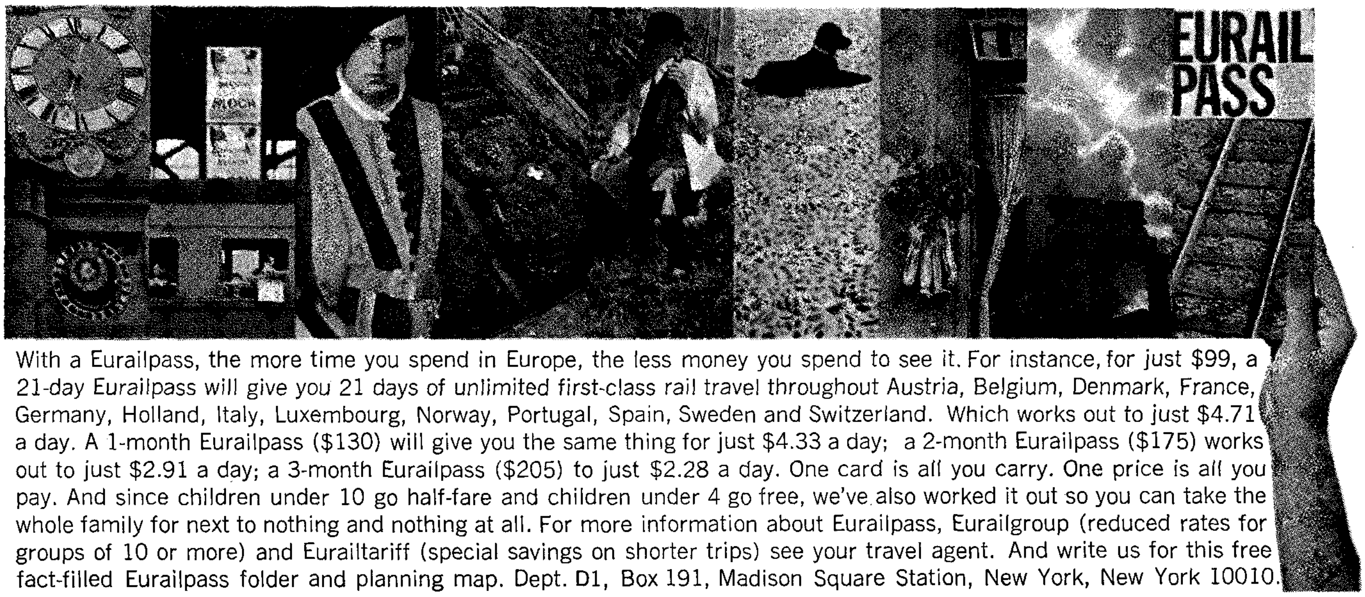

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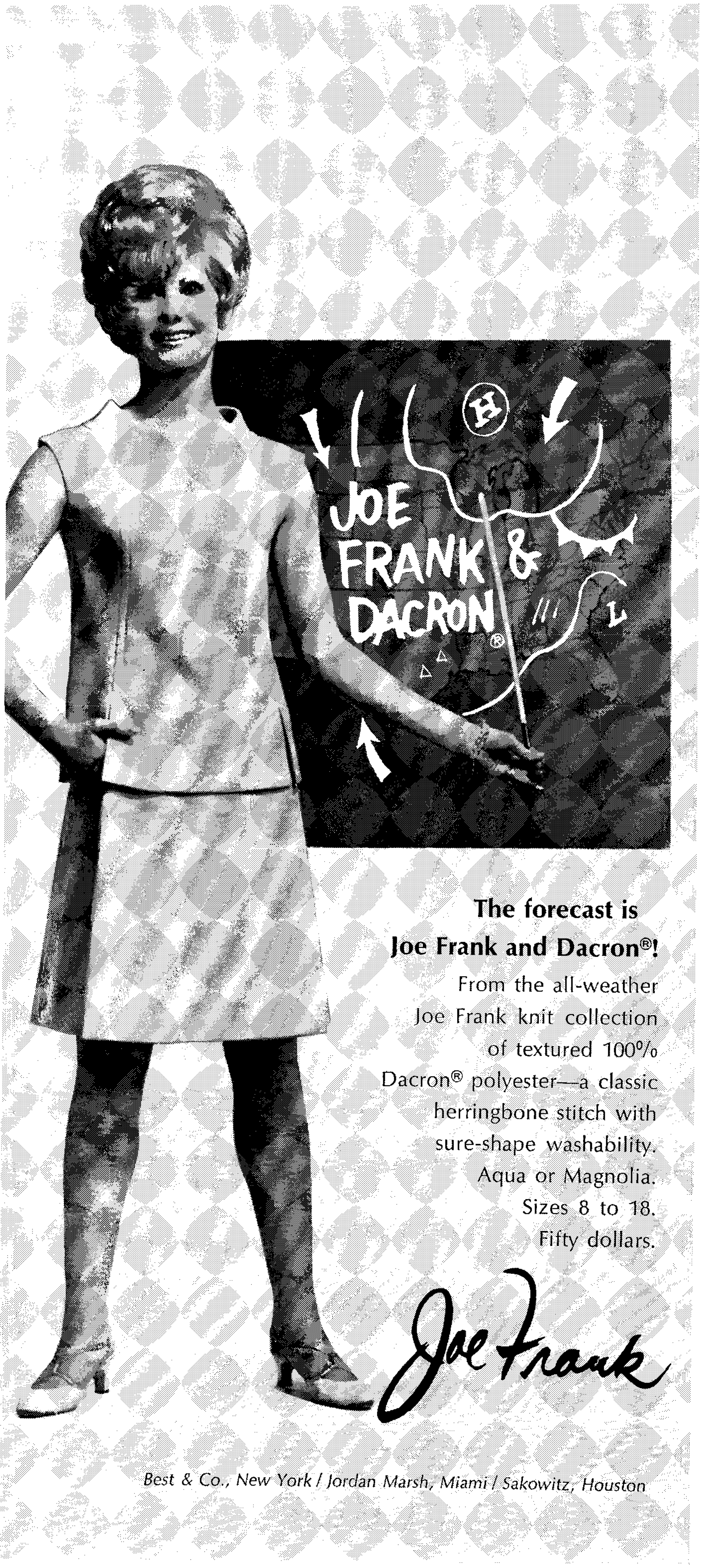
bask in quiet obscurity. The civil-rights and civic organizations were pleased with the new turn of affairs, and made sure that Abrams knew it. He himself was less satisfied, and said he sometimes thought that citizens' groups ought to be goading him harder. Once, after a session with the legislature at which he felt his proposals had been less bold than they should have been, he was heard to exclaim, "How I wish I were out of office for a couple of days! Boy, would I blast me!" He sought to improve on the slow, haphazard, case-by-case approach that the Commission had theretofore relied on, and to bring about industry-wide agreements affecting tens of thousands of people at a stroke. Instead of waiting to take steps after a complaint had come in, he had his Commission initiate investigations wherever they appeared to be warranted. He set up a research program to analyze in some depth the nature and causes of discrimination in the state. And he applied all his ingenuity to the thinking up of what he calls "gimmicks"—administrative devices or economic instrumentalities to effect social change. One gimmick was an arrangement he made with the New York City Department of Licenses providing for revocation of the licenses of private employment agencies—some of which had been less than scrupulous—if they did not abide by the law. Another gimmick was an agreement he worked out with the Federal Housing Administration and with the Veterans Administration to bar federal assistance to any builder found violating the state anti-discrimination law. This represented the first time the federal government had agreed to act in support of a state's civil-rights law. Contrasting Abrams with his predecessors, Herbert Hill, the labor-relations secretary for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, said, "At last the agency has a real expert at its head, not just a well-meaning but cautious gentleman with his heart in the right place. The Commissioners before him would merely say, 'Bring us in your complaints, Mr. Hill, and we'll process them.' "

In 1956, an outcry arose when it was discovered that banks and insurance companies consistently refused to take the risk of making housing and improvement loans in Harlem and other ghettos, and Governor Harriman sought Abrams' advice. Abrams thought there was little to be gained either by threatening to punish these financial organizations or by appealing to their selflessness. Instead, he set about



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devising an instrumentality that would not only minimize the risk for them but hold out the possibility of new profits. He called it the Mortgage Facilities Corporation, and defined it as a kind of banking syndicate, or coöperative, in which all the major banks and insurance companies would participate. The scheme was endorsed by the Governor, the banks and insurance companies agreed to try it, and a revolving fund of twenty million dollars was established by the state legislature. Governor Harriman considered the creation of the Mortgage Facilities Corporation an impressive example of Abrams' practicality on behalf of the ideal.

Harriman, though he had never met Abrams before appointing him to his Cabinet, soon became fond of his company, and there was a kind of meeting of spirit between these two men of very different backgrounds. Once, after a late-afternoon session at the Governor's Mansion, Harriman invited Abrams to take a dip in the pool with him, and Abrams remembers that scene as illustrating two contrasting approaches to life. "The Governor didn't *have* to impress anybody, and he never had had to," Abrams says. "He just lay on his back and floated while I, the ambitious underling, raced furiously up and down the pool with the windmill stroke I had learned at Bershadsky's Baths until I was absolutely exhausted."

Despite all his work at S.C.A.D., Abrams still found energy while there to keep an eye on the housing situation on every level, from the local to the global. Every Friday, he went to Cambridge for the day to conduct classes at M.I.T., and during his summer vacations he would take on U.N. missions, leaving New York not for the cool seashore but for the slums of some tropical country so hot, crowded, dirty, and noisy as to make New York City in the summer seem by comparison a paradise. One summer, he went to the Philippines, and another summer his mission took him to Pakistan, where he arrived in the middle of a heat wave. For one steaming day after another, the temperature hovered around a hundred and five degrees. Swallowing salt tablets to ward off heat prostration and handfuls of sulfa pills as a protection against dysentery, Abrams bustled about the country, visiting almost every city of any size and inspecting its slums, its new developments, its refugee camps, and its flimsy shacktowns and squatters' communities. He was in Pakistan for four weeks, during which time, teaming up

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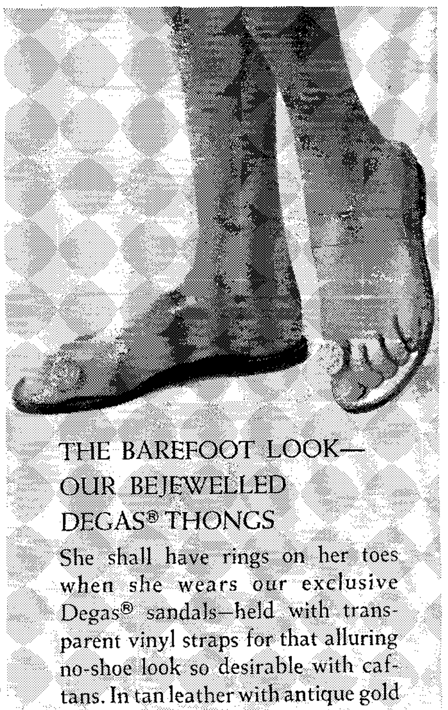

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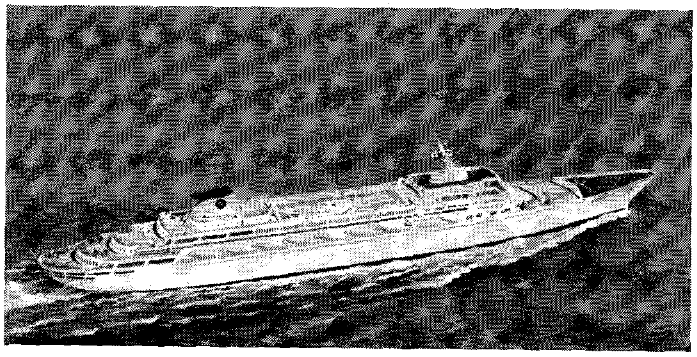

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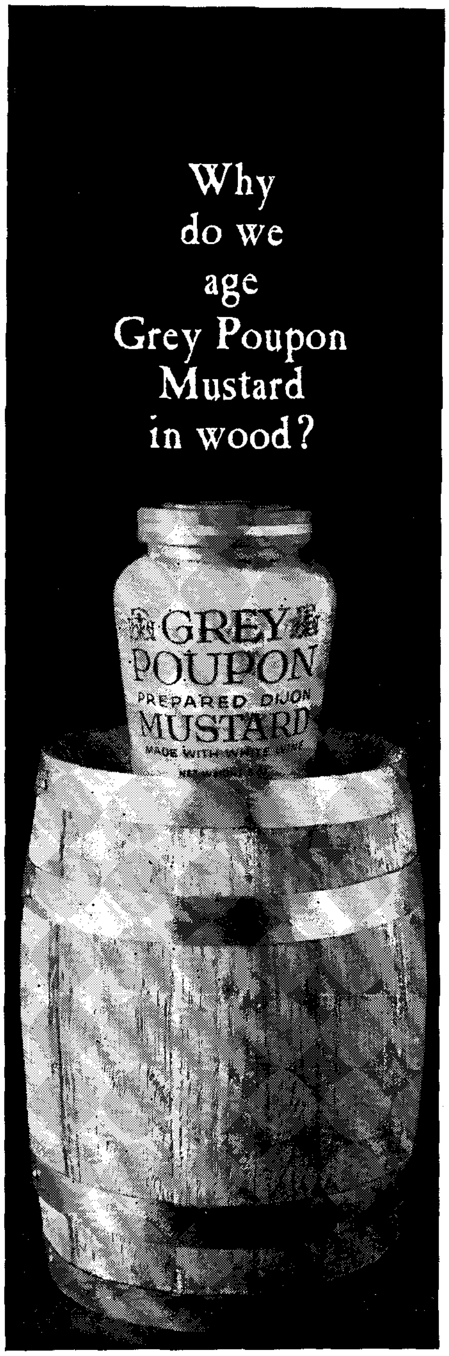

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with Dr. Koenigsberger, who had accompanied him on five U.N. missions, he drafted a housing and planning law, drew up a memorandum on financing the program, and outlined in detail a constructive approach to coping with the squatter problem. Then, his vacation over, he flew back to New York, looking thoroughly refreshed. Encountering one of his staff members in the corridor as he stepped out of the elevator on the morning he returned to work, Abrams greeted him cheerfully with "Hi, Dick! Now, about those airlines that are resisting hiring Negroes for flight positions," picking up—like the irrepressible Bearded Lady, in Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress," who resumes in mid-syllable the aria she has interrupted in the previous act—right where he had left off a month before.

ABRAMS has headed Columbia University's Division of Urban Planning only since the fall of 1965, having at that time given up his connection with M.I.T. He enjoys teaching, and he is good at it. He is easy and informal with his students, and he keeps himself readily accessible. After class, he may linger for as long as half an hour, surrounded by students who are eager to go on discussing the questions he has raised. The students place particular value on his wide range of practical experience, for very few of their professors have been as active in the nonacademic world as Abrams. Columbia's Urban Planning Division has never been a very strong one, and it is Abrams' aim to strengthen it. Enrollment in the Division has already increased fourfold since his appointment. An Institute of Urban Environment has been established, under his aegis, and, with the help of a $400,000 grant from the Ford Foundation, he has introduced several courses on housing in underdeveloped areas—the first such courses to be given in an American university—and hopes to train a crop of young experts who can be of help to the developing nations in the way that he himself has been in his missions for the U.N. When a friend asked Abrams if he could be said to be passing on the torch, he replied, with a smile, "No, just spreading the light." He deems it important to have his students come to grips with real affairs rather than devote their time merely to theoretical exercises. He arranged for them to work on a planning job for Nassau in the Bahamas and on planning new communities in Staten Island and Queens. He has not eschewed theoreti-

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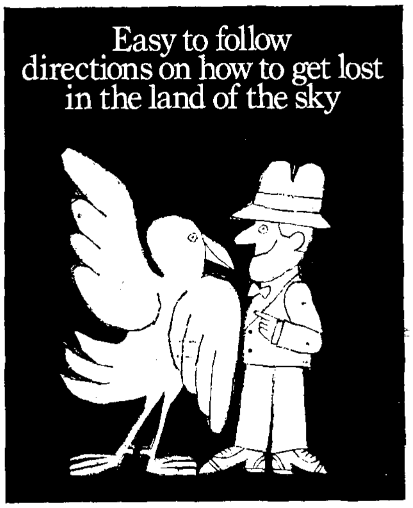
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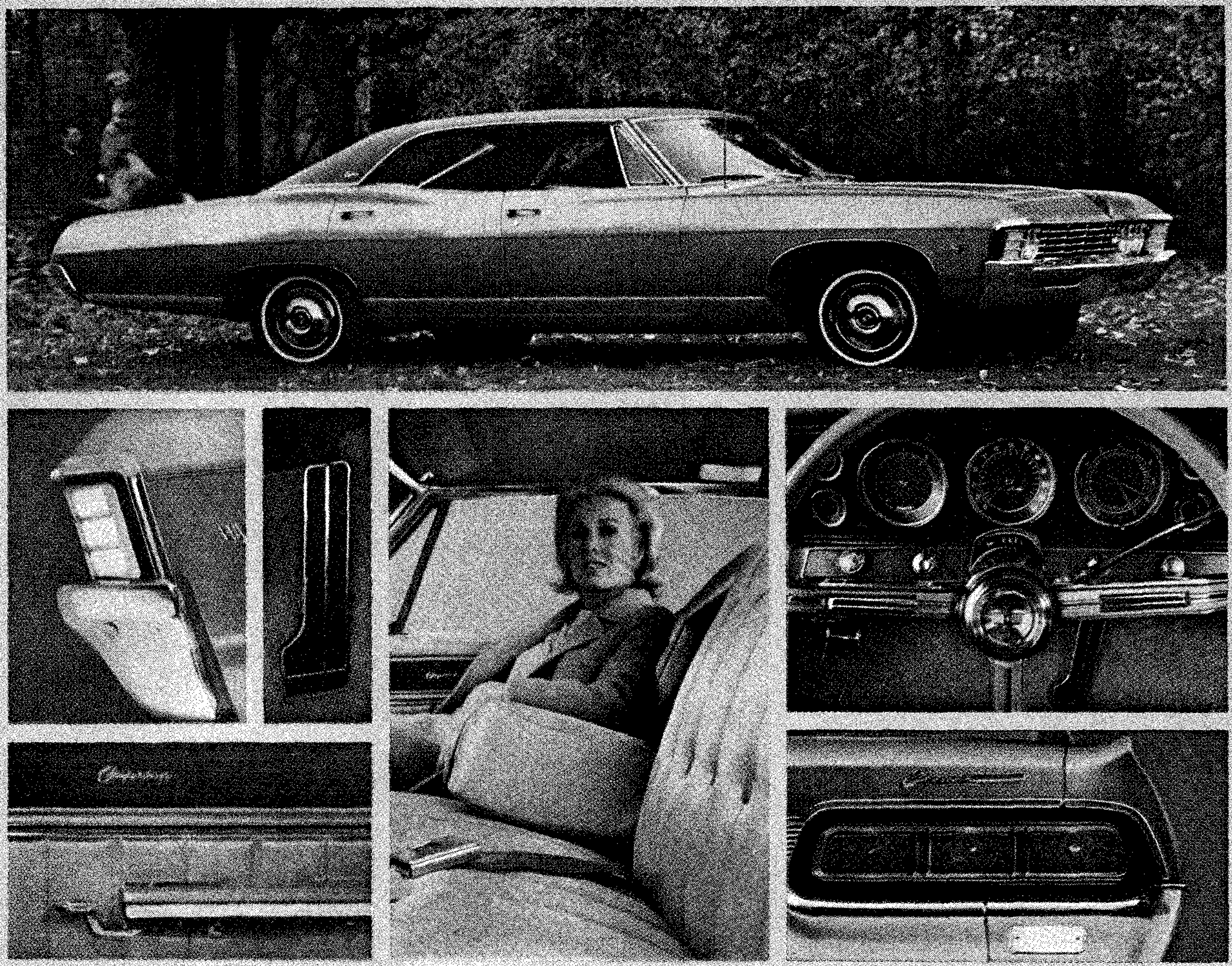

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cal exercises completely. Two of his assignments were for the students to draw up plans for Heaven and for Hell. Predictably, Hell inspired the more interesting designs.

At sixty-five, Abrams gives no indication of having contemplated retirement, or even of having contemplated slowing down. He still regards a vacation as a fine time for a strenuous mission for the U.N. or some other agency. During his spring vacation last year, he went to Chile to make an over-all evaluation of that nation's housing programs. Last summer, he traversed the Alaskan tundra to advise the state government what ought to be done about the Eskimos' housing, and a few weeks ago he was in Calcutta for the Ford Foundation to give his opinions on the shelter problems of India. In between, he managed to draw up a seventy-thousand-word report for Philadelphia, in which he offered the novel proposal—immensely simple in its conception though highly sophisticated in its financial and procedural details—that the best and cheapest way for Philadelphia to provide additional housing for the poor would be for the city to buy up habitable existing houses, of which many are available at prices between two and five thousand dollars, and then simply resell them to impoverished families at minimal mortgage rates. Abrams calculates that this would bring home ownership within the reach of families with incomes as low as $3,150 a year.

In his rare gloomy moments, Abrams is given to citing what he calls his Reforms Perversion Theory, which is simply that all reforms are sooner or later perverted. "Slum clearance gets perverted into Negro clearance," he says. "Urban renewal becomes a device for profiteering without risk. Zoning becomes racial zoning. What's the use?" As he goes on in this fashion, a discouraged look comes to his face, and his eyes cloud. This transformation lasts for perhaps thirty seconds. Then Abrams remembers an idea for some new reform, and he begins passionately expounding it. —Bernard Taper

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Abrams.*)

•

McNamara said the initial U.S. response would be to re-equip nuclear submarines now carrying Polaris missiles with the more sophisticated Poseidon missiles. The Poseidon carries devices to get through an administration decision.—*Morgantown (W. Va.) Dominion-News.*

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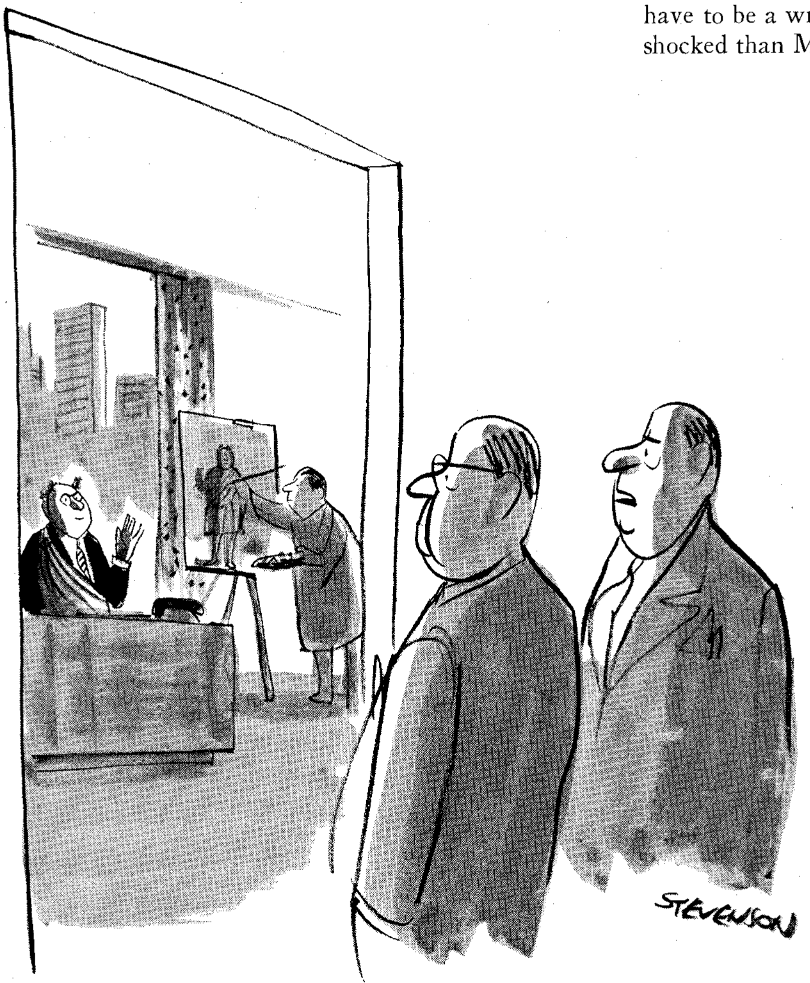
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

NORMAN MAILER has adapted his novel "The Deer Park," in which he explored and exposed the sexual activities of a bunch of Hollywood indigenes, and the result went on display last week at the De Lys. Mr. Mailer may have adapted his novel but he has not dramatized it, and he has drowned it in words, even filling the chinks between scenes with narration, so that very little registers—and the busy, fussy production is no help at all. But the play (or whatever you'd call it), which seems endless and is often foolish, is not a waste of time. Some of it is funny—on purpose, that is. The setting is a desert resort near Los Angeles. The plot deals, for the most part, with an aging director named Charles Eitel, idle ever since he went to prison for sassing a congressional investigating committee; his secondhand mistress, a dancer named Elena, who seems to be an exceptionally unstable girl; and a pimp named Marion Fay, also an ex-con and the illegitimate son of a leading gossip columnist. They are a pretty tiresome trio, as they quarrel and mate and separate. What real fun there is takes place on the sidelines. Perched high on a platform above the stage, and picked up from time to time by a spotlight, is the true master of the revels, an old spider of a man who, as head of Supreme Pix, is everyone's boss or prospective boss. Wily, senile, and almost anesthetized by his own complacency, he treats the audience to a series of philosophic pronouncements that are wonderfully comic. This old fellow, with his lapses into Yiddish, is a stock character, I suppose, though probably no more stock than the real thing. Nevertheless, Mr. Mailer has treated him as a fresh discovery and made him into a rich, well-written part. The part is very well played by Will Lee, who is on to every detail of the old man's nature, always allowing the nastiness to glitter through the comedy but not to spoil it. The second-funniest character is a youngish producer—a self-bemused man and a gamy non-stop talker, tenderly nurturing his own clichés—who is very well played by Mickey Knox. His fast synopsis of a script, immediately followed by pragmatic suggestions for emendations, is something I shall not soon forget. Much of the rest of the show is immensely forgettable. There are patio scenes and living-room scenes and party scenes and night-club scenes, and everyone is depraved and talks dirty or talks seduction or perversion and gets drunk. Scene after scene cries out for the crisp, dead-on-target treatment of John O'Hara. As for the dirty words (and they are dirtier than any I've ever heard on a stage)—well, that is the way Hollywood conversation goes, I guess (or went; Mr. Mailer's Hollywood doesn't exist anymore), and once you get used to it, it sounds like any other jargon.

Mr. Mailer seems to be making some sort of moral comment in his play and to be giving it some sort of wider or deeper application than is apparent to me. There is a good deal of talk about truth and reality and guilt; at times the air is filled with guff. But the only possible conclusion to be drawn from the proceedings is that vice and tyranny in Hollywood are no worse than they are elsewhere—just funnier, because the participants are so high-flown and so low-class. Perhaps someday some moralist of fiction will be able to put his finger on exactly what *is* wrong out there, separating local evil from universal idiocy and bad behavior, but it will have to be a writer less naïve and easily shocked than Mr. Mailer, and, incidentally, much less sentimental.



"I warned you that giving him the presidency would be a boo-boo."

WHEN I read that "The Golden Screw," at the Provincetown, was "a folk-rock musical," what I expected was a relentless, bleating whine in number after number. Not at all. In spite of some reservations, I found a lot of the show quite lively and none of it boring. It was written—music, book, and lyrics—by Tom Sankey, a pale, pale-haired young man in steel-rimmed spectacles, blue jeans, a blue work shirt, and a cap, who is also the only solo singer. He is assisted by three actors—Janet Day, Murray Paskin, and Patrick Sullivan. The book is, in a sense, Mr. Sankey's autobiography, done in a series of sketches about the people—or types of people—he has run into

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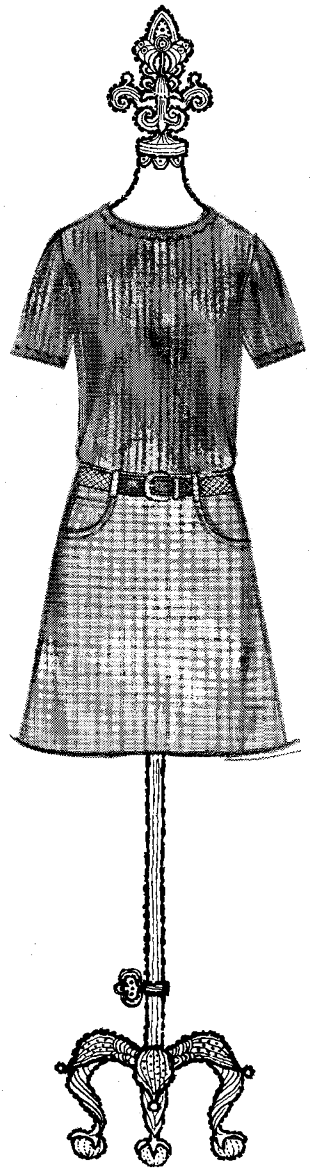

Brisk

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on his way to fame. These sketches, shrewdly written and edged with satire, are performed by the actors, and each episode becomes the lead-in for a song by Mr. Sankey, either alone or backed by an electric-guitar quartet called the Inner Sanctum. The songs in the folk manner are, and are meant to be, synthetic. They vary in mood and color and rhythm, and most of them are effective, although some of the more messagey lyrics get awfully annoying. Mr. Sankey, accompanying himself on autoharp or guitar, sings very well, and the Inner Sanctum generates considerable excitement. Near the end, the noise stops abruptly and Mr. Sankey unplugs his autoharp, delivers what amounts to a verbal spit-in-the-eye to the audience, and finishes up singing the song he started with. A telling effect.

Nevertheless, in spite of the sharpness and brightness of the sketches and the generally good sound of the music, there is something unattractive about the whole project. The fact that the show is so frankly, patently autobiographical forces upon the spectator the impression of a man who sees himself as an innocent hick and most of the people around him as a bunch of slickers—sycophantic or promotional or just fatuous—so that the ending has an egotistical, self-congratulatory air. As Mr. Sankey's sophisticated words and music attest, he is about as much of a hick as the late James J. Walker. In the episodes, many of them almost as brief as blackouts, Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Paskin manage to suggest all types of characters—some way in and some way out—and make them quite funny. Miss Day, who is Mrs. Sankey, really portrays the characters assigned to her and makes them even funnier. In style, and slightly in looks, she is like a young Lotte Lenya. —EDITH OLIVER

•

They have raced the wine-dark Aegean from Samos to Mykonos on the route of the ancient Greek triremes. The whine of the rigging rises above the shouts of the crew as the red yawl takes the lead, leaving a trail of multi-hued spinnakers in its wake. Victory in hand, the skipper relaxes and slowly lights his cigar.—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

Smelling up the rosy-fingered dawn.

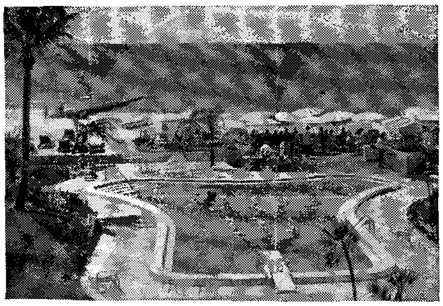
•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE POVERTY SCENE

[*From the Indianapolis News*]

While praising the current poverty war, Dr. Catherine S. Chilman told members of the Indiana Conference on Social Welfare yesterday that the basic problem with the poor is an economic one.

Florida



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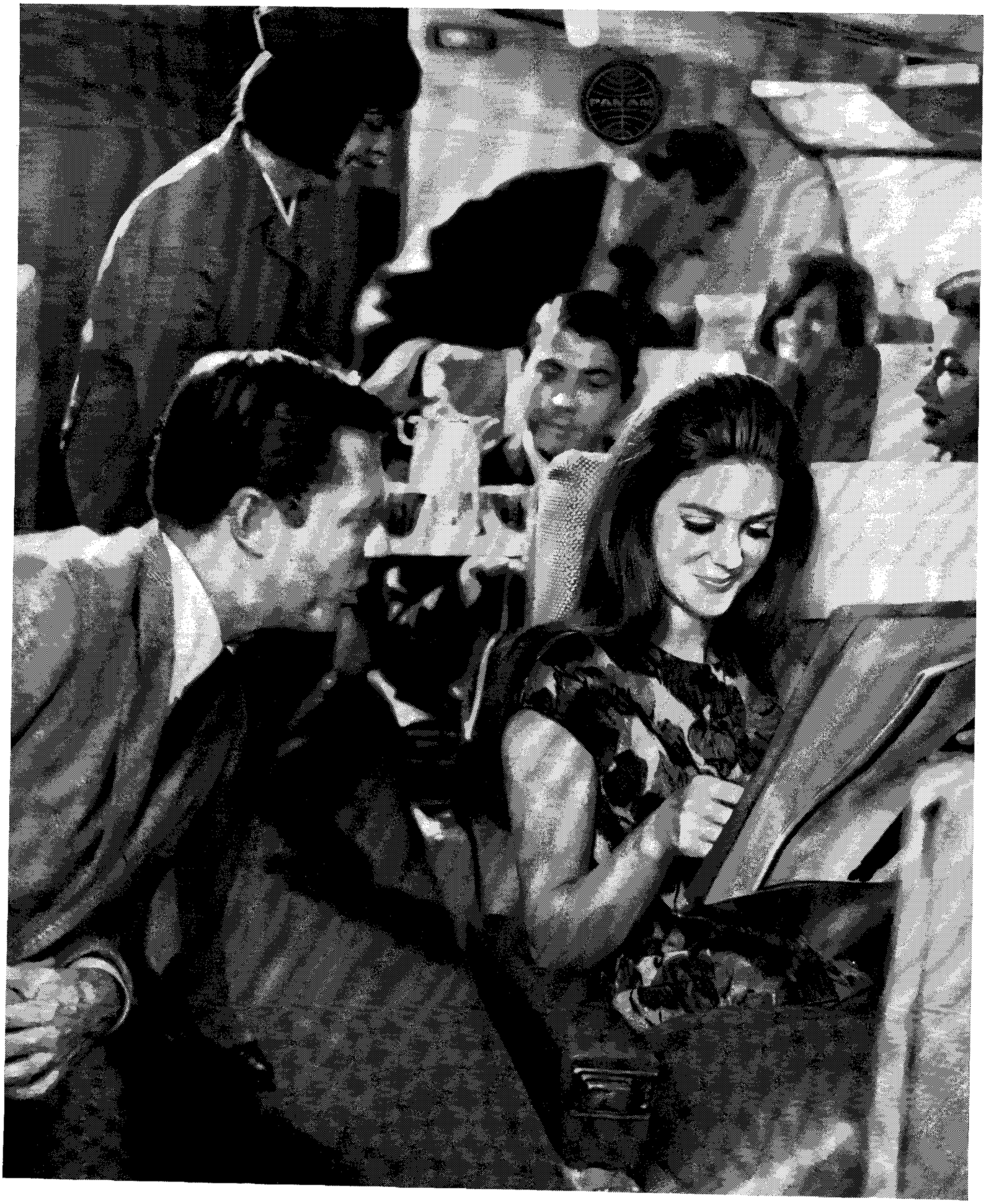

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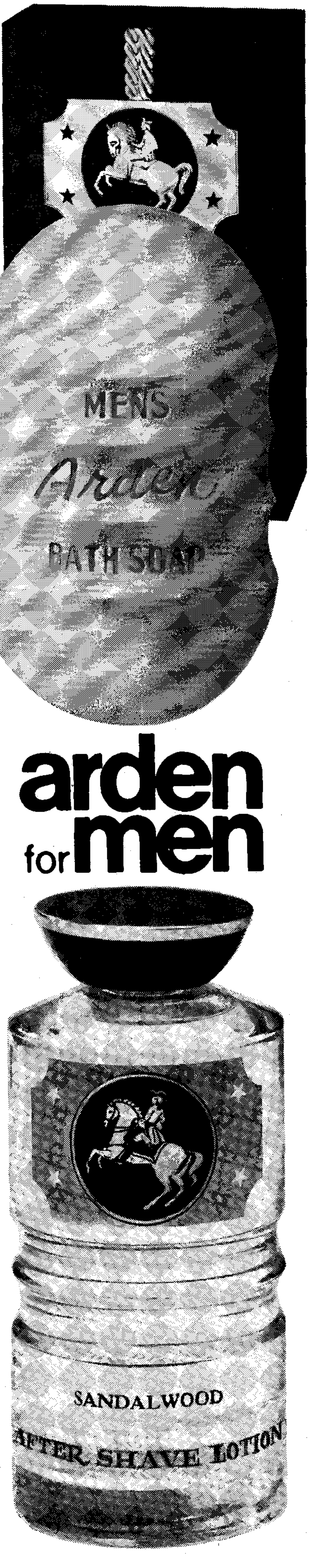
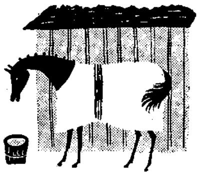


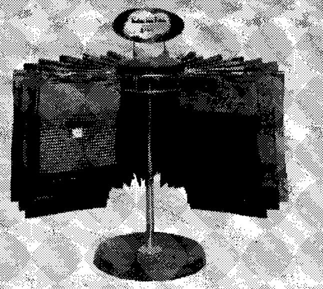
THE RACE TRACK

No Stars in This Lot



THERE seems to be no immediate danger that the big handicaps coming up this season will be overloaded with five-star runners. Take, for example, the Seminole, at Hialeah last Saturday—the preliminary for the hundred-thousand-dollar Widener on February 18th. Last season, Advocator, the winner, finished first just once in seventeen starts—though it's only fair to say that he ran second in the Kentucky Derby and third in the Belmont Stakes and the American Derby. Quinta, who was second in the Seminole, won only twice in nine tries, and Understanding, who was third, had an even less distinguished record. Still, the race was a lively affair as it came over TV, with Toulore, pressed by Quinta, making the running until Advocator passed both in the stretch. Bold and Brave, of whom much was expected, got boxed in and wound up last. Perhaps the most talked-about starter was Chateaubriand—the Buckpasser, you might call him, of Venezuela. A big bay colt, he won eleven of his sixteen races there last year—the final one, on New Year's Eve, by nine lengths. He was well up for more than half of the mile and a furlong of the Seminole before he tired. Not a bad showing for his first race on an American track. It will be interesting to see how he goes in the Widener, for which Bold Bidder, who skipped the Seminole because of a slight leg ailment, is expected to be a starter.

Maybe Bold Hour isn't as good as I once thought he was. Excuses were made for him after he finished eighth in the Hibiscus Stakes last month, but, according to the chart of the Bahamas at Hialeah last week, he was two lengths to the good in the stretch, and in spite of this advantage Reflected Glory ran him down and beat him by a neck. Perhaps seven furlongs is farther than he wants to go. Now I wonder if he'll start in the mile-and-a-furlong Everglades Stakes, on Washington's Birthday—the final prep for the Flamingo, on March 3rd. Reflected Glory will have strong support next time he runs. He was fourteenth of the sixteen runners going down the backstretch, and he made a wide turn into the straight, but from there he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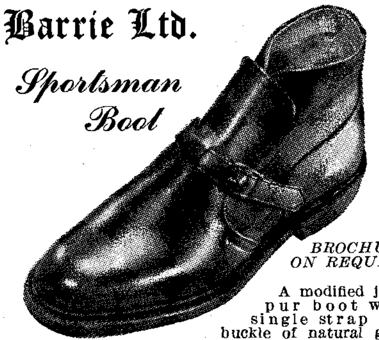
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was greased lightning. Earlier in the week, Eddie Neloy sent out the Wheatley Stable's Bold Monarch, whom he considers his best three-year-old, for another gallop in his progress toward the Flamingo, and the colt obligingly won by lengths in the smart time of 1:09⅘ for the six furlongs. By the way, although the Wheatley Stable's Successor, voted the best two-year-old of 1966, is in training, he is not being pointed for the Flamingo. Neloy says that he's going to give him plenty of time to grow and develop for the coming season.

Don't be surprised if Buckpasser runs in the Santa Anita Handicap, on the twenty-fifth. According to reports from California, the quarter crack that kept him out of the Strub Stakes has responded so well to treatment that he's doing light exercise. Also, he was to be shipped to Hialeah after the Strub, but, for reasons best known to his stable, he wasn't. Incidentally, last week he was assigned top weight of 130 pounds in the Big 'Cap, as they call it out there. As just an old critic in the grandstand, a long way from the scene, I think the Santa Anita is almost too large an order for any horse—no matter how good he is—who was stopped in his training, as Buckpasser was after the Strub. For one thing, there's hardly time to wind him up again. Nevertheless, there is only one man competent to decide the nature of a racer's preparation—his trainer.

For the record: The Santa Margarita Handicap, Santa Anita's biggest prize for fillies and mares, was won last weekend by Miss Moona, who is no stranger hereabouts. Maintain was second, and Streamer and Lost Message finished in a dead heat for third money. Apparently, top weight of 127 pounds was too much for Natashka.

BOWIE finally had a two-million-dollar day last Saturday; actually, the mutuel handle was $2,026,581. The Bowie Handicap, the main event of the afternoon, went to Sandoval, a 19–1 chance, who really had to win it twice. Though he passed the post a length ahead of Sub Call, the rider of the latter complained that he'd been crowded in the run through the stretch. The stewards decided that he hadn't.

—AUDAX MINOR

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—*Adv. in the Santa Barbara News-Press.*

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LETTER FROM PARIS

FEBRUARY 1

THE distinguished, unusual novelist Mme. Nathalie Sarraute recently agreed to write two experimental one-act scripts for some West German radio network, on second thought withdrew them, and then, on third thought, let them be successfully produced. They are now being presented as a pair of short plays by the Barrault-Renaud company at their new Petit-Odéon. This minuscule hundred-seat theatre, which has been squeezed in, like an upstairs broom closet, above the regular Odéon auditorium, makes for a type of social intimacy between actors and audience that is perfectly suited to the Sarraute pieces, "Le Silence" and "Le Mensonge" ("The Lie"). The same uncertainty that she herself first felt about them as radio scripts has pursued them here as plays, and they have had a mixed reception. Some intelligent theatregoers have listened to them with unfaltering, wide-eyed interest, while others have been put to sleep. In the plays' development Mme. Sarraute has followed her subtle psychological system of what she defines as "*les tropismes*"—actually, a botanical term normally applied to plants, rather than to people, except here in Paris, where she has made it an accepted literary term. In vegetal life, plants unaffectedly show their tropism in response to exterior stimuli by growing toward or away from them, and Mme. Sarraute finds that human beings do so, too—in small, immediate moves, that is, and not in great dramatic, passionate pushes such as might lead to murder or marriage. In "Le Silence," half a dozen acquaintances at a small party show their tropism by shrinking away from the man who merely says nothing at all until it is nearly too late while another man, who finally flies into a fury, has been interesting them all with his long account of a journey or some exploit he has just concluded. In the tiny theatre, one listens with rising alarm to Mme. Sarraute's terribly lifelike, undramatic conversation (though some people are bored by its naturalness, by its growing irascibilities and partisanships), as one thinks to oneself: How true it sounds—just like all of us. It's just like nations, even. How awful! Madeleine Renaud, a very great actress, dominates the scene merely by half closing her eyes, by smiling with patience, by quickly turning her profile, as if to ward off a direct verbal blow; her face, by its perfected pantomime of expressions, furnishes the complete vocabulary of what she hardly bothers to say. "Le Mensonge" passes by a tropism into moral conflict, since it deals with a woman who has just palpably lied to her friends in belatedly stating that she did not flee to safety in Switzerland during the war—a falsehood so powerfully influential on them all, especially on one man, that it freezes and destroys the verdant affections they had all enjoyed with her and, in a way, with each other.

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Paris has lately seen installed several new pocket theatres, which open at odd hours (like the Petit-Odéon, where the curtain rises at nine-fifteen) and, by offering late-afternoon or late-after-dinner intimate or intellectual entertainment, aid the several theatres' main box offices to survive, this being, as usual, an unbrilliant Paris theatre season.

AS far off as China is around the world from France, Mao Tse-tung's "thoughts" and recent Red Guard upheavals have reached the French political left and divided it into two unequal parts; have cut off most of the young intellectual Communists in the Paris universities from the French Communist Party's experienced officials and its solid working class; have, indeed, set up the same dividing line in Paris as the one that separates Peking from Moscow. L'Union des Étudiants Communistes, the big postwar national student union, with an office next to the Sorbonne, has lately lost its power, its student heads, and many of its members, who have chosen Peking as their ideological political center. About eighty per cent of the student organizations have now become pro-Chinese. Calling themselves L'Union des Jeunesses Communistes (Marxiste-Léniniste), they are drawn together by a devotion to Stalin as the only true practicing Marxist that Russia produced after Lenin. Their adherents in the Sorbonne and the École Normale Supérieure would number about a thousand. It is their conviction that revisionism in Russia since Khrushchev's famous speech against Stalin's cult of personal power at Moscow's 20th Party Congress has weakened Marx's doctrine in the way that water weakens strong wine; that the French

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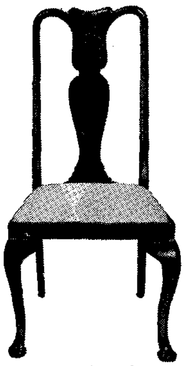
Justin McCarty

Communist Party, which held out for nearly two years against Khrushchevism, has now succumbed to what the young purists call parliamentarianism; that French political practices have democratized Communism and turned its thinking into something non-revolutionary. In December, L'Union des Jeunesses Communistes (Marxiste-Léniniste) held its first big meeting, in the Salles des Horticulteurs, in the Rue de Grenelle, to which the angered French Communist Party sent what are called its stalwarts—mature men, trained over years in street fighting against the French police—and they beat up the rebel youths terribly, shouting that they were the *vendus de Pékin;* that is, bought out by Peking. Actually, Peking has indeed sent funds to pay for some of the young group's propaganda publications, called "Cahiers Marxistes-Léninistes" and containing cultural articles of various sorts, such as "The Peasants of Balzac" and reprints from early Stalin texts. Peking also sends these French university students small pamphlets on "La Grande Révolution Culturelle Socialiste en Chine" and a well-edited weekly called *Information Pékin*, which is also available in English, Spanish, German, and Japanese. This and other Mao propaganda can be subscribed to in several Paris bookshops.

The principal intellectual master of the pro-Chinese university students is Professor Louis Althusser, professor of philosophy at the École Normale Supérieure, a man now forty-five years old and considered the first outstanding lecturer, writer, and exponent of Marxism since the war. Who would have thought before the war that the powerful French Communist Party would now be treated by French intellectual youth as passé?

OLIVIER MESSIAEN and a concert featuring four of his modern symphonic styles were accorded a popular triumph Monday night in the vast Théâtre National Populaire, where he was given a half-hour ovation and his name was shouted when he finally appeared on the stage—a big, modest man with tousled gray hair who looks like a mild country schoolmaster but is ranked by musicians as next to Boulez in his gifts. Through Messiaen's concert, French contemporary music, which is usually confined to circles of the initiate, received the widest acclaim by *le grand public* that it has ever known in Paris. The considerably enlarged symphony orchestra of Radiodiffusion Télévision Française played



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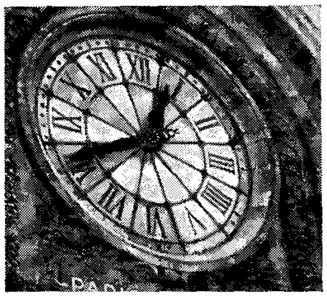

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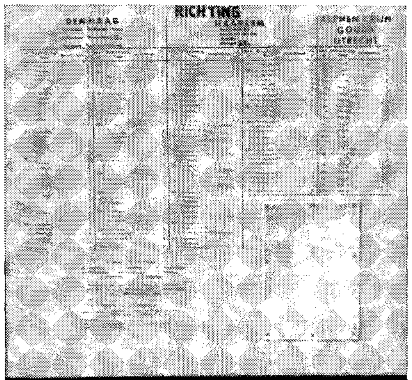

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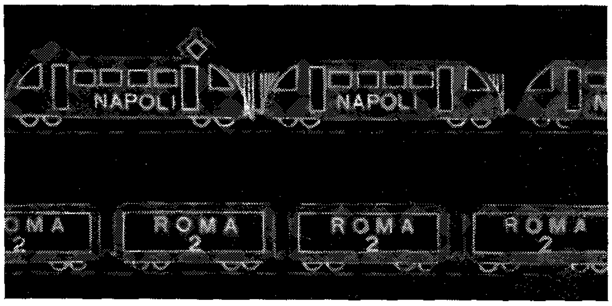

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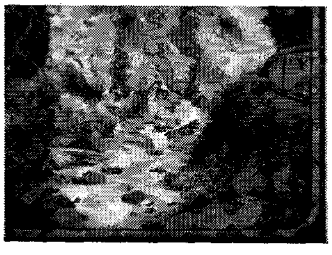

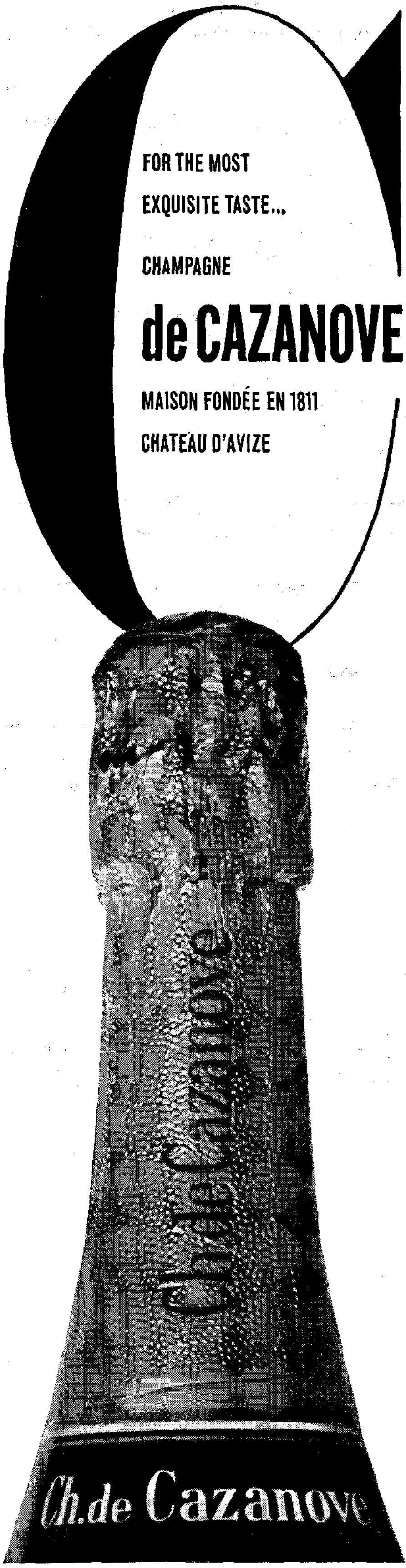

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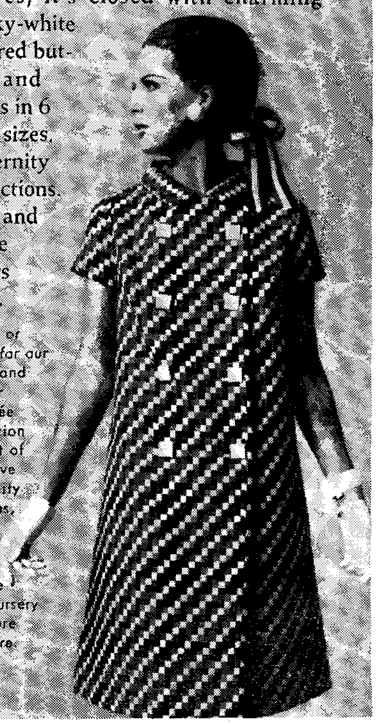
under its regular, rigorous conductor, Charles Bruck, and was supplemented by the Percussion de Strasbourg group, specialists in experimental music. The stage was crowded with regular and exceptional musical instruments, since Messiaen's instrumentation is always elaborate, and even the conventional instruments are placed by him in odd arrangements to obtain original acoustical effects. The first number on the program, "J'Attends la Résurrection des Morts," on Biblical texts, was commissioned by André Malraux, Minister of Cultural Affairs, in memory of the French dead of both wars and was first performed in 1965 at the Sainte-Chapelle in Paris and then in the Cathedral of Chartres for a solemn commemoration attended by General de Gaulle. It is its sound effects that are the most astonishing; musically, they seem Eastern rather than of liturgical inspiration. There was one great, almost deafening gong, and smaller gongs; the percussion, hung from tall racks, sounded like the Indonesian *gamelan*. The score demands a huge wind ensemble, both wood and brass, in stage center, and the general musical effect is of tragic grandeur. The second number was "Les Offrandes Oubliées," composed in 1930, when Messiaen was only twenty-two; it is excitingly melodic, personal, and original, despite its reminiscences of Stravinsky's "Apollo Musagetes" and the second movement of Debussy's "La Mer." In its third part, the entire group of first violins plays *unisono* while half the second fiddles and the violas play *divisi* within the group, with no cellos or basses at all, producing an amazing airy, exquisite concoction of floating sound. The third number was Messiaen's famous "Oiseaux Exotiques," he having a passion for exotic birds. The piano part must be fiendishly difficult, is wildly exciting, and was played like a storm, and from memory only, by Mme. Yvonne Loriod, Messiaen's wife, now the ranking woman pianist of France. She wore an elaborate cherry-colored gown, with her black hair piled high, and her eyes (behind her gold-rimmed glasses) gleamed with attention as she gazed unrelentingly up and down the piano keys—a magnificent performance that brought down the house. The program terminated with the third, fourth, and fifth movements of "Turangalila" (the entire opus takes two hours to play)—a Sanskrit word that Messiaen chooses to translate as "A Hymn to Superior Supreme Joy." It is written for one of the largest orchestral formations on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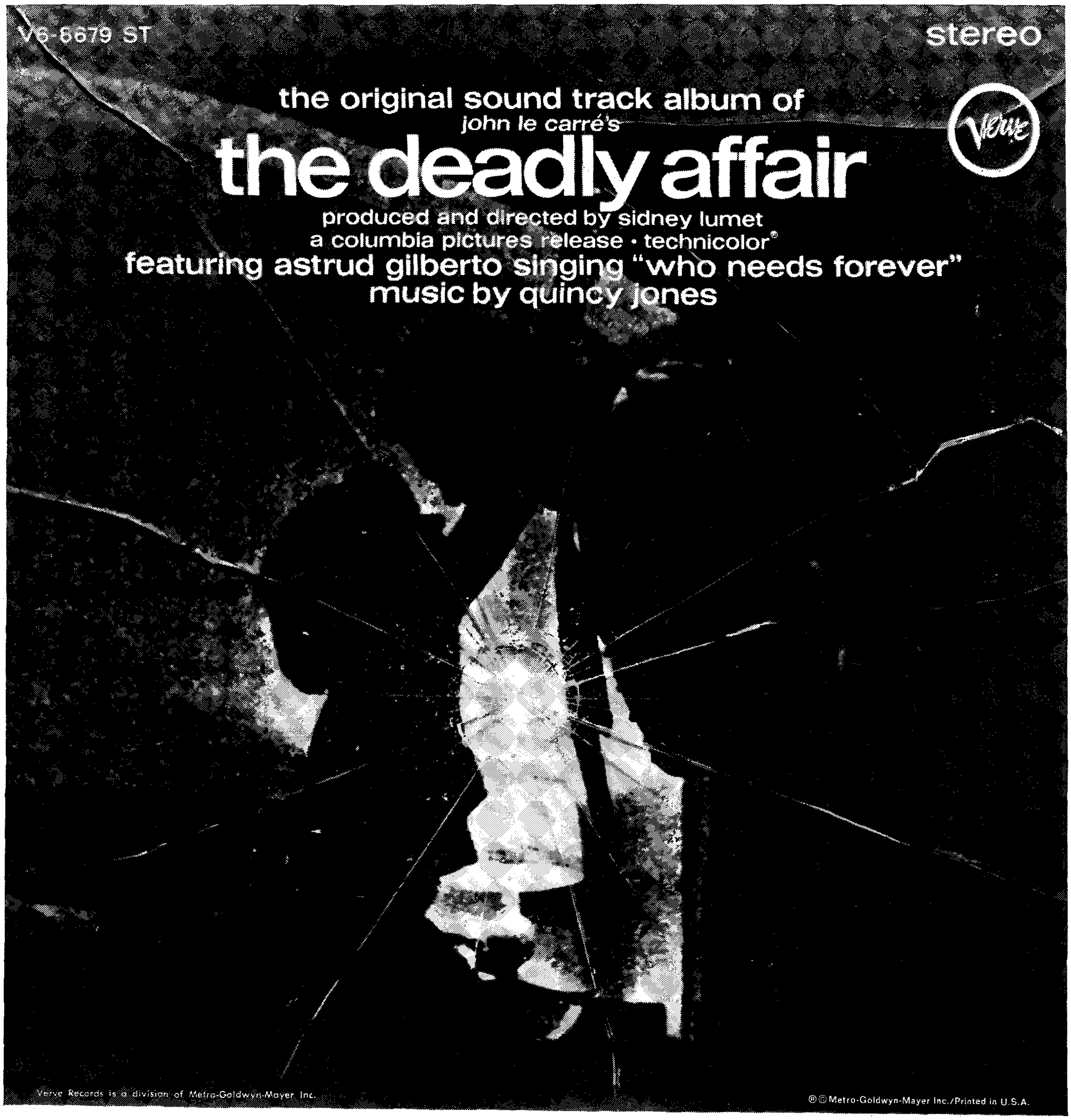
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record—almost as large as that for Mahler's Eighth Symphony—and features the use of the electronic Ondes Martenot, played by Jeanne Loriod (in elaborate pale blue), the composer's sister-in-law. This work was commissioned by the late Serge Koussevitzky for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which gave it its first performance in 1949, under Leonard Bernstein. It contains leitmotifs that aid the ear to follow the tumultuous music. As for the Ondes Martenot, like a sound from outer space it dominated the entire orchestra as no human voice could ever do.

THE single complete copy of Mozart's invaluable autograph manuscript of "Don Giovanni"—the opera's five hundred and eighty-eight pages in his own hand and as he composed it in fountains of bright or dark melody back in Prague in 1787—now exists only in the first facsimile edition ever printed from it. Providentially appearing in Paris during this very week when parts of the manuscript were reported missing or stolen from the Bibliothèque Nationale, it was published by *La Revue Musicale* and the master printer André-Gabriel Maisonneuve. Ironically, it was in order to do some last-minute rephotographing of certain Act I passages that the guarded strongroom of the Bibliothèque's music division was opened, about three weeks ago, and four bound fascicles, or notebooks, including three from the first act, were removed. On their being returned about eight days later, discovery was made of the mysterious, scandalous, and still inexplicable disappearance of the opera's famous overture, two fascicles of Act II, and the separate notebook containing "Il mio tesoro," the star aria of Don Ottavio. Also missing was the romantic arborvitae chest that the manuscript's former owner, the celebrated diva Pauline Viardot, had had made to hold it, and in which it had safely reposed for more than a hundred years. A source close to the director of the Bibliothèque's music department has just said that the missing part of the Mozart manuscript is "definitely less than one half of the library's total possession," of which there still remain the three fascicles of Act I and one of Act II, as well as the four-page aria for Don Ottavio, "Dalla sua pace," which Mozart wrote the following year for "Don Giovanni's" Vienna production and that city's then reigning, now forgotten, tenor. Mozart hoped thus to win more favor from the captious Viennese than they had vouchsafed his

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earlier "Figaro." Unhappily, they declared "Don Giovanni" to be "tasteless, insipid," and its music marked by "caprice, fantasy, and pride but no heart." It was Vienna that gave young Mozart the traumatic fear that grew upon him until his lonely death there four years later—the fear that none of his music would live.

Since Mozart died, his manuscript has had four owners. His widow, Constanze, in 1800 sold his papers to a German publisher, Johann-Anton André, on whose demise, in 1842, they passed to his daughter, married to the well-known Austrian piano maker Johann Baptist Streicher. He unsuccessfully tried to sell them to the royal libraries of Berlin and Vienna, to the British Museum, and, finally, even to Queen Victoria. In 1855, Streicher asked a relative, the pianist Ernst Pauer, to lend a hand. In the July 15th *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*, Pauer ran this announcement: "The pianist Pauer, now giving concerts in London, offers the manuscript of the score of 'Don Juan,' from the hand of the composer, for two hundred pounds sterling." In London, the celebrated soprano Pauline Viardot, sister of the singer Maria Malibran—both famous daughters of Manuel Garcia, the noted Spanish voice teacher—was performing in Meyerbeer's recent success "Le Prophète." She immediately purchased the manuscript—getting a small rebate of twenty pounds—with the sacrifice of about five thousand francs' worth of her diamonds. In her little Paris mansion on the Rue Douai, she displayed the manuscript to Gounod, Liszt, Saint-Saëns, and Rossini, who fell to his knees and wept as he kissed the pages, crying "He was God himself." In 1889, she decided to will it to the library of the Paris Conservatoire, but three years later she felt so well that she preferred to present it personally—nor did she die until 1910, aged almost ninety. In 1911, the Conservatoire moved from the Faubourg Poissonnière to the Rue de Madrid, and the Mozart opus went with it. In those careless old days, admirers were free to handle the manuscript for their pleasure or instruction. In 1964, it was moved with the other Conservatoire treasures to the new, up-to-date Bibliothèque Nationale music room, with its electric alarm system, air-conditioned safe, and constant security service by guards—from which nearly half of it has just vanished into thin air.

The new facsimile edition is accompanied by a brochure that features a fascinating report by M. François Le-

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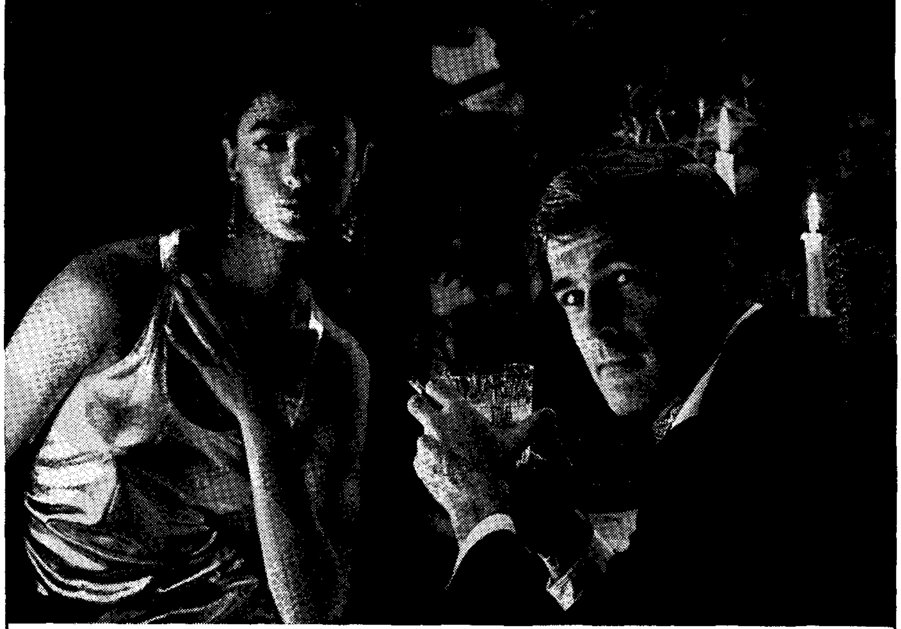

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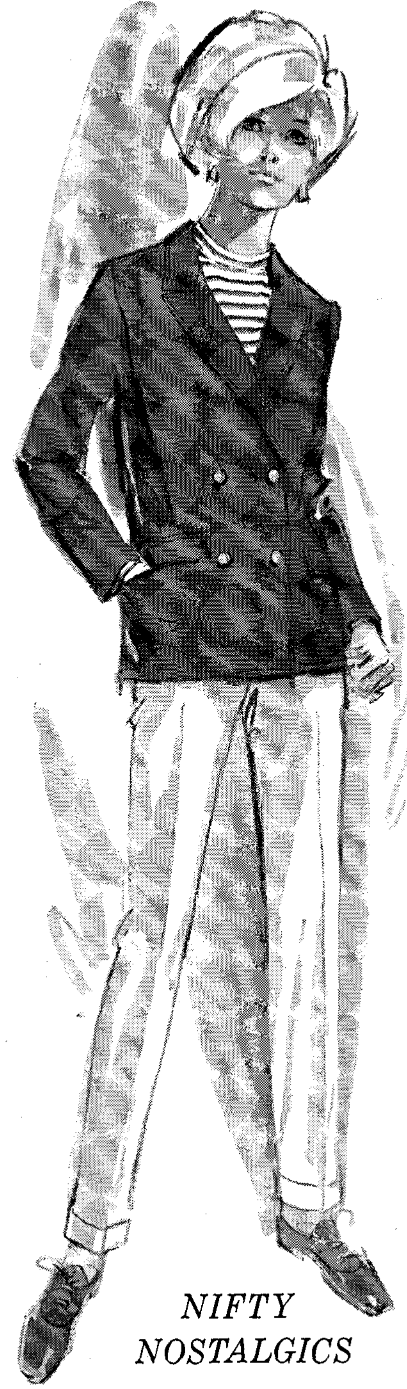

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sure, director of the Bibliothèque's music department, on what Mozart's notation looks like and why. He says that "Don Giovanni" contains remarkably few erasures or corrections, though there is slanting, uncertain notation and hesitation in the initial phrase of Donna Anna's first aria and there are numerous scratchings out toward the end of Act II. He used different strengths of ink, which acted as his instrumental guide—in the opening of Act I the ink is blackest in the parts for the violins and the bass, and in the vocal parts. He first jotted down his main musical themes and their major developments and then furnished the orchestration, sometimes as an insert; the farther he went in the manuscript, the surer he was in his complete rush of creation, the opera's final pages being written in upright clear notes, erect with his full genius.

The *editio princeps* of the new facsimile publication by *La Revue Musicale* and M. Maisonneuve is limited to fifteen hundred numbered copies, priced at the equivalent of seventy-six dollars and weighing nearly ten pounds. It is boxed, and its eight fascicles are bound, in handsome dark-red paper that resembles the dark morocco-leather binding supplied by Mme. Viardot, and its pages are about thirteen by ten inches in size, as were the sheets of eighteenth-century yellowish paper on which Mozart wrote his now half-lost masterpiece. —GENÊT

•

BETWEEN US

It is snowing heavily again.
I have been watching it for a long time
the way a blind man looks at the world
on the back of his eyelids.
Something I wanted in my hands
is not there, and I hear
the soft cry of the flakes approaching.
Trapped among branches,
it sounds as if I have lost someone
and have reached up to find
that same whiteness on my mouth,
plunging into itself without me.

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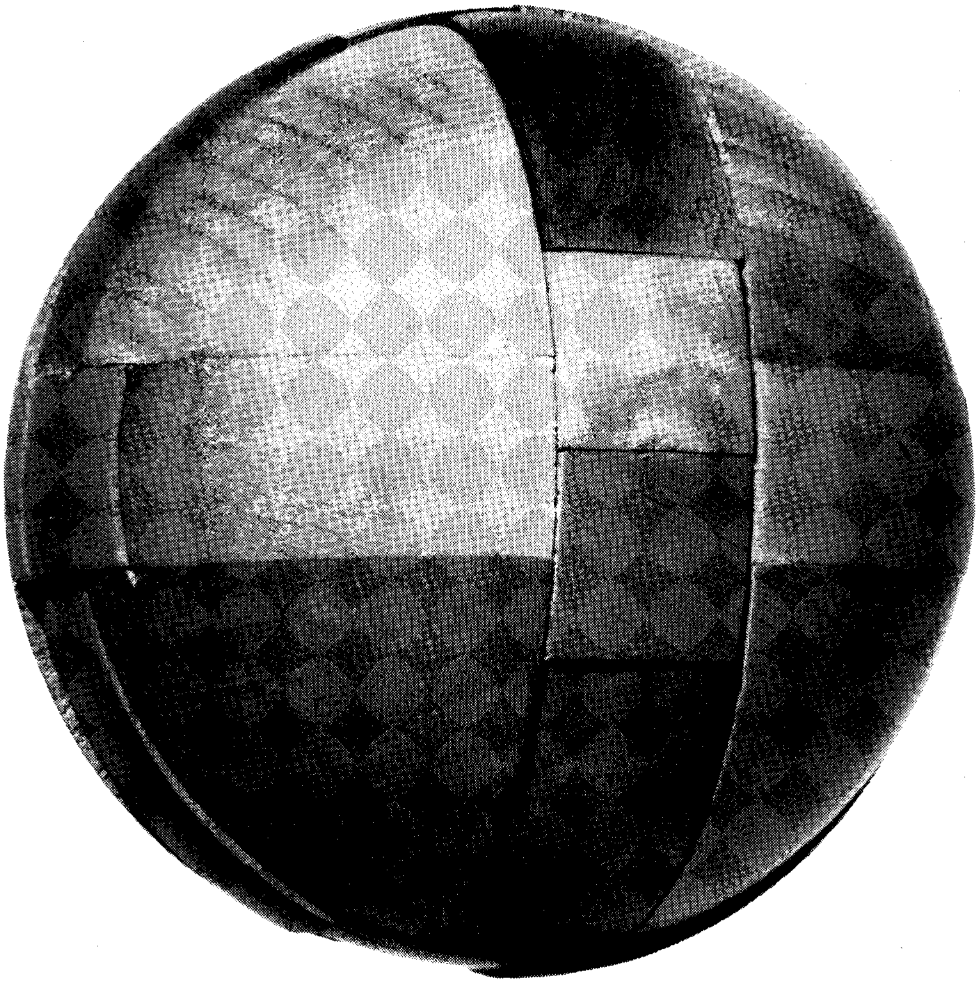

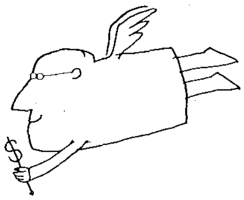

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Thirty Years After

ALTHOUGH Alain Resnais's "La Guerre Est Finie" (an ironic title that has, curiously, gone untranslated; there are titles, like "Bonjour Tristesse," that defy being Englished, but it is hard to imagine what arcane shades of meaning would have been lost to us in "The War Is Over") is not a great movie, or even, from the point of view of the casual moviegoer, particularly entertaining, it is a compendium of the virtues of one of the greatest of our contemporary directors, and his fellow movie-makers and his admirers among the laity are sure to find it of permanent interest. I defend this Janus-faced pronouncement on the ground that it was devised to perform a couple of necessary and opposed tasks at once: to let people who simply go to movies know one thing, and to let people who *care* about movies know another. As never before, we have two radically different audiences sitting in the same theatre and seeing—and yet not seeing—the same movie, and when it comes to the handiwork of men of genius like Resnais, the wigwagging from the wings is bound to seem, and on occasion is, confusing. Resnais's experiments in movie-making are as important and as distinctive as Faulkner's in the novel and are as little everybody's cup of tea. So much for meaching caveats.

CHE
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One of the interesting things about "La Guerre Est Finie" is how unlike its predecessors it is. Sharing with "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," "Last Year at Marienbad," and "Muriel" an incomparable technical finesse, it avoids their bravado; they were acrobatic films, which leaped to the eye, and the degree to which they called attention to their dazzling means was the degree to which they succeeded—they were, in short, feats. "La Guerre Est Finie," for which Jorge Semprun provided the screenplay, has a much less provocative surface; it is, indeed, rather old-fashionedly novelistic, carrying us from well-composed scene to well-composed scene as if from chapter to chapter and playing but a few subdued tricks with time and place. (Works of art have a way of unexpectedly upsetting the neatest applecarts of theories about works of art. Arguing that the movie of the future would bear the smallest possible taint of the literary, I have always cited Resnais as a favorite example, but, except for some silent, highly stylized love scenes, his present movie is as conventionally "written" as "The Forsyte Saga.")

The story of "La Guerre Est Finie" concerns a remnant of the Spanish underground that, thirty years after Franco, continues to fight the Falange from exile in France. We see that the remnant has grown old and that it is sad for it not to have grown tired as well; its continued ardent dedication to the cause is a form of self-preservation and potential embalmment. In and out of Spain, a new generation of revolutionaries has taken up the struggle and altered its nature; to them, the older group, with its pamphlets concealed in car doors and its constant, harried crossings of the border with plans for deeds repeatedly postponed or exposed, is an irrelevancy. Diego, the hero of "La Guerre Est Finie," is played by Yves Montand, and it is the role of his career; his Diego is a stoical, Camus-like figure, committed without hope to a good that cannot be achieved. There are only two other roles that matter: Diego's aging, loyal mistress, played by Ingrid Thulin, and a young revolutionary determined to make love to Diego as much because he is a historical monument as because he is a man, played by a pretty young French-Canadian actress named Geneviève Bujold. They are fine, but it is Montand who is unforgettable.

"TO BE A CROOK" was written and directed by Claude Lelouch, the young Frenchman whose "A Man and a Woman" has become a local shrine. The newly arrived Lelouch is reported to have been shot a year or so earlier than "A Man and a Woman," and it is fair to say that it looks it, but the picture is so full of lively and amusing things that I am prepared to forgive it for being imperfect as a whole. It is an account of four young Parisian artisans who, sick of earning honest livings, put themselves through a rigorous course of training in order to become successful criminals. Most of their information is drawn from gangster and cowboy movies, and, for all their ambition to do evil, they tend to fail the simplest tests. At last, by chance, they are given an opportunity to pull off an authentic kidnapping. This crime leads, in the climactic scenes of the movie, to a series of frightful, interlocked murders; without the slightest warning, the movie turns from a comedy into a tragedy. I hope that Mr. Lelouch's intended message was not that life is more serious than it seems, or that if one plays with fire one is likely to be burned. I prefer to think that his abundant materials got out of hand and that, being young and inexperienced, he panicked. In the young, it is a good failing.

"SWEET LOVE, BITTER" is a conscientious attempt to make the framework of a conventional melodrama support a few true statements about the place of the Negro in American life: about his economic situation, about his relations with his fellow-Negroes, about his relations with whites, and about his perennial temptation to make his fate bearable with the help of alcohol, drugs, and—what shall I call it?—the dreariest dregs of sex. The hero, a celebrated saxophonist, befriends a white college professor who has taken to drink as a result of his guilty feelings over the death of his wife in a car accident. The musician introduces the drunk to a virtuous Negro friend who runs a coffeehouse. This friend has *his* troubles; he is in love with a white girl, and he finds their affair unendurable. We are invited to follow these four through their doomed dance, and we might have done so with pleasure if conscientiousness were ever enough, but, alas! the screenplay, by Herbert Danska and Lewis Jacobs, proves increasingly feeble, and, with one exception, the cast lacks the authority to impose itself upon our disbelief. The exception is Dick Gregory, as the saxophonist. He gives a terrifying performance, and to his fame as a standup comedian and standup defender of civil rights he is sure to add fame as an actor. Other members of the cast include Don Murray, Robert Hooks, and Diane Varsi, and the direction is by Mr. Danska.

—BRENDAN GILL

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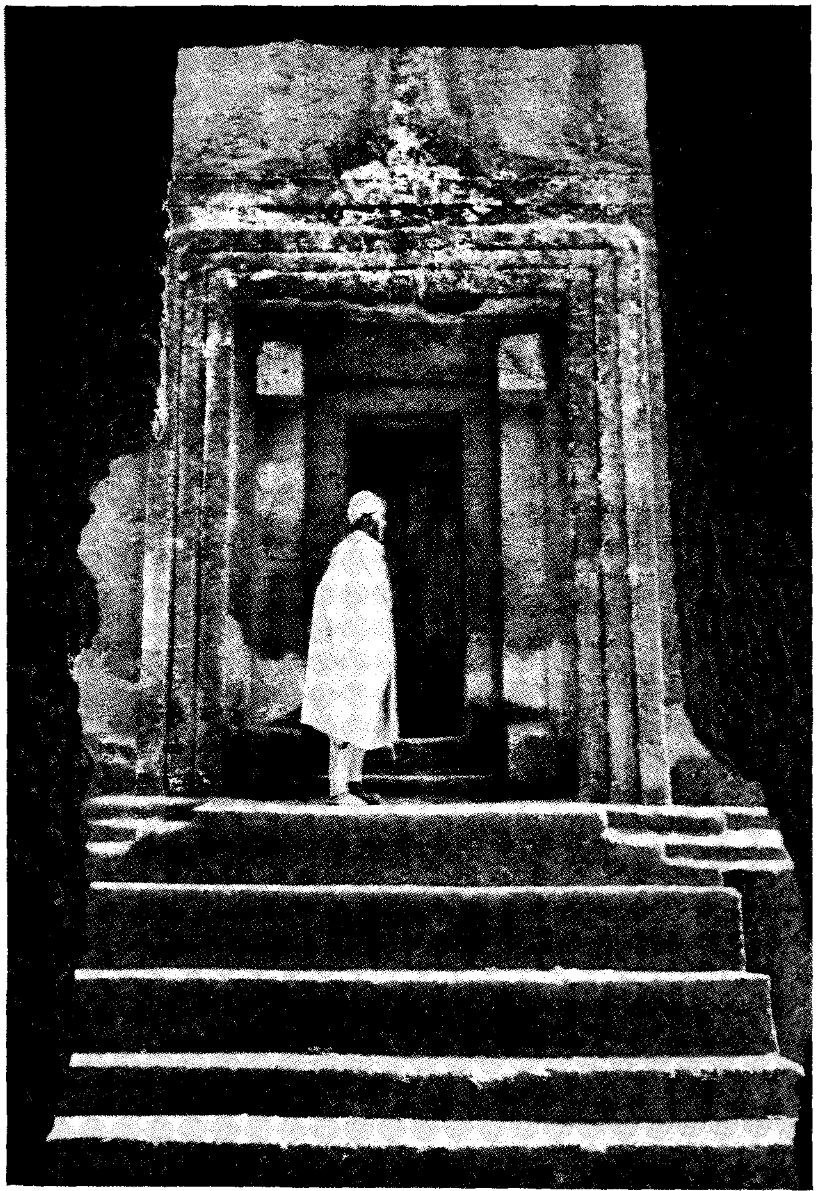

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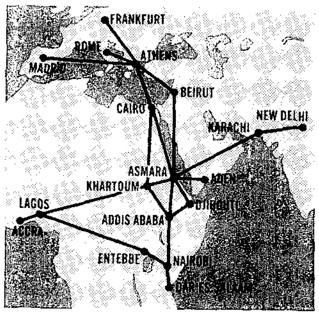

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THE SNOW IN PETROGRAD

MATTHEW SPRINGER stood at a window in the Columbia Graduate Student Lounge watching the snow fall and silently rehearsing the remarks he would make when it came time for him to introduce Alexandrei Petramovitch, who was the evening's speaker. *We of the Russian Institute are fortunate to have with us tonight*— Springer cut himself off as, glancing in the direction of the doorway, he saw that Petramovitch had entered the room. The two men had never met, but Springer had heard Petramovitch lecture at the Institute in 1954, when the Cold War was still at its height. Springer, who was now an instructor at the Institute, had been a student at the time, Petramovitch was already an old man, and the lecture had been memorable, for Petramovitch had electrified his audience by insisting, with fiery eloquence, that, in spite of the excesses of Stalin, Socialism was the *only valid form of government* for Russia. Now, as Springer moved forward to greet him, he found himself looking down at a pale little man whose threadbare overcoat and white goatee seemed not so much worn by his shrunken body and waxen face as hung from them. Only Petramovitch's eyes—blue, triangular, and set in his head like gable windows—appeared vital and lifesize. His eyes are still full of revolutionary zeal, Springer thought. "It was good of you to come on such a stormy night," he said.

Petramovitch smiled, and the authentic eyes crinkled at the corners. "I am Russian," he replied in the heavily accented English that Springer remembered from a dozen years before. "I do not mind the snow."

Springer helped the old man out of his overcoat, led him to the speaker's lectern, and stood by his side as the last students and faculty members entered the room. The audience would not be as large as for the two previous lectures of the winter series—it had been standing room only for the man from the Soviet Embassy, and there had been a full house for an émigré count—but, considering the bad weather, Springer felt that the turnout was respectable. While he waited for the noise to subside, he told Petramovitch that he had read and enjoyed his most recent book. "I particularly liked the last section, where you speculate on the kind of Russian society that could have been constructed if the Mensheviks and other moderate Socialists had gained control of the Revolution," he said.

"I am flattered," Petramovitch answered simply. "Also by this audience. That there should be so many people still interested in hearing about the Revolution pleases me."

"They're interested in hearing you," Springer said graciously. "After all, you were a participant."

"Ah, yes," said Petramovitch, smiling again. "An actor from an ancient history."

The room had settled down, and Springer took a final look at a white card upon which he had scribbled some biographical notes about his guest. "Alexandrei Petramovitch," he read. "Born in 1880, in Cracow. Educated at the University in Kiev. Delegate to the Stockholm Socialist Congress of 1906. Exiled from Russia in 1908 for activity against the czarist government. Returned after the March Revolution of 1917. Member of the Executive Committee of the Petrograd Soviet, and associate of Julius Martov, leader of the Menshevik wing of the Social Democratic Party. Left Russia for good after the Bolsheviks seized power. Lived in Paris until 1939. Author of several books on Russia, including 'A Socialist's History of the Revolution,' and editor of *Sotsialisticheskii Vestnik*, official newspaper of the Social Democratic Labor Party in exile. *Tonight Mr. Petramovitch will give us his recollections of the Revolution of 1917 . . .*"

APPLAUSE for Petramovitch rose and fell as Springer finished his introduction and sat down at a table adjacent to the lectern. The old man acknowledged his audience with a nod and pulled on a pair of rimless glasses. "Could anyone have thought, in March of 1917, that the Russian people rising like a tidal wave would sweep away so quickly and so easily the Romanov Dynasty?" he began in a voice full of wonder. "Certainly not those of us in the various revolutionary movements. Not Lenin, who was living in Swit-

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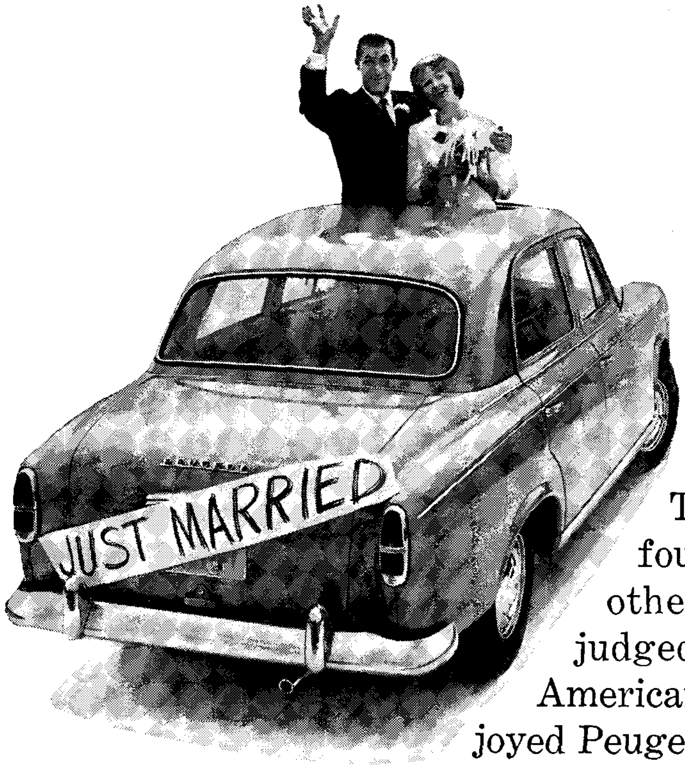

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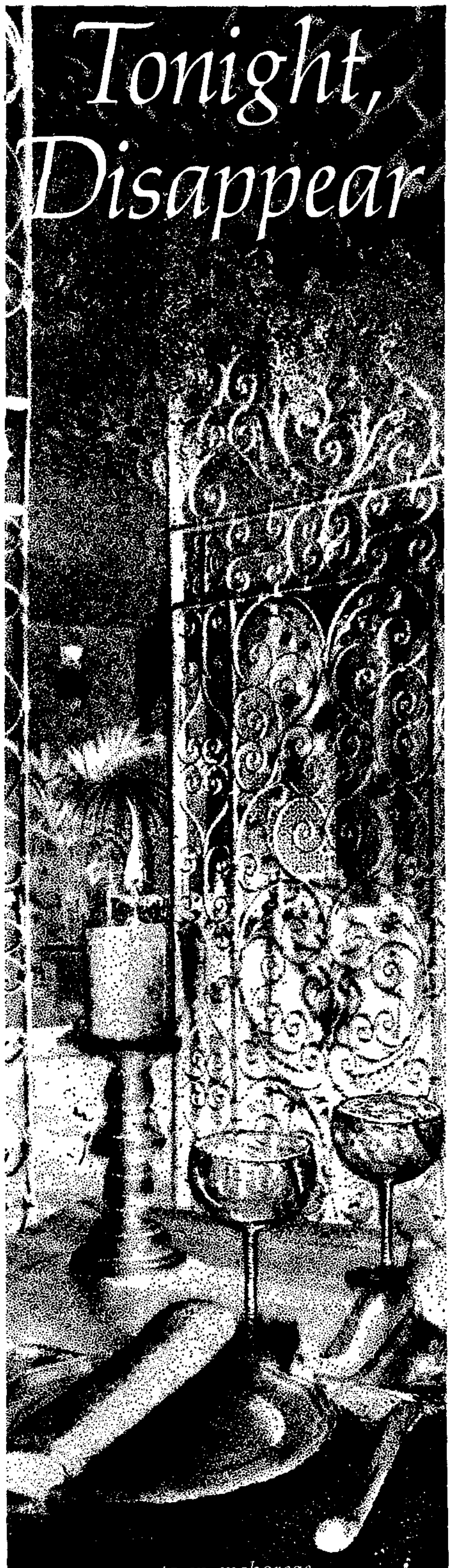

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zerland, or Trotsky, who was here in New York, or Martov and other Mensheviks like myself, who were scattered about Europe. No, we had not the slightest idea that the revolution was so near at hand. For years we exiles had been carrying on sterile quarrels amongst ourselves about how best to achieve a revolution in Russia, when suddenly it happened. I can tell you we were of two minds about it. We were happy, of course, yet we were also anxious, for now it was necessary to take action. But how to act? And what to do?"

Petramovitch paused and smiled apologetically at his listeners, as if he were inviting them to be amused at his ancient quandary; then he continued, wagging a forefinger beside his ear so that it seemed to be keeping time to some faint, familiar rhythm. "Martov went to Switzerland and proposed to Lenin that the revolutionary factions cease their quarrelling and open negotiations with the Germans, in order that we might all be granted transportation back to Russia," he said. "It was Martov's idea, however, that we wait until permission was granted for our return by the provisional revolutionary government which had been proclaimed by the Duma Committee. In this way, Martov hoped to affirm support for the March Revolution and for the creation of a stable democratic regime. . . ."

For Springer, these opening remarks contained a review of events and an outline of conditions with which he and the audience were wholly conversant. Was it because of this that he already sensed a hint of restlessness in the room—a slight squeaking among the folding chairs which foretold growing boredom? Springer recalled the rapt attention that had been paid to the well-tailored young man from the Soviet Embassy, who spoke with bland assurance that the revised history that constituted his text was unassailable, and to the tweedy White Russian count, whose hatred of Communism allowed him to distort history to the extent of denying the basic validity of the Revolution. It seemed a pity that the account of a man who had not only been in Petrograd during the upheaval but even taken an important part in it should not engender greater interest. But the fire was gone from Petramovitch. His voice was lustreless. He was simply recounting the history that could be found in textbooks. Springer wondered if the old man had lived with his story so long that he had become detached from it. He hoped that Petramovitch would retrieve the situation

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by telling them something personal about his experience in Petrograd. What had he felt as he witnessed the cataclysm that shook the world?

But for the next half hour, Petramovitch was content to carry his audience chronologically over the ups and downs of the turbulent summer and autumn of 1917. He told of the abortive *coup d'état* attempted by the Kronstadt sailors; of the ebb in Bolshevik fortunes resulting from Lenin's subsequent flight to Finland and from Trotsky's arrest; of the resurgence of the Bolsheviks in September, after Kerensky released Trotsky and his followers from prison to help stem a *coup d'état* by Kornilov and the Rightists; of Lenin's dramatic return from Finland, when he smuggled himself incognito into Petrograd by swathing his face in bandages; of the Bolshevik domination of the second All-Russian Congress of Soviets that was convened in the Smolny Institute on the day after Trotsky's forces had seized the railroad stations, the telephone office, and the bridges across the Neva; and, finally, of Julius Martov rising bravely to his feet and being howled down by the Bolsheviks as he denounced them for plunging the country into civil war.

At this point, lulled by Petramovitch's narrative as he might have been by one of those symphonies that are too well known to hold surprises, Springer was startled to hear the old man's voice rise in fervent crescendo as he launched into a tribute to Martov. "Do not forget Julius Martov!" Petramovitch cried. "Martov was a Socialist who stood not only for the Revolution but for democracy as well. He would never have acceded to the repressions that were undertaken to implement the early five-year plans. He would have—" Petramovitch broke off and, as if groping for a phrase, turned away from his audience and looked out the window. He remained silent for so long a time that Springer began to wonder if—sidetracked by senility and lost in contemplation of the falling snow—he had forgotten his train of thought. But then, to his relief, the old man turned back and smiled his apologetic smile. "It is too late, I think, to talk about what Martov would have done," he said with a shrug. "Martov has been gone a long time. He died in exile in Berlin, more than forty years ago. If time and biology permit, however, I hope one day to write a biography of him. As for what happened in Petrograd, we were amateurs. Yes, that's what it amounted to in the end. We Mensheviks were amateurs

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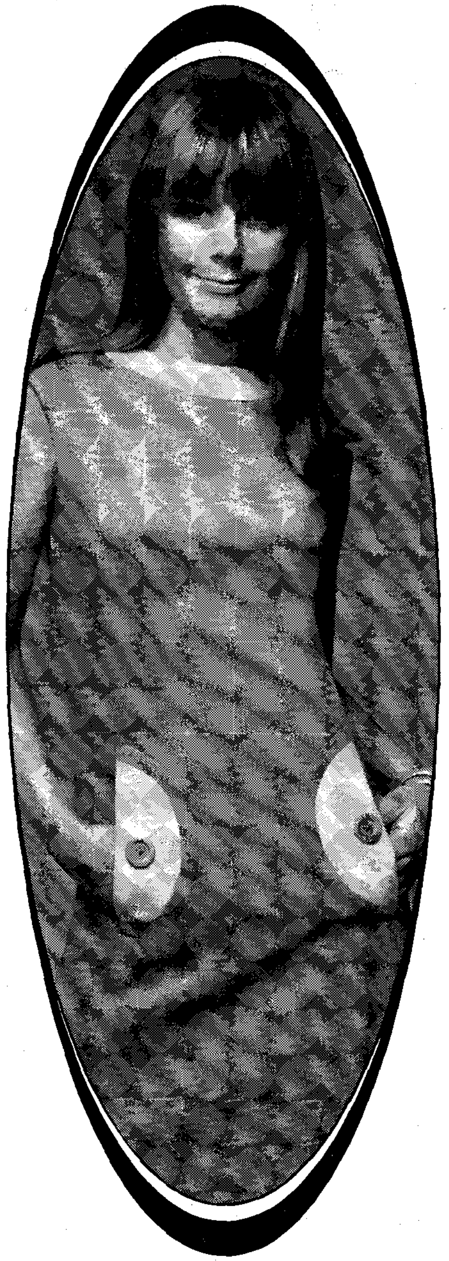

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For some moments, the audience was uncertain whether Petramovitch had concluded his remarks with this admission or merely lapsed into another silence. A first tentative handclap came when the old man began to gather up his notes from the lectern, but the audience had been caught off balance, and the applause that followed was sporadic and of short duration. After it had died away, Springer got up and moved to the lectern to announce that there was time for a few questions from the floor. When he glanced at Petramovitch, however, he saw that the old man's face was sagging with fatigue. "It's not necessary to have the question-and-answer period," Springer whispered. "Perhaps you would like to call it a night."

"If you don't mind," Petramovitch replied. "I have grown very tired."

WHEN Petramovitch and Springer left the student center, some minutes later, it was still snowing. The snow was six inches deep on the sidewalk, and the footing beneath was slippery. Springer took the old man by the arm, and the two of them proceeded very slowly, across a deserted quadrangle, toward Amsterdam Avenue, where Springer planned to hail a cab. As they walked, Springer thanked his guest for coming and complimented him on his talk, but Petramovitch made no reply, and for several minutes they struggled on through the snow in awkward silence. Springer wondered if Petramovitch was downcast because of his lapse at the lectern, or if he regretted the harsh admission with which he had terminated his lecture, and, tangled in these considerations, he was suddenly overcome with compassion for this aging man who, pressed by time and biology, had ventured out on a stormy night to impart recollections that were nearly half a century old. He wanted to say something encouraging to Petramovitch—something to the effect that, successful or not, he was more fortunate than most men to have stood at a watershed of history and to have had a chance to divert the flow of events. But Springer did not; it seemed too patronizing. Instead, to fill the silence, he asked Petramovitch what it was he had forgotten toward the end of his lecture. "It was when you turned and looked out the window," Springer went on with a smile. "I thought you were trying to remember something about Martov."

Petramovitch stopped in his tracks and gave the younger man a look of

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profound reproach. "My friend, when you are as old as I am you will not always be forgetting things," he replied. "Sometimes you will remember things you had forgotten long before. This evening, after so many years in other countries, I looked out the window at the snow falling past dark buildings and suddenly found I was remembering the night I left the Smolny for the last time. It was a week or so after Martov's courageous speech, and the first snow of the year was falling in Petrograd. The city was transformed. For the first time in months, everything was still." Petramovitch took Springer's arm, and they continued across the silent quadrangle. "The stillness was frightening, for I was heartsick at our failure and afraid for what was going to happen in Russia," the old man went on. "But as I walked through the deserted streets of Petrograd, I was filled with a strange kind of peace. Of course, it was not peace I felt but resignation. Yes, I was like a frightened man alone in bed in a dark house, and it was as if the snow were a blanket that I had pulled over my head before going to sleep."

—PAUL BRODEUR

●

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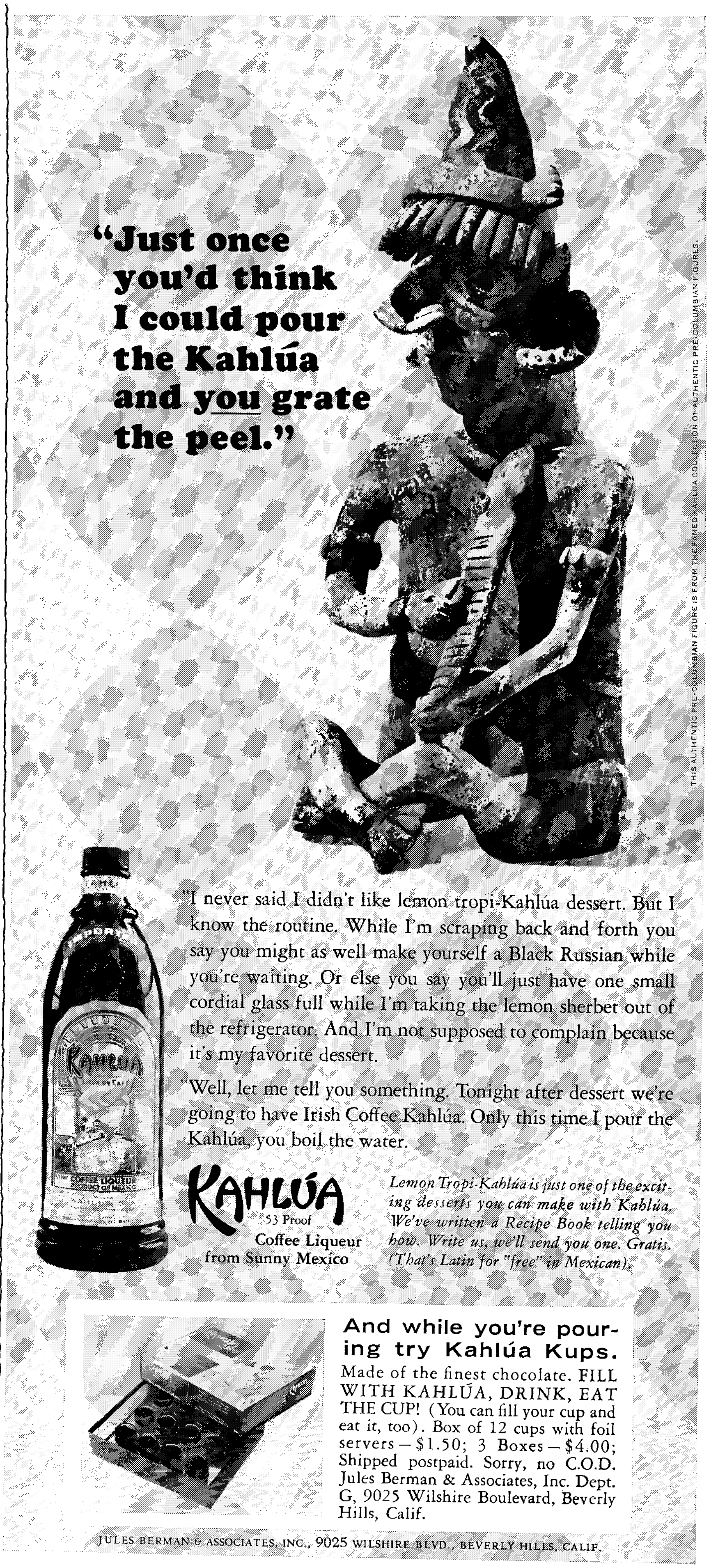
To Dayton State Sen. David S. Holcomb and Montgomery county's State Rep. Albert H. Sealy Jr.: You two and your many freshman colleagues should resolve to commit the following couplet to memory:

If all freshman would remember this poor but honest poetry, we might complete one session without introducing that innocent-appearing reclamation association bill which in fact would permit the strip mining of coal in the middle of Hueston Woods State park.—*Richard Zimmerman in the Dayton Journal Herald.*

Vers libre, we'd call it.



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you'd think
I could pour
the Kahlúa
and you grate
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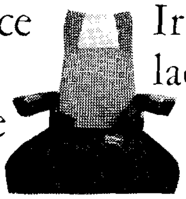

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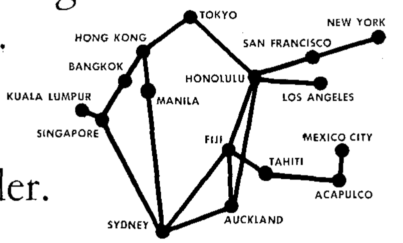

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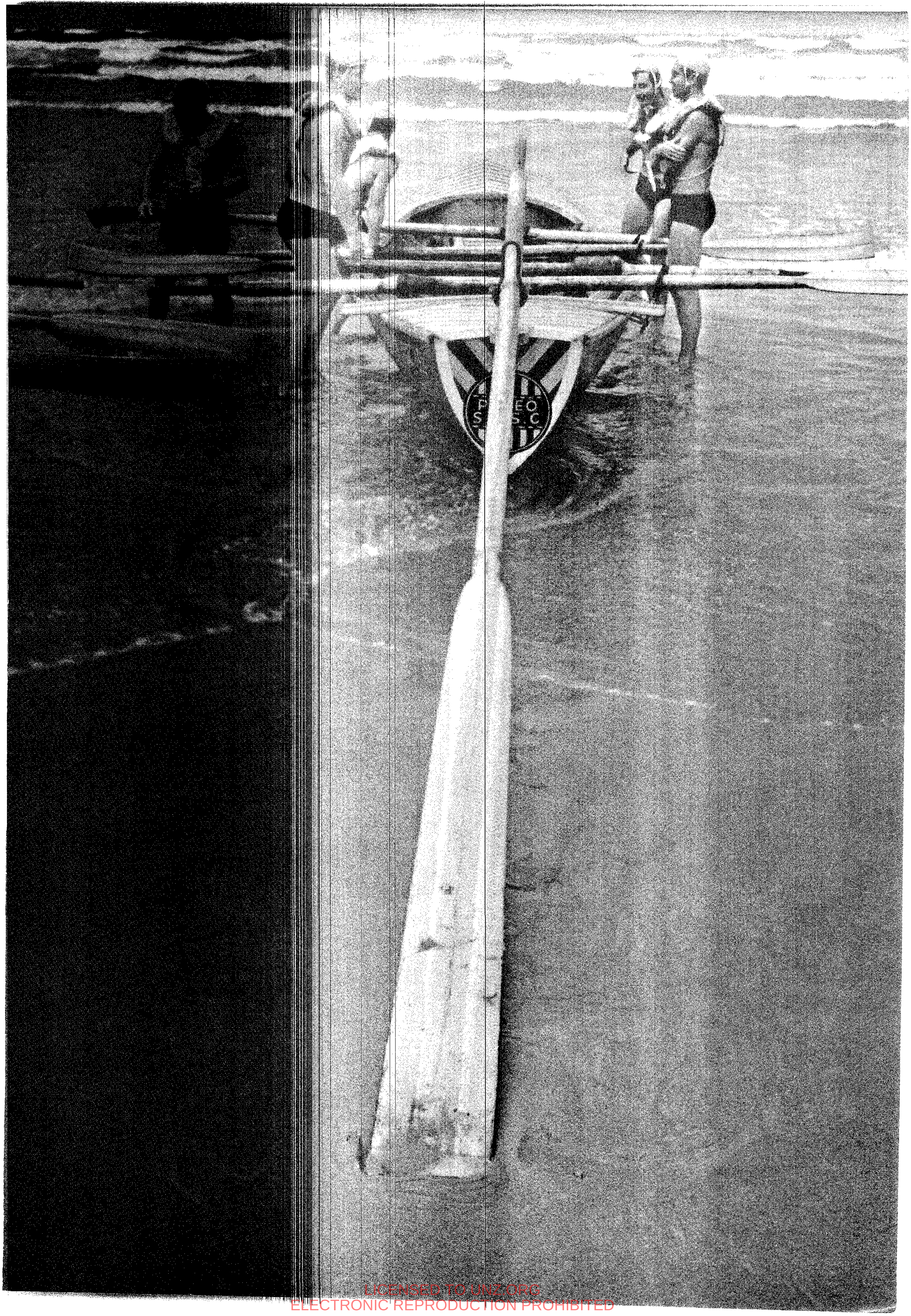

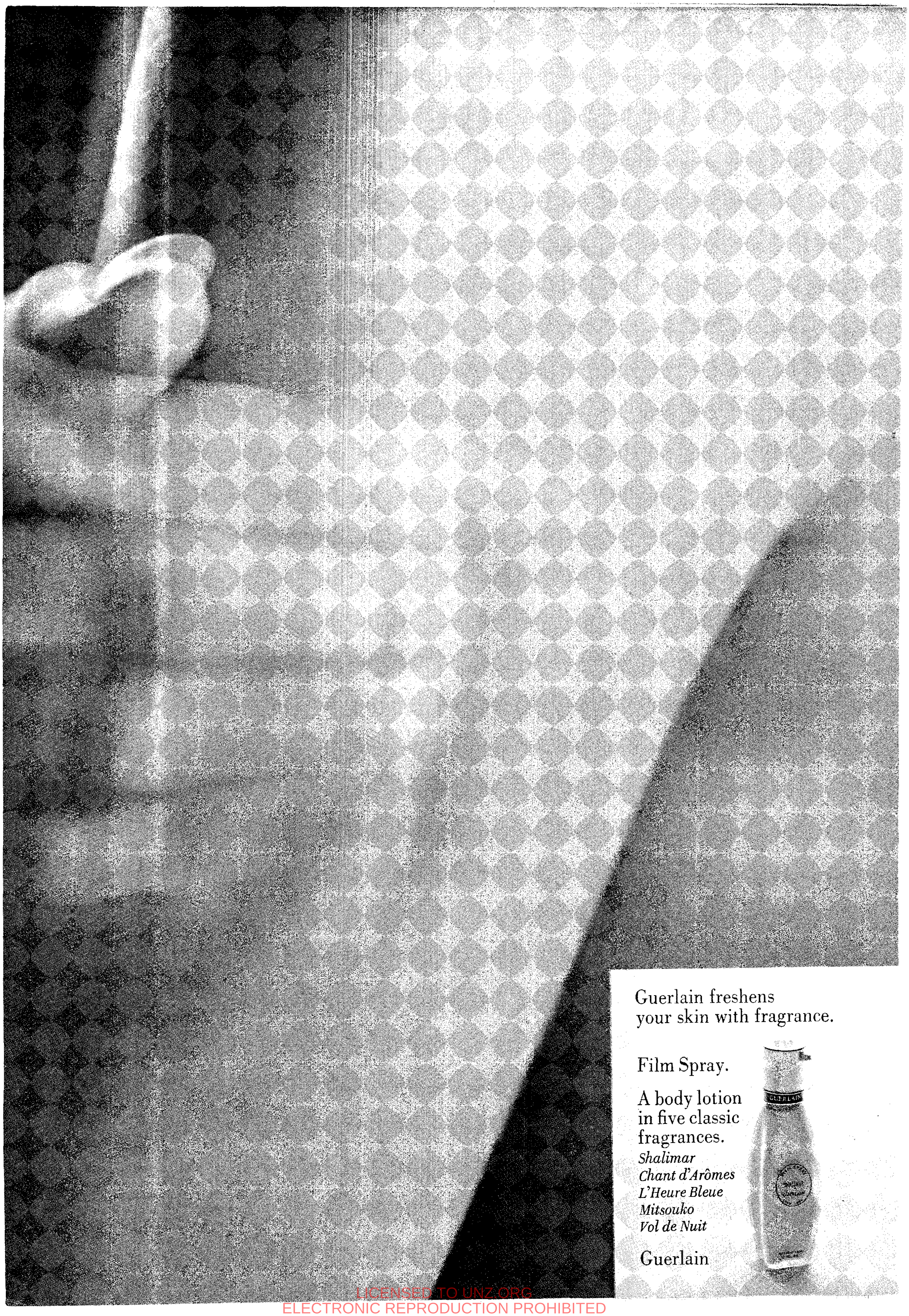

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LETTER FROM LONDON

FEBRUARY 2

THOUGH the Prime Minister spoke recently of the great debate that would take place throughout the country on the prospect of Britain's taking the fateful, historic step into Europe, it showed few signs of starting up with any heat until last week. Maybe because most British think they will ultimately join the Common Market anyway—if not today, then on a postponed tomorrow—there had been little advance speculation, and there was apparently no subsequent sense of letdown, about the noncommittal courtesies of the Paris visit. On the whole, the man-in-the-street reaction seemed to be that it had gone off no worse, and maybe rather better, than expected. All that large numbers of citizens trust is that at the end of Mr. Wilson's and Mr. Brown's tour of the six capitals next month Britain will apply for membership without more ado or the long-drawn-out haggling that brought the original expedition to grief four years ago. Last week, however, the minority who trust no such thing—and, indeed, hold precisely opposite convictions—suddenly declared the national debate open. The first sounds of opposition came from the eighty-two-year-old chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party, Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, an old-guard Socialist and chipper fighter who has seen the inside of British prisons in his turbulent political career, served as Minister of Defence under Clement Attlee, and was once emotionally lauded by Prime Minister Winston Churchill in Parliament as a great patriot (and sat weeping unashamedly as he listened, being a man with an old-fashioned readiness to shed tears, like Churchill himself), and is now viewed by all parties with the affectionate esteem that the British reserve for elderly statesmen, actresses, and buildings. He is also a passionate anti-Marketeer, who has never wavered in his distrust of all things European, and especially German. His explosion of rage at a private meeting of the Parliamentary Party last week has acted as the catalyst for the other anti-Market elements, which have up to now kept fairly quiet but resentful on the Labour back benches. Perhaps the speed and energy with which Mr. Wilson in less than a year changed course from his notably guarded election-campaign comments to the ringing conviction of his speech to the European parliamentarians at Strasbourg caught the antagonists off balance. Now, under Mr. Shinwell's vigorous leadership, these opinions will once more be voiced in the House and echoed in the country—but, it may be guessed, without the fury of the first national Common Market argument, when the split for and against was pretty evenly divided. In spite of the prickly bunch of dissent disconcertingly handed to Mr. Wilson on the eve of his successful Brussels journey, the feeling here today seems impressively different.

THREE million viewers sitting comfortably before their television sets the other evening were painfully jolted by a remarkable, harrowing documentary film shown on the B.B.C. for the second time in two months. "Cathy Come Home," which is about the despair and misery of the people in swinging Britain today who can find no place to live, was first given last November and has just been unusually and deservedly repeated in answer, apparently, to requests from all over the country. To the general public it was an appalling eyeopener, which has produced quantities of talk and already some good effects in various directions. The film was written by Jeremy Sandford and directed by Kenneth Loach, who had previously directed with much skill the ribald, roistering film version, also for B.B.C. television, of the book by Sandford's wife, Nell Dunn, "Up the Junction," which described larky London birds and their blokes hopping in and out of beds and pubs in Battersea. An intelligent blond actress, Carol White, plays the quieter country girl, Cathy, who marries the pleasant young truck driver, Reg (played by Ray Brooks), who picked her up on the road when she was hitchhiking hopefully to city life from the dull grass roots. They begin ambitiously in a snug little home, which they have to give up when he is temporarily laid off after an accident and she becomes pregnant. For reasons that the film does not make clear, they never catch up again after this setback. For a

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while, they move in with his relatives in a teeming tenement block. The babies continue to arrive—they love them, Cathy explains, thus forestalling the criticisms of those who think that most of the young couple's troubles could have been settled by the pill—and the dreary round of pavement tramping begins, with gimlet-eyed women surveying Cathy's front and her loaded stroller and snapping, "Nothing to let here." When they find a good-natured old landlady, she dies suddenly and they are put out on the street with their bits of furniture, having fallen behind with the rent. Increasingly shabby and desperate but still a united, loving family, they stay for a bit at a squalid suburban caravan site, full of homeless folk like themselves, which the tweedy local Council members are shown denouncing angrily at a town meeting. Finally, Cathy and the children are parted from Reg, who drifts away in search of a job. The local authorities take the children "into care"—the institutional shadow of the old Dickensian poor laws—and the painful little history is at an end.

Kenneth Loach has given it settings of real-life horrifying conditions, authentic down to the last strip of peeling paper and patch of crumbling brick, and a background of the voices of actual welfare and housing officials explaining with weary patience (which apparently sounded merely callous to many moved television watchers) how a certain number of available Council estate houses cannot possibly be equated with the far greater number of waiting families. "Cathy" immediately came under fire from local welfare authorities, who complained that their counterparts in the film were unfairly shown to be harsh and unsympathetic. They said, too, that the heartrending downward journey of Cathy's family had made telling but exaggerated use of every calamity that could crop up in a dozen case histories. However that may be, it certainly brought uncomfortably to the shocked public's notice that, according to the Ministry of Housing's own figures, three million people in prosperous Britain are still living in "slums, near-slums, or grossly overcrowded conditions"—if they can get them, of course. The homeless, it has been said, include the expected number of social casualties who have to be taught how to cope with life (and are assisted to do so at the various London Borough rehabilitation centers that exist for the purpose), but more often they are young workingmen like Reg in the picture, who have low-paid jobs and

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Jimmy Durante
Spring, 1967

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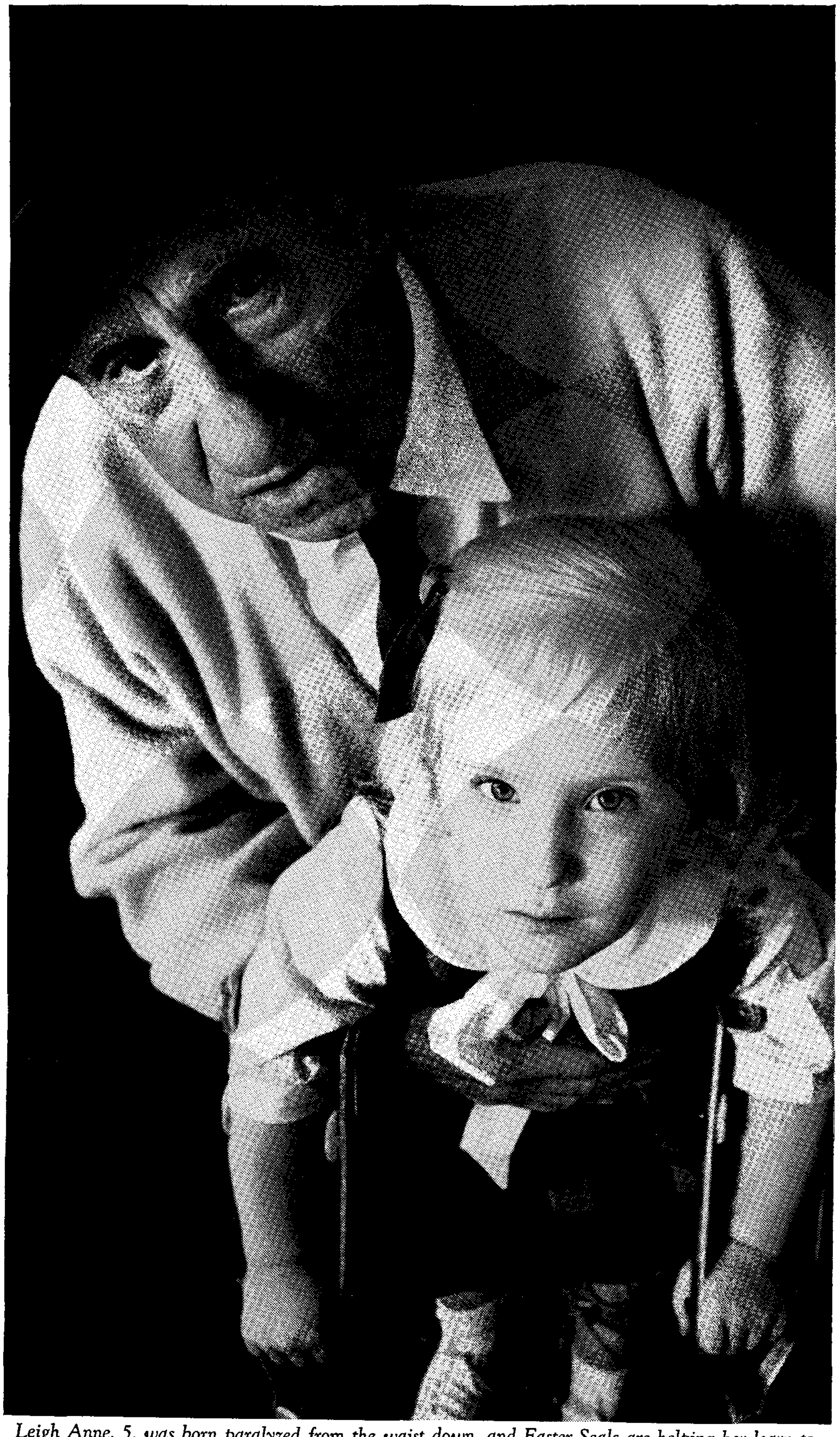

Leigh Anne, 5, was born paralyzed from the waist down, and Easter Seals are helping her learn to walk and care for herself. Jimmy Durante is National Chairman of the 1967 Easter Seal Fund Appeal.

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two or three children—poverty and progeny featuring most frequently as accompaniments to a problem that a Labour Government has not succeeded in reducing. In London, of course, it is exacerbated by the pull of the capital on all the Cathys and Regs who flock optimistically into it from the provinces. Since "Cathy" was first shown, some local authorities have revised their more widely criticized arrangements for dealing with the homeless, such as the harsh rule that in some places did not allow husbands to live with their wives and children in the hostels provided for them. The film also produced an astonishing response in cash. More than eighty thousand pounds—squeeze or no squeeze—has already poured in, like conscience money from those fortunate enough to have a roof over their children's heads, to a newly formed charity called Shelter, which splashes Cathy's harassed young face over its appeals. Shelter is simply a fund-raising organization, which passes on the money to the voluntary housing trusts (private concerns, without government backing) in Greater London and other areas with a problem of homeless people. The trusts buy up big empty houses and convert them into flats—in London, for instance, the sort of seedy Victorian family mansions that can be seen gently declining into déclassé melancholy, like dowagers come down in the world, in once prosperous stretches of Notting Hill Gate (with whose neighborhood housing trust the idea of the Shelter campaign originated) or Bayswater. It works fine, though charity, as disturbed ordinary citizens know, is hardly the answer. Because of the impact of "Cathy," millions of previously uninformed British are now aware of such acute human tragedies right here in their midst.

THE usual big Royal Academy winter show this year is a stand-in for the expected Rembrandt exhibition that ran into difficulties and had to be shelved. Instead, the Academy filled the gap by joining forces with the Walker Art Gallery, in Liverpool, to allow Londoners the first look at the Walker's own big project for this summer—the first major exhibition since the memorial retrospective in 1898, two years after his death, of the works of Sir John Everett Millais, briefly a president of the Royal Academy at the end of his incredibly successful career. Now Liverpool will see it after it closes here in March. It is fascinating as art history and as the plotting of a display of prodigious early

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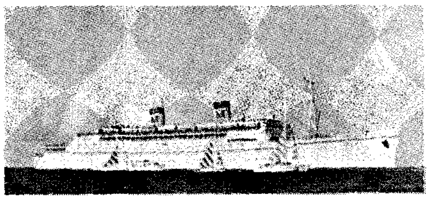

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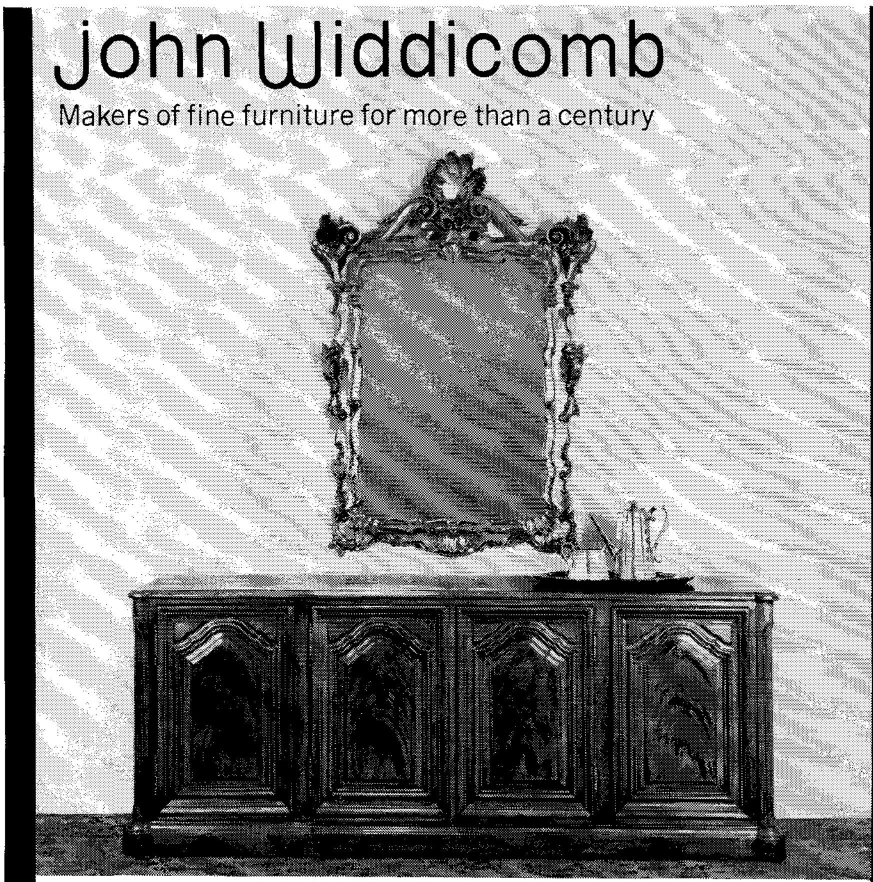
talents, which shot dazzlingly upward and then curved down into, on the whole, popular mediocrities while his fame and the shower of golden sovereigns and honors increased. All his youthful Pre-Raphaelite canvases glow with colors as brilliant as Pop Art and with the excitement of the new movement. They include his group, painted when he was nineteen, illustrating Keats' poem "Isabella"—the two rows of dinner guests painted flat, their musing profiles bunched together, with astonishing technical assurance, in the center of the canvas, which is impishly dominated not by the moonstruck lovers but by the well-muscled leg of one of Isabella's boorish brothers shooting across the foreground to aim a kick at her greyhound. There are also the dreamlike "Blind Girl," with its lovely background of a rain-washed Sussex hillside after a storm, and the niggly detail of "Christ in the House of His Parents," which so oddly shocked the Victorian public. (Dickens, with peculiar venom, raged that its Mary was so unconventionally ugly that "she would stand out from the rest of the company as a monster in the vilest cabaret in France or the lowest ginshop in England.") Yet by the time Millais was forty he was turning out the succession of sentimental infants who look as though their dimpled flesh were sculpted in icing sugar, and pictures such as "The Princes in the Tower" and the rest of the smoothly anecdotal works that brought him the handsome (and in those days astronomical) income of thirty thousand pounds a year, a baronetcy, Scottish grouse moors, and all the other trimmings of success.

The exhibition includes the famous portrait of Ruskin that Millais painted in 1853, while he was busy falling in love with Effie Ruskin. They were married the following year, after she had secured her freedom on the grounds of Ruskin's impotence—a social scandal in which Effie and Millais were supported by the sympathy of London society. The portrait shows Ruskin, city-looking in a frock coat, standing implausibly on a rock and surveying a cold mountain torrent with a cold, pale eye—a lonely, dignified figure who indeed, in spite of the mud thrown at him, remained with integrity Millais's most faithful, just admirer and critic to the end. The Academy has used his portrait to advertise the exhibition, sardonically in the circumstances, under the chirpy tabloid heading "His Picture Broke Up a Marriage"—one way of drawing in the public, maybe,



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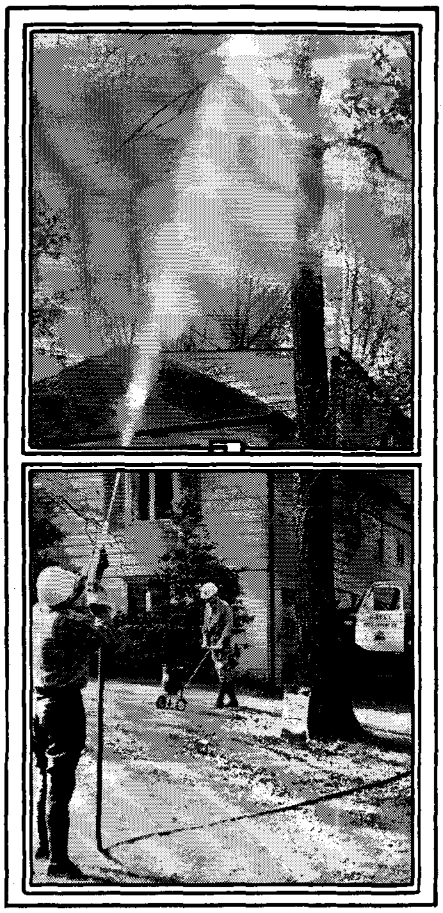

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but a surprising departure from the usual staid methods of Burlington House. It is also about to break with hallowed tradition this year by welcoming to the Royal Academy banquet, to which women are never bidden, the first Minister for the Arts, who also happens to be a lady—Miss Jennie Lee, the extremely decorative widow of Aneurin Bevan, who will surely be a handsome addition to the occasion.

UNTIL February 19th, the new main exhibition space at the Tate is being devoted to the annual "Young Contemporaries" show, a selection of work by students at art schools all over the country, which in previous years has been seen in the less august and considerably more cluttered setting of the Suffolk Street galleries, off the Strand. This time, the selection of exhibits was made not by a students' committee but by a panel of critics, artists, and dealers, and they are being displayed with the elegance and reverent allotment of space that the Tate gives to its international exhibitions of the great. Most of the critics felt crossly that the young artists had lost a good deal of their gusto by being thus polished up and elevated to the Valhalla of Millbank. The show seems bright and cheerful enough, though. The exhibits, most of which suggest that the eyes of the present student generation are still turned toward America, include gigantic freestanding scarlet shapes called "Easily Red" (which won a Peter Stuyvesant Foundation prize), some glossy blue corrugated-tin curtains hanging on a chrome rail (another prize-winner), foam-rubber soft objects lit up inside by electric light, and a jolly little inebriated red "Newel Post" that lurched and crooned to itself nonstop. The crowds of boys and girls who come to appraise their own work and those of their fellow-students parade seriously in their capes, their Edwardian overcoats, their transparent minishifts and amethyst lace stockings, and their too-large Victorian fur pelisses, bought in the King's Road—a gayer and more strikingly original decoration than anything on the walls, truth to tell. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

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—*Sam Shulsky in the Baltimore News American.*

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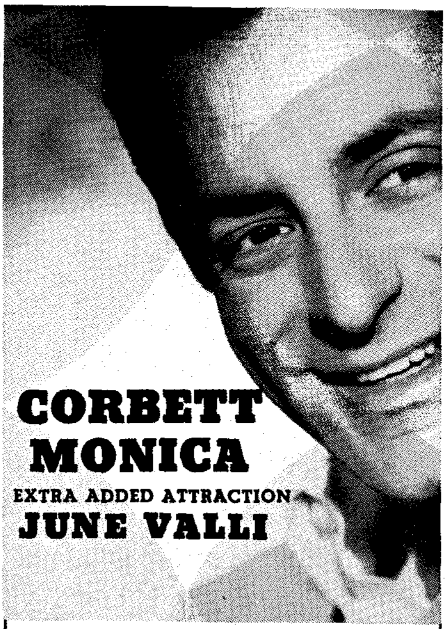

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Also Sprach Delius

THERE is a peripheral aspect of the nineteenth-century Romantic movement that has, as far as I know, scarcely been touched on by historians of the period. This is the discovery by Europeans, late in the eighteenth century, of the Sanskrit language; the systematization of the science of Indo-European linguistics by Jacob Grimm (of the fairy tales) in the eighteen-twenties and thirties; and the opening up of a vast new literature rivalling that of the ancient Greeks—a literature imbued with a noble but non-Biblical religious tradition. Schopenhauer thought that this discovery might produce a second Renaissance, just as the discovery of the ancient Greek language and culture by the Italians had produced the original one. But Schopenhauer's Renaissance never came about, and the distinguished Sanskritist and historian of religion Mircea Eliade, of the University of Chicago, has pointed out that the reasons for this were the prevailing materialism of nineteenth-century thought and the fact that Sanskrit remained the province of academic specialists, instead of spreading, as Greek had done during the actual Renaissance, to the ranks of poets, artists, composers, and men of general culture.

But even though Schopenhauer's predicted Renaissance never occurred, there were some symptoms of a cultural influence of the type he foresaw. Wagner, at one point in his career, considered composing an opera on the life of the Buddha, Scriabin became a theosophist, Albert Roussel composed an opera on Sanskrit themes and Carl Goldmark an overture on them, and, of course, the literary influences were even more striking than the musical ones. Among these, in a roundabout way, was the cultural atmosphere that induced Friedrich Nietzsche to write his famous philosophical poem "Also Sprach Zarathustra." To be sure, Nietzsche's Zarathustra (Zoroaster) owed nothing directly to Sanskrit, except, perhaps, the pseudo-Oriental-religious-epic form of the poem in which he appears. Nor did he owe anything to the Zoroastrians, who would have been horrified by him and his ideas. He was

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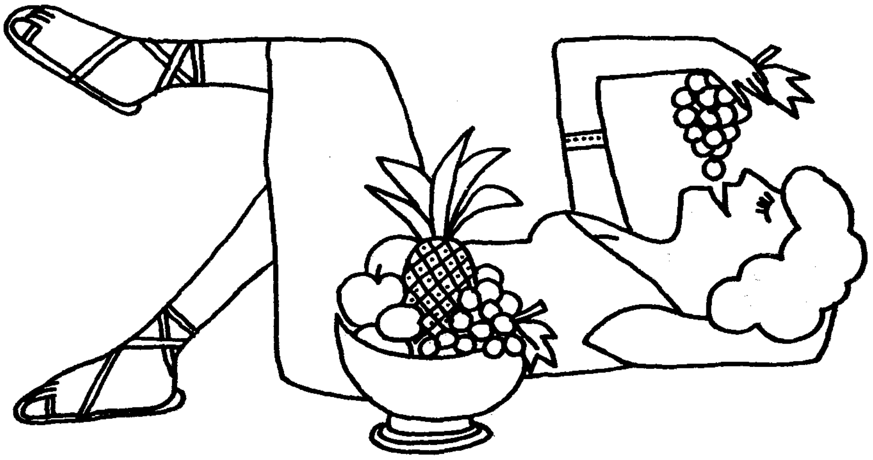

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purely a figment of Nietzsche's imagination. All the same, the fact that Nietzsche picked an imaginary Oriental sage as a vehicle for his doctrine of affirmation and eternal recurrence is indicative of the time in which he wrote. He was a friend of professors of Sanskrit (though he himself was primarily interested in classical Greek thought), he undoubtedly knew that the language of the Zoroastrians was closely allied to the Sanskrit of the ancient Aryans of India, and Oriental sages were all the rage. Today, some of Nietzsche's conceptions—the superman, "strength through joy," and so on—have become so identified with Hitler that they have a disagreeable ring in civilized society. Yet one has only to consider Nietzsche's character to realize how he, of all people, would have despised Nazism. Nietzsche was no nationalist. Like a great many notable Germans, he loathed his fellow-countrymen, and he was deeply attracted to French and Mediterranean culture. He even prided himself that his name sounded slightly Polish. He was the first of the proclaimers in modern times of the "death of God," and, as are most dedicated atheists, he was, in his way, a rather religious man. All in all, he was one of the most original thinkers and one of the most brilliant writers Germany has ever produced.

Nietzsche's influence was at its height around the turn of the century, when everybody, from André Gide and D. H. Lawrence to Isadora Duncan, fell under his spell. Both Gustav Mahler and Richard Strauss wrote works that either celebrated or quoted from "Also Sprach Zarathustra." But there was another composer, Frederick Delius, born of German parents in England and later a resident, successively, of the United States and France, who became such an enthusiastic Nietzschean that he based his most elaborate and impressive work, "A Mass of Life," on Nietzsche's poem. Delius has long been thought of as a minor composer, appreciated by a limited few, and I confess that I am ignorant of much of his output. The last time I heard "A Mass of Life" was in Germany many years ago under Wilhelm Furtwängler, and though I remember being greatly impressed, I did not until last week really remember why. On Tuesday evening of that week, the diligent Thomas Scherman presented the work in Philharmonic Hall with the Little Orchestra Society, an unnamed chorus trained by Jonathan Dudley, and a group of soloists. Mr. Scherman is not exactly a Furtwängler, but the performance

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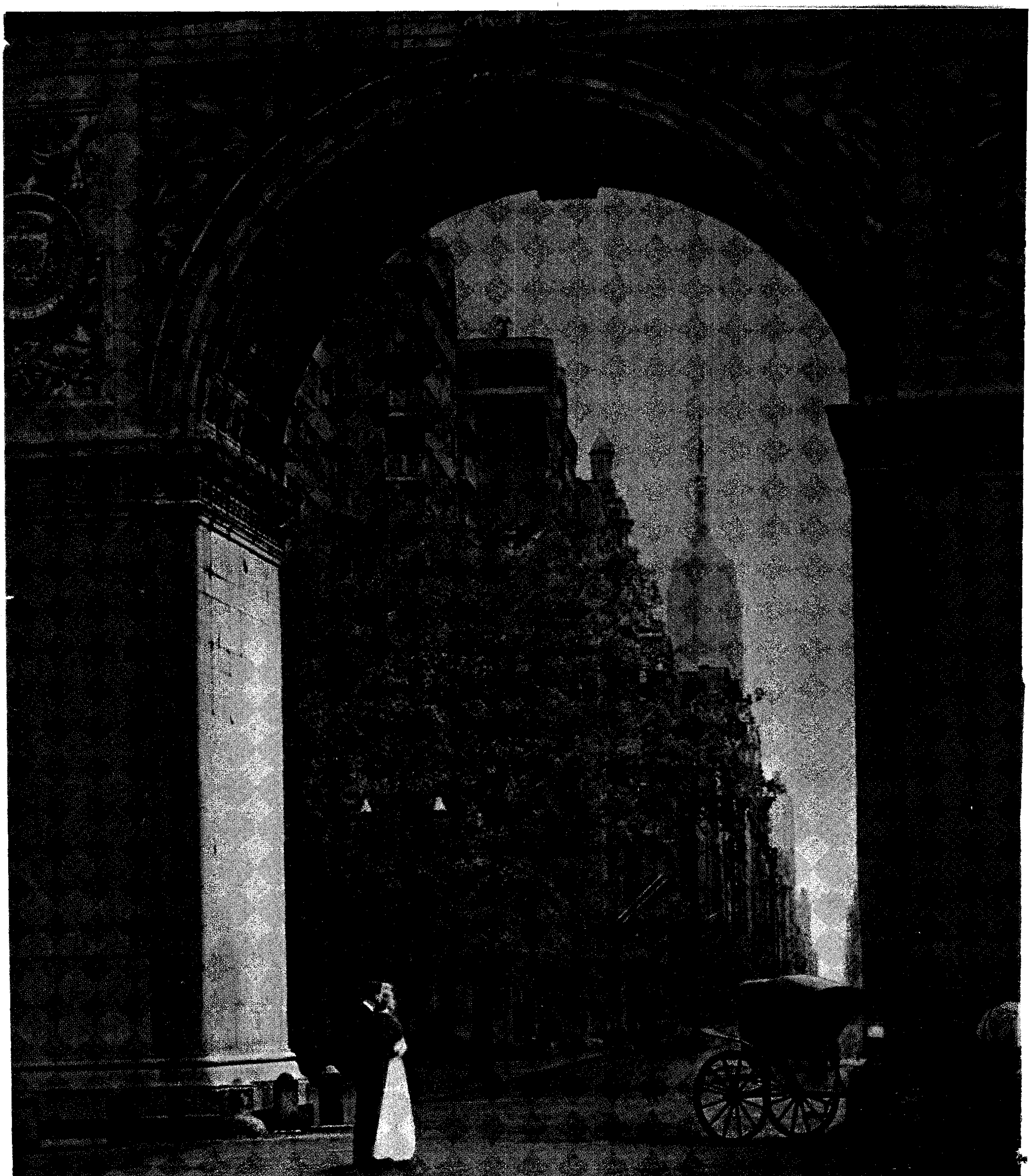

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IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 80 PROOF he presided over was at least faithful, and it opened my eyes to the talents of Delius. Here is a score combining immense power and subtle poetic effect, owing a little here and there to Wagner, Strauss, and Mahler but nevertheless highly individual in style and conception. I had thought of Delius as an impressionist, but "A Mass of Life" contains no impressionism. It is, on the contrary, an exultant expression of lofty sentiment, and there are portions of it—the "Song of Life," the "Night Song," "At Noon in the Meadows," and the great climax preceding "The Message," as well as "The Message" itself—that are of such beauty that they rank with the greatest music of their period. Neither Strauss nor Mahler has written more eloquently. The things that seem to have struck Delius most forcefully about Nietzsche's poem are the language and the invocations of nature, including the idea of eternal recurrence. There is no attempt to disseminate philosophical ideas in the music, which would have been impossible in any case. "A Mass of Life" is a tremendous musical metaphor within which one may view the whirling of the planets, the passing of the seasons, and the brief joy of the human lifetime. Not surprisingly, for all Nietzsche's exhortations to joy, it is pervaded by a subtle melancholy. I hope that it will not be long before we hear this masterpiece again. The excellent soloists on this occasion were the soprano Lenora Lafayette, the contralto Helen Watts, the tenor Murray Dickie, and Raimund Herincx, a splendid baritone who had most of Zarathustra's words to himself.

ON the previous night, I went to the Metropolitan to hear Tchaikovsky's opera "Queen of Spades." Last season, because of certain comparisons I was making, I greeted the first appearance of this production a bit too kindly. The scenery, by Robert O'Hearn, remains charming despite some recently acquired wrinkles in the first-act backdrop. Teresa Stratas, as Lisa, was quite effective, and so were Morley Meredith as Count Tomsky and William Walker as Prince Yeletsky. But Jon Vickers was badly miscast as Gherman, a role that requires villainous subtleties not consistent with his temperament as an actor. Jean Madeira, this year's Countess, was adequate, but not nearly as impressive as Regina Resnik was in the original production. Moreover, the musical direction by the conductor, Thomas Schippers, was generally rough and inaccurate, and many en-

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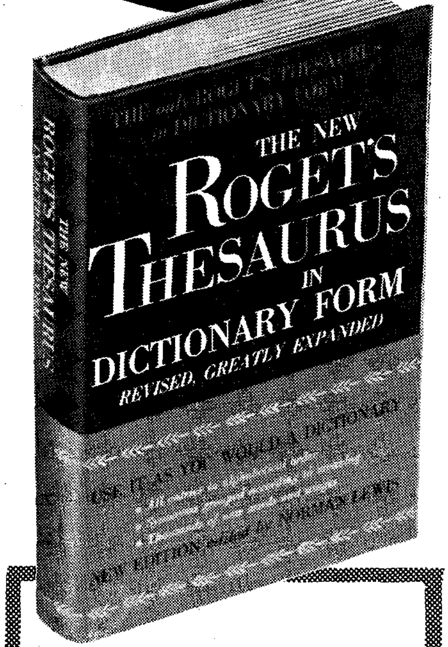
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sembles, to say nothing of some of Mr. Vickers' arias, suffered in consequence. Whatever Mr. Vickers' deficiencies as an actor in this type of opera may be, he is a fine singer, and deserves better at the hands of the man with the baton. As I left the auditorium, I wondered again whether this old, idiomatically Russian work is really worth reviving as a repertory item. I have seen performances of it by all-Russian troupes that gave it a certain authentic flavor as well as some dramatic excitement. But the fact remains that it is a weak opera, thin in musical content, remarkably unmelodious for Tchaikovsky, and unconvincing from the dramatic point of view. If you are saving up your pennies to go to the Metropolitan this year, I do not recommend spending them on this.

LAST Thursday night, I managed to get to the City Center to hear "The Marriage of Figaro" as presented by the Metropolitan Opera National Company. I felt some responsibility in this matter, for I had retracted my original favorable opinion of Maralin Niska's vocal powers a while ago, because the New York State Theatre, in which the company was performing, was, I had heard, using amplification. Miss Niska had since suffered an injury to her back, and though her performance the other night as the Countess was entirely acceptable, I imagine that it did not represent her at her best. She makes a regal appearance on the stage in this role, and she sings with cultivated style. Her voice appears to be a lyric soprano, and the other night she sang with grace, though without overwhelming power. I look forward to hearing her again. The rest of the cast was almost uniformly fine, and exceedingly well rehearsed. Joy Davidson, whom I remembered from the company's production of "The Rape of Lucretia," has a large mezzo-soprano voice that I suspect had to be kept in leash for the role of Cherubino. Harold Enns was a pleasant Count Almaviva and Peter Van Ginkel a spirited Figaro. Carol Courtman was an acceptable Susanna, and the lesser roles were admirably taken. One of them—that of Don Basilio, sung by Norman Paige—was outstanding for its sophistication and ease of manner.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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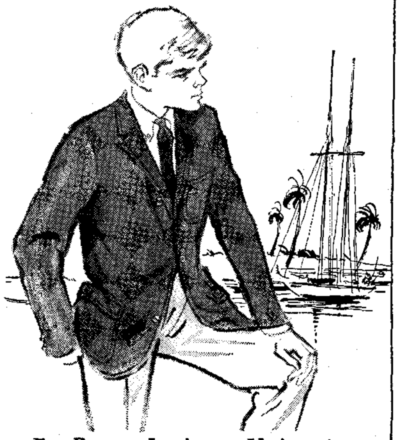

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BOOKS

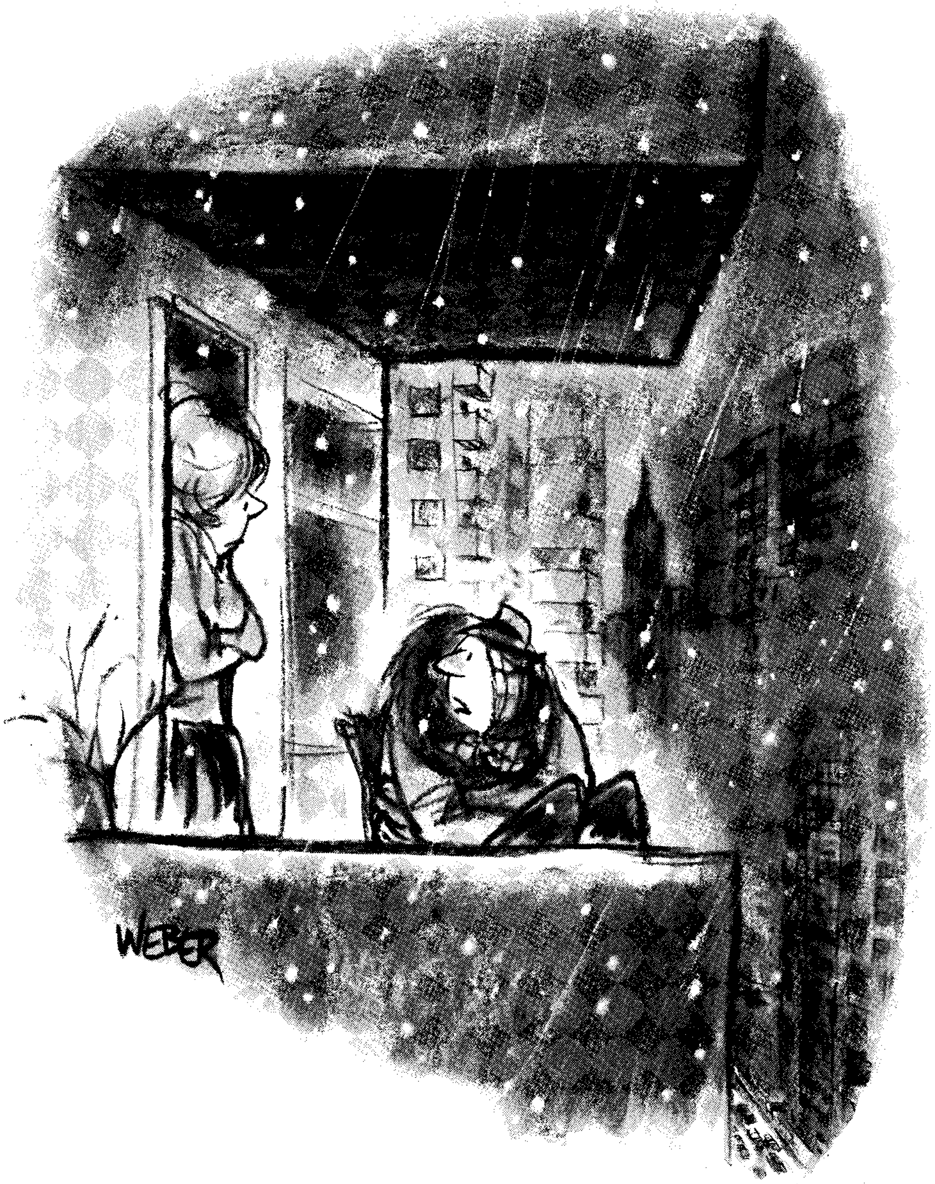
The Good Guys vs. the Bad Guys

READERS usually open a novel about spies and their adventures with two expectations, one very high (to be entertained) and one fairly low (not to be bothered with abstract ideas, and certainly not with theological concepts). Anthony Burgess's "Tremor of Intent: An Eschatological Spy Novel" (Norton) completely fulfills the first of these. It is wonderfully entertaining—full of scary surprises and very funny, too. But, as the subtitle suggests, the author has no intention of meeting the second expectation; the deaths and the survivals imply questions about the judgment of God and the nature of sin, about means and ends and the right way of life. Burgess's theological ideas are woven into the narrative, and they are part of the entertainment, not interruptions; the story does not stop to insert the author's profound thoughts, in the manner parodied in "Cold Comfort Farm."

The hero, an English secret agent, Denis Hillier, is sent to retrieve an English defector, a rocket-fuel scientist who has gone to Russia. Hillier, though a fairly young man—forty-odd—has grown tired of his business and has agreed to take on this mission as his last job before retirement. He thinks he has been given the assignment because the defector, Edwin Roper, was his classmate and friend at a Catholic day school in the thirties and because the men have since seen each other intermittently. The retrieval is to take advantage of a coincidence: first, there is to be a conference of Soviet scientists, Roper attending, at a Russian Black Sea resort; second, an English ship on a "gastronomic cruise" is to stop for a day at the resort during the conference. Hillier joins the cruise as a "typewriter expert" on vacation.

In Hillier's retrospective preamble, which begins the novel, we are told that both men have lost their religious faith—Roper to science and Hillier to indifference. But Hillier discovers he has been wrong about himself in several ways, particularly in the belief that his soul is "a void, a dark sack crammed with skills." Nor is he, as he has imagined, such a "good technician;" he is surprised, betrayed, and endangered. At two perilous moments, when disguise is all the armor he has, simple bystanders loudly accuse him of being an impostor. These incidents frighten him (and the reader); later, they are shown to be hints that he is indeed an impostor—as an unbeliever, an amoral technician whose hobbies are lust and gluttony. Hillier is—or has been—always a Catholic. As he pushes on from one danger to the next, he proceeds—via a passionate disgust with the world, especially with the sins of the flesh—to a militant, activist Christianity, such as befits a secret agent, who, whatever his beliefs, must be up and doing.

Hillier describes the evils of the world and his disgust with it as a temporary Manichaean; he occasionally proffers the philosophical underpinnings of Manichaeanism, but since nobody—whether reader, author, or a plausible hero of fiction—can take that ancient heresy seriously nowadays, his Manichaeanism is a mood rather than a philosophical alternative. The mood lasts for most of the book, and it is carried along by the loathsome overeating of the passengers on the cruise, by Hillier's own unattractive intemperances, and by the mood's literary ancestry. We tend to accept it because it appears all over literature—in the works of men as dissimilar as Shakespeare and Baudelaire. This expense-of-spirit-in-a-waste-of-shame mood is almost always a masculine one, since it springs from a guilty conscience that comes from getting away with sins of the flesh. Women—



"But, Helen, at six hundred and eighty dollars a month we've got to use the terrace."

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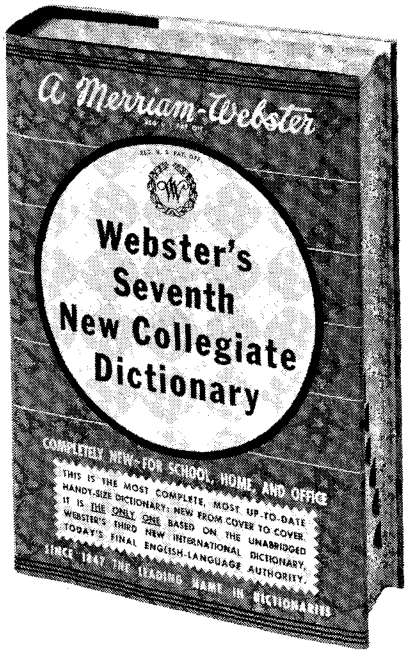
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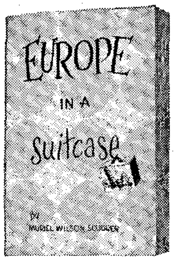

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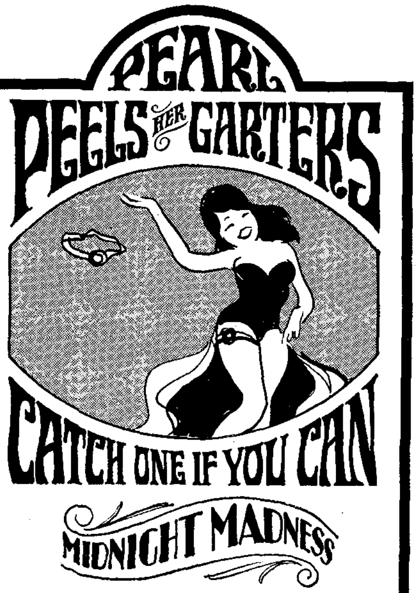
in the past, anyhow—did not get away with them; the least that happened to a girl after an orgy was having to do the tidying up. I am not very sympathetic to this frame of mind, but I do not doubt that it is indeed Hillier's. I cannot guess exactly how Burgess feels about it. His comedy is marvellous, and comedy has little to do with disgust, although the comic spirit is a critic of excess—whether in pretentiousness or in sin. Burgess's imagination is overflowingly funny in a way that suggests joy rather than hatred of the Creation. From the halls of that Catholic school to the shores of the Black Sea, his laughter is abundant, and it always calls our attention to some truth about human character. I suspect that Burgess wants us to take Hillier's theological development a mite more seriously than I can; for me, the book's profundity is not the theology but the comedy.

LIKE Hillier, Alexander Eberlin (*né* Krasnevin), who is the hero of Derek Marlowe's "A Dandy in Aspic" (Putnam), wants to quit his job. Or jobs, for he is a Soviet agent and professional assassin who has infiltrated a British Intelligence service, in whose office he now works. What he has done for the British is not clear; for the Russians, he has recently killed three British agents. These murders are not the reason he wants to go home to Russia. He has not one reason but a cluster of reasons: a feeling that as he moves up in the British Intelligence bureaucracy his masquerade and all the details of it are becoming more than he can handle; homesickness; dissatisfaction with the isolated life and constricted personality he has imposed on himself the better to maintain his disguise as an Englishman. (Postwar affluence and high levels of employment have conditioned readers over the past twenty years to sympathize with fictional heroes who want to leave their jobs. I wonder how many readers recall Albert Maltz's often anthologized short story of the thirties, in which the unemployed hero is delighted to be hired to drive a truck full of volatile explosives over bumpy roads.) But Eberlin's dissatisfactions with his jobs, though at first mere foggy presentiments, swiftly turn out to be well grounded. Immediately after his Soviet superiors reject his request to be relieved, his English superiors give him the assignment of catching himself; they believe an enemy agent has infiltrated their service and has killed the three British agents he has killed. What Eberlin does and what



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is done to him are the plot, and no decent reviewer would betray it. The scene moves from London to Berlin, and the cast is enlarged by persons who may or may not be colleagues. The reader never knows more than Eberlin, who, as the days pass, finds it increasingly difficult to distinguish between friends, foes, and mere chance acquaintances. As Eberlin turns in a narrowing gyre, Marlowe's style, and the character he has imagined for Eberlin, involve the reader in pity for the assassin, not because he is in danger but because he has no friends. A love affair long past, a liking for the Russian who is his spy contact in London—these are the sum of his attachments. At thirty-six, he has retired into himself, wearing the clothes and flaunting the attitude of a dandy—not foppish, but precise—and cultivating a bitter, entertaining wit. (We are provided with many examples.) Marlowe's literary method contrasts with Burgess's; Burgess puts in, Marlowe takes out. Burgess's effect is profusion, Marlowe's is elegance. But Marlowe's work, despite his resolute subtraction, which mirrors his protagonist's sad existence, is not empty. He has written an accomplished thriller and a handsome, confident, kind study of loneliness.

Jon Cleary's "The High Commissioner" (Morrow) deals with domestic and ordinary types rather than secret agents, although Quentin, the High Commissioner of the title, Australia's Ambassador to London, is not exactly average; he, we learn at once, murdered his first wife in December of 1941, made his escape in the confusion after Pearl Harbor, changed his name, married again, and entered upon a successful public and a blameless private life. Still, Mr. Cleary's entertainment is like those mystery stories of the twenties and thirties in domestic settings. I don't mean to suggest that the book is old-fashioned because the action is mainly indoors, in places that belong to somebody—a library, a dining room, a ballroom—instead of in back alleys or cheap hotels. After all, the oldest literary works happen outdoors—outside Troy or in the pass of Roncevaux—and only in the last few hundred years have climactic literary scenes happened inside somebody's house or even palace. But there is something undeniably nostalgic about Quentin's happy domesticity in his second marriage and about the affectionate and chaste romance between Scobie Malone, the Australian detective sergeant sent to arrest Quentin, and

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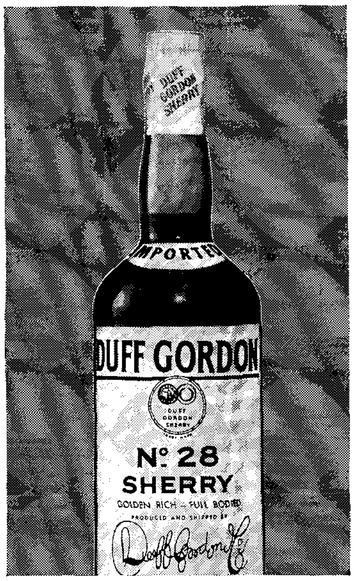

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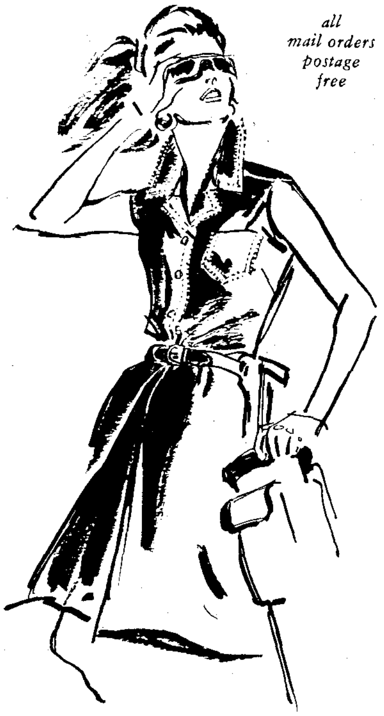

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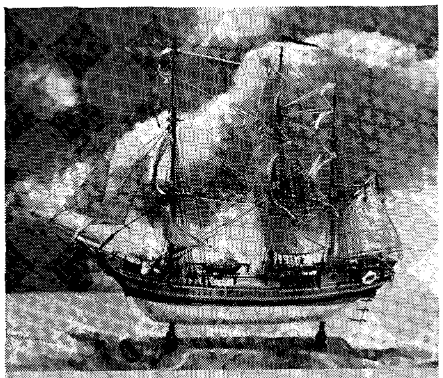

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Quentin's pretty young secretary. The appeal of the book is the always beguiling notion that nice people, who are not supposed to do nasty things, may indeed have done them—the reason that Lizzie Borden is so much more fascinating than John Dillinger. But Sergeant Malone's task is not as simple as bringing back his man without too embarrassing a fuss. When Malone arrives in London, he learns that an important international conference about Vietnam is under way. Quentin, who does not deny the murder of his first wife, is the participant with the best chance of persuading the parties to arrive at a settlement, and Malone realizes that the Ambassador ought to be allowed four or five days' grace in which to do what he can for peace. Then Malone discovers that somebody is trying to kill Quentin. The reader learns, before Malone does, that the somebody is a wicked Oriental woman who has her own bad reasons for wishing the Vietnamese war to continue. Many of the characters feel that letting Quentin be killed by this Dragon Lady might be a more tactful solution than ending his career with a long jail sentence and humiliating Australia before the world (Cleary is light-handed and funny about Australian self-consciousness in sophisticated London), but Malone does not hold with such laissez-faire. Like Quentin and the Scotland Yard men who are called in, he loves his work (though he is unhappy about arresting as good a man as Quentin appears to be) and wants to do a proper job. So Quentin goes on trying to save the conference, Malone goes on trying to protect Quentin; the conference fails, but Malone succeeds. Mr. Cleary takes us through a week's worth of suspense in a style that is professional and engaging. Justice is done, and in a most surprising fashion. So accurate a dispensation of punishment for crime as Mr. Cleary offers is rare in contemporary fiction, and extremely satisfying.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TAKE HANDS AT WINTER, by John Peter (Doubleday). Mr. Peter, a good writer and one who works in full awareness of the importance of conscience, tells about the behavior of two Englishmen, one very young, one not much older, who teach at a city university in Canada. The younger man, David Gilpin, has only recently arrived from England and is boarding in the home of Andrew

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Dacre, a talented musician with the temperament of a spoiled child. Dacre's pretty, confused wife, Margaret, who is Canadian, is expecting her second child, and the unhappiness of the household soon begins to oppress David, especially when he discovers Dacre's secret—that he has a young mistress, whose aggressiveness and gaiety are in remarkable contrast to Margaret's calm silence. David finds himself attracted to both women, and watches both of them while their lives and his are manipulated, perhaps not quite consciously, by Dacre, who simply does what he pleases. Between the busy academic atmosphere of the university and the day-by-day domestic atmosphere of the Dacre house, the story proceeds naturally and lucidly to a finish that is both touching and civilized.

RAKÓSSY, by Cecelia Holland (Atheneum). This facile little exercise in historical fiction is set in Hungary in 1525 and concentrates on the personality of a noble Hungarian warlord who is virile and ruthless, a movie actor at heart. The writing is neat, modest, and monotonous.

GENERAL

RESPONSIBILITY AND RESPONSE, by Maxwell D. Taylor (Harper & Row). Since General Taylor was chief military adviser to President Kennedy and a former Ambassador to Vietnam, and is now one of President Johnson's leading experts on strategy, one would expect his book on national policy to be a strong affirmation of the course the administration is pursuing in Southeast Asia. One would be wrong. General Taylor is no happier with the way things are going in Vietnam today than with the alternatives that have been suggested—the extinction of North Vietnam by an all-out military push, containment of the Vietcong by forming impregnable enclaves in South Vietnam, and outright abandonment of the struggle. He sees the war as the first of a series of involvements resulting from the breakup of the old "bipolar nuclear confrontation" of the United States and the Communist bloc and its replacement by what he calls a state of multipolarity. Thus, we can expect "wars of liberation" to irrupt in any number of backward countries that are, in Chou En-lai's words, "ripe for revolution." Our problem will be which of them we should choose to fight, and General Taylor's advice, boiled

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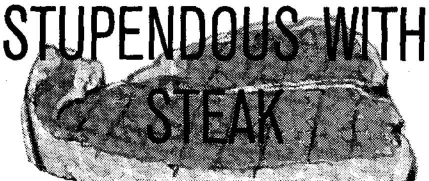

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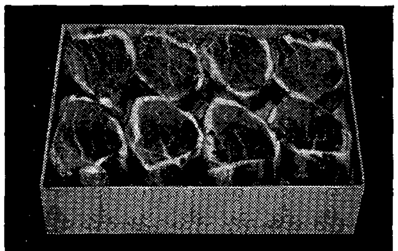

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down, is that we should choose only those we are certain to win. His advice on how to resolve the present vexed situation is not very heartening; boiled down, again, it seems to be to keep on with what we are doing but to do it a lot better.

IN A CORSICAN VILLAGE, by Shirley Deane (Vanguard). This enchanting memoir is the fruit of five years (1961-66) that the author, with her husband, the Australian painter Malcolm Horsley, and their three young sons, lived in the hamlet of Monte Torre (pop. 134) on a rocky hilltop in northwestern Corsica. Miss Deane is a sensible and a sensitive writer. She neither deplores nor celebrates the quality of life in that superstitious, tradition-shackled, self-sufficient, and largely untroubled backwater. She merely observes and depicts: "Jeanne's old father lives alone, too, right at the top of the village—five minutes away for the bounding young, an hour's painful climb for him. Yet, frail and trembling and eighty years old, he makes the journey down to Jeanne's house every day to be fed. He eats only once a day—a mush of porridge made from chestnut flour. . . . When he has eaten and rested for a time by the fire or on the terrace in the sun, the old man begins his journey home again—and is in bed, exhausted by his effort, at five o'clock. So his days, and his life, pass by." Illustrated with decorative drawings by Pauline Bewick.

IN THE NATION: 1932-66, by Arthur Krock (McGraw-Hill). A selection of columns that have appeared in the New York *Times*, with the author's added reminiscences and comments. The pieces are enormously interesting, clear, and sometimes blunt. Mr. Krock expresses his opinions, but he is never so argumentative that he confuses the reader about what has happened. He is a serious man with a sense of humor, and though he writes thoughtfully of the fates of great men and great nations, his columns, seen side by side, reflect with remarkable subtlety the entertaining nature of American political processes.

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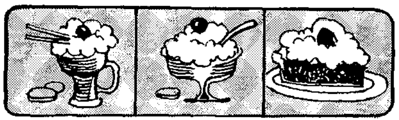

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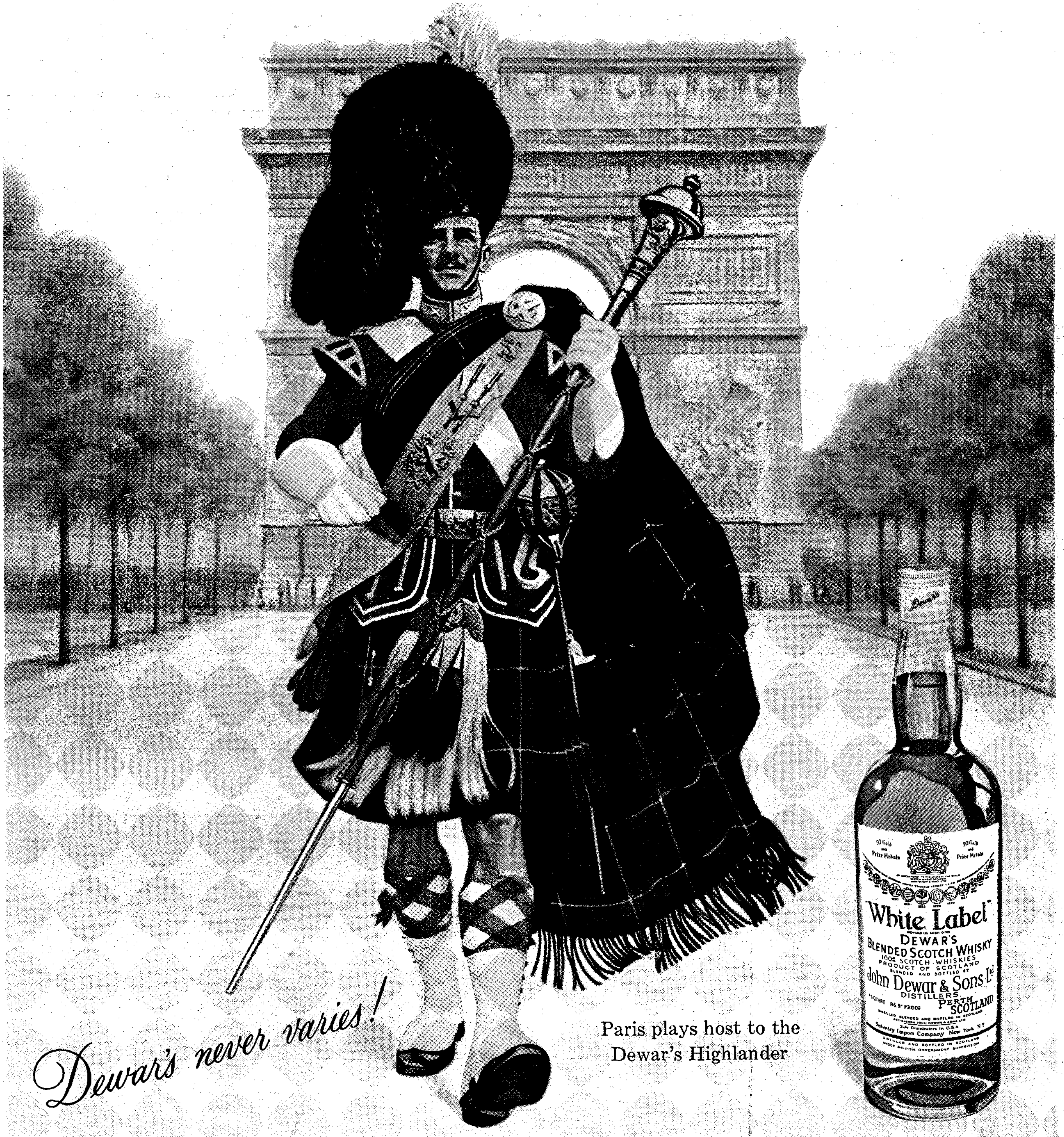
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